July 16, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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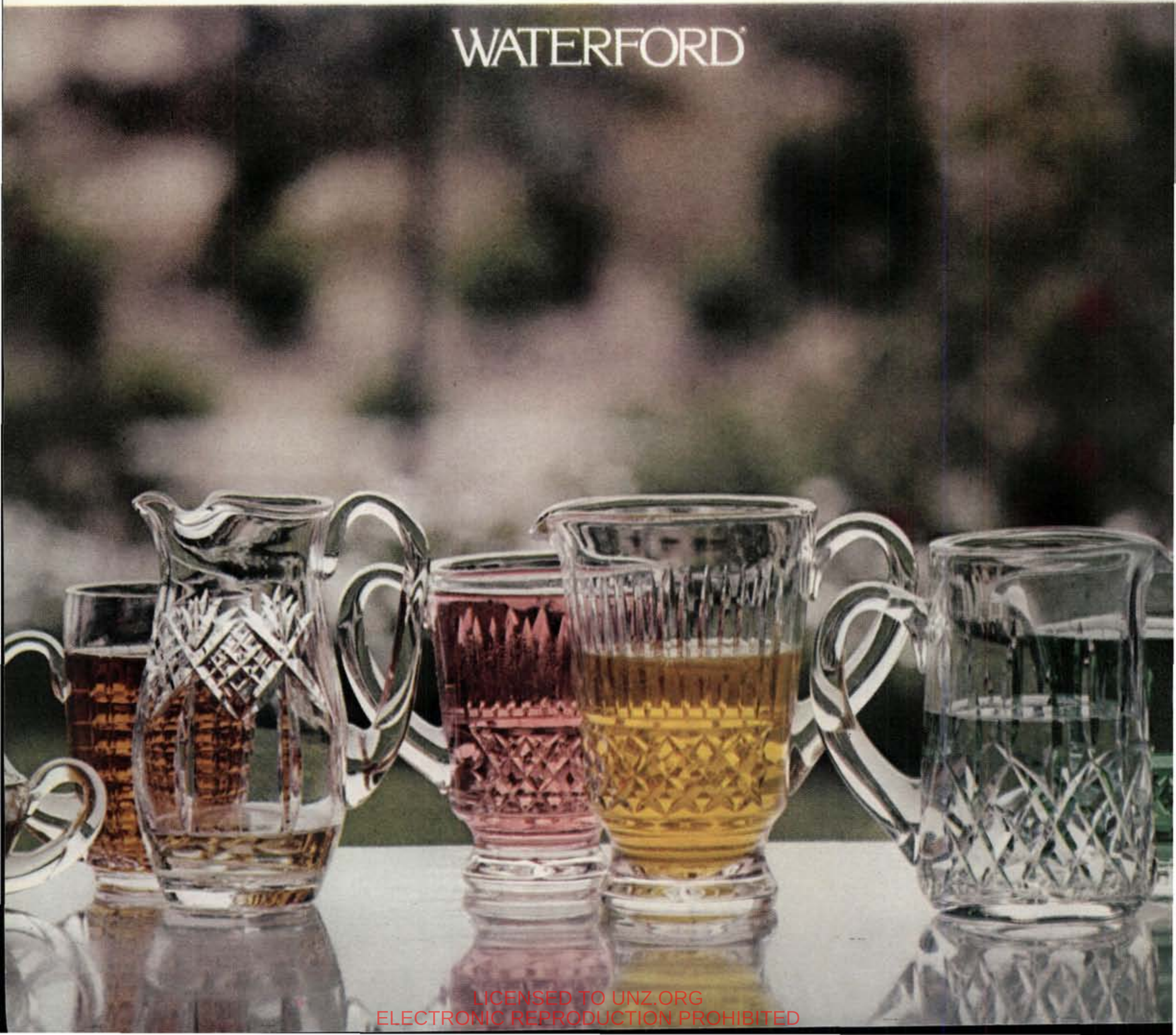

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. Mildred Natwick, Robert Coote, and John Lithgow now head the cast of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, BURIED CHILD. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN, with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Coriolanus—This free production—the second of Joseph Papp's Shakespearean ventures with black and Hispanic actors—has gained tremendously in sureness and strength since its original opening at the Public some months ago. Morgan Freeman plays the title role, and Robert Christian, Michele Shay, and Gloria Foster are among his stalwart supporters. All of them are splendid. Wilford Leach directed. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Glorious Monster in the Bell of the Horn—A play by Larry Neal, with music by Max Roach. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 22.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec is good as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Impossible H. L. Mencken—A selection from the glorious writings of Mencken, as delivered by John Rothman. The mimicry is minimal, but Mr. Rothman has chosen skillfully, and the material—the strongest and funniest and most exhilarating since Hal Holbrook's "Mark Twain"—more than carries the day. The program is an offering in the American Humorists series. Reopens Saturday, July 14. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Opening-night curtain at 10:30; thereafter, Sundays and Mondays at 8; Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1 P.M.; Wednesdays at noon; and Saturdays at 10.)

I Remember Mama—Mother Machree with a Swedish accent in this play about a Norwegian immigrant family in San Francisco. The accent belongs to Liv Ullmann, and the musical in which she stars belongs on the shelf. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—A play by Louis La Russo II about some sad residents of Hoboken. Evil is everywhere, but virtue triumphs. Danny Aiello is the hero, and Edward O'Neill is the villain; both do well. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:45.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 15: Gilbert and Sullivan's THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 18: Victor Herbert's MLLE. MODISTE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lone Star and Pvt. Wars—Two funny one-act plays by James McLure, an actor-playwright from Texas. The five actors who make up the casts of the plays are exceptionally gifted; Mr. McLure has been well served at the beginning of what promises to be a distinguished career. (6/18/79) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller casts a cold eye on young folk striving to make good in the seventies. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline are first-rate in the leading roles. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—Phyllis

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Newman struts her stuff in what is billed as a musical comedy. The rest of the large cast is imaginary. (6/25/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—Al Pacino makes a marvellously villainous king in this rousing, pleasantly old-fashioned production of Shakespeare's surefire melodrama. (6/25/79) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 15.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

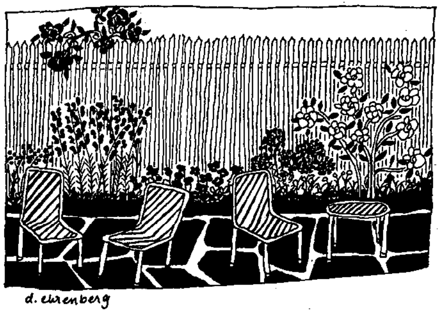
Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of scenes and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday and Thursday, July 11-12, at 7; Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, July 15, at 7. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8; with matinées Sundays at 5.)

Sweeney Todd—A musical with book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Whoopee!—Eddie Cantor starred in this preposterous musical some fifty years ago. Charles Repole plays the Cantor role, feverishly, and some of the old songs are still worth listening to. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Whose Life Is It Anyway?—The question posed in the title is asked by a brilliant young man who, paralyzed from the neck down, is eager to be allowed to die. An extraordinary performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark that is much warmer-hearted and more high-spirited than you might suppose. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DA:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. Starting Tuesday, July 17, John Cullum will replace Mr. Keach. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3)... **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Jean LeClerc heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **EUBIE!:** A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,984 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

A New York Summer—A show designed to fill the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall with wonders, and so fill the six thousand seats with contented tourists. The thirty-six Rockettes are as fascinatingly adroit and as sexless as ever. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30. At the moment, a series of movie musicals is being shown, at 11 A.M. only. This week, through Friday, July 13: "The Greatest Show on Earth," with Charlton Heston and Betty Hutton; Monday through Friday, July 16-20: "West Side Story," with Natalie Wood and Richard Beymer. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

National Ballet of Canada and Rudolf Nureyev—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 11-

12: "Monotones II" and "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday evening, July 13, and Sunday matinée, July 15: "Giselle" and "Elite Syncopations."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 14: "Le Loup" and "Giselle." Mr. Nureyev will dance at all performances except Saturday evening, July 14. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet Nacional de Cuba—Wednesday matinée, July 11: "Les Sylphides," "Canto Vital," "Tarde en la Siesta," "Rara Avis," and "Remembranza."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 11, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 14: "Night of the Guitar."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 12-13; Monday evening, July 16; and Wednesday matinée, July 18: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 17: "Prologue for a Tragedy," "Grand Pas de Quatre," and "Carmen."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 18: "El Güije," "Grand Pas de Quatre," "Song for a Strange Flower," "Time Out of Mind," and "La Peri." ... ¶ Thursday evening, July 19: "Flower Festival," "Blood Wedding," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Friday evening, July 20: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 21: "El Güije," "Grand Pas de Quatre," "Spartacus," "Time Out of Mind," and "Swan Lake Pas de Deux."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 21: "Les Sylphides," "Blood Wedding," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Closes Saturday, July 28.)

Netherlands Dance Theatre—A two-week engagement—Wednesday matinée, July 11; Friday and Saturday evenings, July 13-14; and Tuesday evening, July 17: "Symphony of Psalms," "Songs Without Words," and "Sinfonietta."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 11-12, and Saturday matinée, July 14: "Transfigured Night," "Symphony in D," and "November Steps."... ¶ Monday evening, July 16; Wednesday evening, July 18; Friday evening, July 20; and Saturday matinée and evening, July 21: "Children's Games" and "Glagolitic Mass."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, July 18, and Thursday evening, July 19: "Transfigured Night," "Symphony in D," and "Stoolgame." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Mondays at 7:30 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Nureyev and the Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week return engagement of "Homage to Diaghilev" that starts Tuesday, July 17, and will run through Saturday, July 28. The program: "Parade," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Petrouchka." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark, large room in an enlightened branch of a steakhouse chain. Saxophonist Pete Yellin leads a quintet on Wednesday, July 11; flutist Nicholas Pike will perform with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **BILLY HART** on Thursday, July 12; and on Thursday and Friday, July 19-20, pianist **NINA SHELDON** will lead a quintet. Other combos are present the rest of the time. Sets begin Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup is mostly rock: guitarist Dan Hicks, on Wednesday and Thursday, July 11-12; on Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, drummer Bill Bruford's band; on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 17-18, singer Steve Hackett; and on Saturday and Sunday, July 21-22, country singer Delbert McClinton. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's so crowded here that it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **MICHAEL RENZI** works with a bassist through Saturday, July 14; on Tuesday, July 17, pianist Lou Levy, a longtime accompanist for Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald, will move in for six nights. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is at the piano Sundays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Ellis Marsalis, a pianist who lives in New Orleans, has come up to fill in for Ellis Larkins during the summer. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. The bands: The Squirrels and the Ants, on Wednesday, July 11; on Thursday and Friday, July 12-13, Fashion and Thrills. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The summer entertainment is **LARRY ADLER**, the harmonica virtuoso—although he has always called his instrument a mouth organ. Mr. Adler's repertory includes Beethoven's "Minuet in G," Ravel's "Bolero," and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Summertime." Mr. Adler and his pianist, Hal Schaefer, go on at eight-thirty and eleven. Sundays and Mondays are given over to bebopper Joe Albany, who plays piano from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place. **MARTY NAPOLEON** is playing solo piano for diners. Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights, and through Saturday, July 14, its leader is none other than cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON**. Mondays through Thursdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty, **DICK WELLSTOOD** acts out with both hands the history of the jazz piano, from ragtime up to the swing era or so. On Sunday, July 15, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head up a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** is performing here with a trio through Saturday, July 14; on Tuesday, July 17, pianist Richard Sussman will bring in a quintet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays; sets at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a neglected guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, and two other fine players, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**. On Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Guitarist **AL GAFA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman get a head start at seven. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **DILL JONES** plays piano and leads a trio that supplies music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—This second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in new-wave rock. It is also one of the best places to hear new-wave bands performing live. The new wave: Teenage Head and Mods, Wednesday, July 11; Zantees and Scruffs, Thursday, July 12; Richard Hell and the Student Teachers, Friday, July 13; Richard Hell and Revelons, Saturday, July 14. Music nightly after eleven. Dancing. (Sneakers welcome.)

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays from nine. Snacks and soft drinks.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Cornettist **JIMMY MCPARTLAND** is currently filling in for Roy Eldridge Tuesdays through Saturdays, and he is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Wonderful piano-bass duos: **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, July 14; **MARY LOU WILLIAMS** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** beginning Tuesday, July 17. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant that has done at least as much for blues music as it has for Texas chic. Here's part of the schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, July 11-12, **NRBQ**; Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, Memphis Rockabillies and the Winters Brothers; Sunday, July 15, Country Joe McDonald and Barry Melton; Monday, July 16, Long John Baldry; Tuesday, July 17, Kingfish; Wednesday and Thursday, July 18-19, **JOHN LEE HOOKER**; and Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, the North Star band. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, a picture-window view of a garden, and singer **CHRIS CONNOR**. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The groups: The Offs, Chi-Pigs, and David Javelosa de Los Microwaves, on Wednesday, July 11; the Lurkers, Thursday through Saturday, July 12-14; Forced Entry, Thursday, July 12; Rentals, Friday, July 13; Cheap Perfume, Saturday, July 14; Bloodless Pharaohs and Bone Heads, Sunday, July 15; Shivers, N.DoDo Band, and March Heir, Monday, July 16; and on Tuesday, July 17, rock-underground films. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARY MAYO** and **BERNIE KNEE** are singing tunes from "No, No, Nanette" Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place with a solid jazz-and-soul lineup. Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric R.-&-B. violinist, will perform with his quartet Thursday through Sat-

King Carl XVI Gustav of Sweden—on the right in these photos—presents the 1978 Nobel Prize in Physics to Bell Laboratories scientists Robert Wilson (top photo) and Arno Penzias.

What does the Nobel Prize have to do with your telephone?

The two scientists on the opposite page are receiving the highest honor a scientist can earn—the Nobel Prize. They are the sixth and seventh laureates who did their prize-winning research at Bell Telephone Laboratories. These scientists shared a common goal—the search for new knowledge to further advance the art of telecommunications.

Clinton Davisson shared the Nobel Prize in 1937 for demonstrating the wave nature of matter. In 1956, John Bardeen, Walter Brattain and William Shockley were honored for their invention of the transistor. Philip Anderson's theoretical work on amorphous materials (such as glass) and on magnetism led to a Nobel Prize in 1977. And in 1978, Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson received the Prize for detecting the faint radiation from the "big bang" explosion that gave birth to the universe some 18 billion years ago.

The search for knowledge

These scientists and their colleagues at Bell Labs, given the freedom to explore, have proved time and again the value of investment in research—not only for telecommunications but for society in general. The transistor, for example, revolutionized communications and brought into being entire new industries—indeed, a new industrial society—based on solid-state electronics.

Other Bell Labs advances—products of this same research environment—have included high-fidelity recording, sound motion pictures, long-distance television transmission in the United States, the electrical digital computer, information theory, the silicon solar cell, and the laser. The impact of this work—on almost every field of commerce, industry, education and even medicine—has been incalculable.

The innovation process

Research done at Bell Labs in the past is the basis for the products and services the Bell System offers its customers today, just as the research going on now is the foundation for tomorrow's telecommunications.

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This technical integration is the foundation for true innovation. One idea feeds another. A basic scientific discovery can make possible entire new technologies and products for telecommunications, and a concept for a new product or system can stimulate the research to find even more new knowledge. That interaction, that teamwork, has been extremely productive: Bell Labs people have received 18,645 patents between our founding in 1925 and the end of 1978.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, July 19-21. Music from ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. Folk-rockers Brewer & Shipley perform Thursday through Saturday, July 12-14. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. The Guy Lombardo Royal Canadians play through Sunday, July 15; the Richard Maltby orchestra moves in on Tuesday, July 17. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Barbara Cook claims the stage Thursdays through Saturdays, at nine and eleven-thirty. Various other performers are on hand the rest of the time, with Monday nights usually being showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club owned by jazz-rock stars and studio players Mike and Randy Brecker. **BERNARD PURDIE,** a drumming legend in rhythm-and-blues circles, leads his quintet Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15; on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 17-18, flugelhornist Mike Lawrence's combo will perform; and on Thursday, July 19, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will be in charge of a quintet. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Live music in a deep-red turn-of-the-century-flavored lounge entitled the French Quarter. Singer and pianist Freddy Cole works with his quartet through Saturday, July 14; on Monday, July 16, trumpeter **JONAH JONES** will bring in *his* quartet. Music nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **MAL WALDRON'S** trio is present through Saturday, July 14; on Sunday and Monday, July 15-16, pianist Charles Eubanks will lead a quartet; and on Tuesday, July 17, two hard boppers—tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN**—will bring in their quintet. Music from ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians (and listeners). The Moffett Family, a trio made up of Charnett, Codaryl, and Charles Moffett, Jr.—the children of Charles Moffett, Sr., who was Ornette Coleman's drummer in the mid-sixties—performs on Wednesday, July 11. On Thursday, July 12, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will head up a combo; and Friday through Sunday, July 13-15, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** will be on hand with a quartet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Blues pianist **BLIND JOHN DAVIS,** who has played with such legendary musicians as Tampa Red, Big Bill Broonzy, and Sonny Boy Williamson, is in the midst of a rare New York engagement. He'll be at this pleasant club through Saturday, July 14. Shows begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, keyboardist and composer **LONNIE LISTON SMITH** and his band, the Cosmic Echoes, perform through Sunday, July 15; on Tuesday, July 17, percussion master **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** octet will begin trading sets with

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trumpeter Hugh Masekela's quintet. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday some forty years ago, is still working wonders with a trio. Through Sunday, July 15. On Tuesday, July 17, **BARRY HARRIS,** another good pianist, will come in with a quartet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who can coast like a cocktail pianist, noodle like Keith Jarrett, or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Some of the musicians: Clyde Bernhardt and his Harlem Blues and Jazz Band work through Thursday, July 12; on Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM** will lead his quartet; on Sunday, July 15, Jazz à Cordes will recreate the sounds of the Hot Club de France Quintet; and on Tuesday, July 17, guitarist Snags Allen will head a quartet. Mondays now belong to blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE,** and, starting Wednesday, July 18, the rest of the month belongs to saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his Strayhorn-and-Ellington-minded group. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jim Dawson—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, July 11, at 8 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Jorma Kaukonen—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, July 13, at 8 and midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Roy Ayers and **Stephanie Mills**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, July 18, at 8.

Charles Aznavour—Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Saturday, July 19-21, at 8.

Renaissance—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 19, at 8.

Allman Brothers Band and **Dave Mason**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 21, at 8.

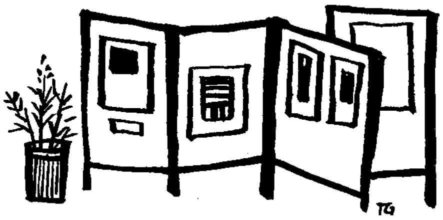
Devo—Palladium. Saturday, July 21, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Chryssa—Typefaces are a major concern of this artist, and here she devotes a dozen large paintings to Chinese ideographs painted in various colors on various grounds. Silk screens on the same subjects are also shown. Through Saturday, July 21. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)



James Collins—Huge color photographs of interiors, set up as murals for other interiors, by an English-born artist who left his easel for a camera. Through July 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through July 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through July 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Finkel—A structure, twelve feet in diameter, loosely based on the shape of a birdcage. The sound coming from the work is the song of a nightingale, and the whole endeavor is a tribute to Jenny Lind, who performed on the site in 1850. Through Aug. 12. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Open daily until 4:30.)

Aline Fruhauf (1907-78) / **Dean Cornwell** (1892-1960)—Caricatures of some of the leading lights of the twenties and thirties—Katharine Cornell, Lillian Gish, Lilly Daché, Valentina, Raphael Soyer, Reginald Marsh (q.v., at the Whitney). / Oil paintings by this celebrated illustrator—square-jawed heroes, proud beauties, wicked pirates. Through Friday, July 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Abstract wall pieces—knots, bows, furbelows—made of canvas soaked in a stiffening agent, painted with acrylics, and arranged in Plexiglas boxes. Through July 27. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Paintings and works on paper. Through July 27. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Story Mann—An environment called "Possumhead." Part of it, decorated with Ku Klux Klan regalia, animal skulls, and backwoods art work, is an "official" pit for dogfights, with a sawdust floor; on a video, a savage two-hour dogfight is going on. In another part, a dark room, one stares through a chicken-wire fence and a grove of scrubby trees at a frightening film of a house burning down in the night. Through Saturday, July 21. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesdays until 8.)

Harold Reddicliffe / Francis Cunningham—Superrealist still-lifes. / Rural landscapes. Through July 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Rudolph—A survey of the architect's conceptual sketches and large-scale drawings for projects ranging from his earliest houses in Sarasota to a work-in-progress on Beekman Place. Through July 28. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

Rufino Tamayo—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. A larger retrospective is currently at the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . ¶ Also, etchings and lithographs. Through July 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Old Master Prints—Two hundred etchings, engravings, and woodcuts by more than fifty artists. Of particular note is the Rembrandt landscape "The Three Trees." Through Aug. 3. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

American Abstract Artists—A two-gallery exhibit that traces the course of this group (whose early members included Albers, Bolotowsky, and Lassaw) from its inception, in 1936, to the present: Works in various mediums executed in the thirties and forties by George L. K. Morris, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.; and works by the entire current membership, including Judith Rothschild, Will Barnet, and Robert Ryman at the Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. (closed Mondays; open Saturdays). Both shows through Aug. 3.

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: Recent works by the big guns of the gallery are on view, among them Dan Flavin, Cy Twombly, and Robert Morris. Through Sept. 15. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A refreshing new group of seventy-six works chosen from hundreds screened by this facility. Through Saturday, July 21. (Open daily except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A summery exhibition of paintings and constructions, including a screen painted with a diorama of Martha's Vineyard by Susan Crile; pastels with American Indian motifs by a New Mexico artist named Jane Quick-to-See Smith; and a colored-pencil drawing incorporating figures taken from Matisse and Picasso by Jane Kaplowitz. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **THE ELEMENTS,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Handmade baskets by eighteen craftsmen from New England, the West, and elsewhere. Through July 28. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: A three-part summer show consisting of collages by Sol LeWitt; new works by gallery associates Ed Kerns, Susan Wilmarth, and others; and drawings, paintings, and sculptures by Avery, Noguchi, and others. Through July 27. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: A summer show, revised every two weeks, in which all the works must be on paper and must measure at least thirty by forty inches. Included with gallery standbys are invited artists Theodore Manolides, James Valerio, and James Pernotto. Through Aug. 17. . . . **KORNBLEE,** 20 W. 57th St.: Nature studies—pastels of wild flowers by Bill Sullivan, watercolors of plates of cherries by Polly Kraft, and lacquered fibre-glass apples by Donn Moulton. Through Aug. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MEISEL,** 141 Prince St.: The current exhibit includes paintings of rumpled cloth by Paul Kane; of a tablecloth stretched over something boxlike by Chris Britz; and of overlapping rows of what look like linoleum mill ends by George Green. Through July 27. . . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Works by ten artists invited to the summer show include a three-tiered hanging construction by Audrey Hirsch; an outsize three-dimensional Greek-key design made of marine plywood by Robert MacBride; and large abstract paintings by Mary Gillis. Through Friday, July 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tiny lyrical abstractions in watercolor by Victor Elmaleh; mildly surrealist works by André Masson; small abstracts by Erik Koch; and sombre paintings done in oil mixed with sand by György Kepes. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by minor American exponents of Impressionism, including Ernest Lawson and Gertrude Fiske. Through Friday, July 13. . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57th St.: Abstract art from 1930 to 1940 is the basis of a show of drawings, constructions, and paintings by Gorky, Reinhardt, and others. Through Friday, July 20.

Many galleries are closed for the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.) . . . **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER,** 142 Greene St. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WEBER,** 420 West Broadway. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.

SCULPTURE—Seven sculptors are represented in the summer show here, among them Harold Tovish and Joan Danziger. Through Aug. 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

PHILIPPE HALSMAN (1906-79)—A hundred and fifty portraits by a photographer who died last month. Through July 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily except Mondays.)

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DAVID PLOWDEN / MARION POST WOLCOTT—American landscapes: row houses in Massachusetts, wheat fields in Montana, a bridge reflected in the Susquehanna River. / Farm Security Administration photographs, together with color prints taken in California in the sixties and seventies. Through Friday, July 20. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES VAN DERZEE—Studio portraits of women dating from 1925 to 1945. Through July 31. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

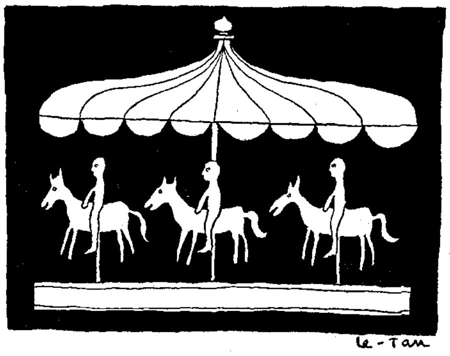
PETER AND BERNIS VON ZUR MUEHLEN—His are SX-70 Polaroid prints, and hers are black-and-white photographs of male nudes. Through July 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway: Eighty photographs from the museum's collection—Abbott, Erwitt, Genthe, Weston, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **CASTELLI UPTOWN,** 4 E. 77th St.: Color prints by ten photographers. Through July 27. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Two hundred photographs made in the thirties and forties and culled from the archives of *Life*. With examples by Bourke-White, Halsman, Munkacsi, and sixty-seven others. Through Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Four California photographers. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Eighty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ About fifty Old Master and modern prints from the museum's collection, by Callot, Tiepolo, Redon, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ European and American drawings, by Balthus, O'Keeffe, Johns, and others, recently acquired through gifts to the museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal performances of dance Fridays and Saturdays at 8.



GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ An acquisitions show of thirty per cent of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collections in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done with Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of paintings and drawings by seven Israeli artists. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. Through July 31. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture," an exhibit of more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects, made from a variety of woods. Through Sunday, July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century textiles from the Indonesian archipelago. These multicolored fabrics, many of which carry designs unique to the island where the cloth was made, were used as clothing and for decorative purposes. Starts Thursday, July 12. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other items designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of more than two hundred items, about half of them book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), and the other half of them decorative objects, such as a christening set (a silver knife, fork, and spoon) which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ On Tuesday, July 17, at 6, the Brooklyn Philharmonia CETA Orchestra will give a concert in the garden.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelan-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Hawaiian quilts. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays from 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Duke Ellington's career as seen in some of his original scores, manuscripts, sheet music, records, photographs, posters, and personal memorabilia, including notations jotted down on menus and paper towels. Through Aug. 18. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

Soviet Emigré Musicians—Lazar Gosman playing the violin and conducting a chamber orchestra made up mostly of Soviet exiles living in the United States. Wednesday, July 11, and Friday, July 13: A Bach-Samuel Barber program, with Rimma Sushanskaya, also violin; Adelle Nicholson, mezzo-soprano; David Barg, flute; and Lambert Orkis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12: A Vivaldi-Richard Adler program, with Galina Heifetz and Marilyn Dubow, violin; Randall Wolfgang, oboe; Emanuil Sheynkman, mandolin; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, July 14-15: A Mozart-Haydn program, with Boris Bloch, piano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Evenings at 8:30.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances *of a six-week season of orchestral*, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 25. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 16, and Wednesday, July 18: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 17: Misha and Cipa Dichter, piano; Shlomo Mintz, violin; and Yo-yo Ma, cello, in a recital program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19: Mr. Zukerman, violin and viola; the Messrs. Mintz and Ma; Yefim Bronfman, piano; and Eugenia Zukerman, flute, in an all-Mozart chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 20-21: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with the Messrs. Bronfman and Ma. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 12, at 8:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 7: Gennady Rozhdestvensky and Viktoria Postnikova, duo piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 9: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Niklaus Wyss conducting, with Reri Grist, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 2:30: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting, with Miss Postnikova. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 17, at 7: Renaissance. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8:30: Jessye Norman, soprano, in a lieder recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 7: Gilbert Kalish, piano, in an all-Haydn recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting an all-Wagner concert, with Miss Norman. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein directing a Koussevitzky Memorial Concert, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson directing the Caramoor Festival Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," with Beverly Evans, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 5:30: Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the orchestra, with Vladimir Spivakov, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 12. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

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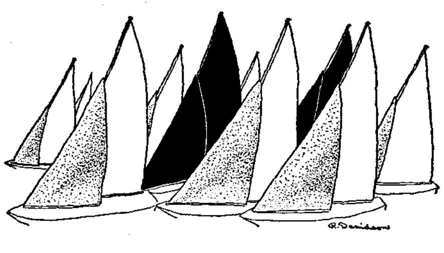
Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 21. Wednesday, July 11, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Allegro Brillante," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8:15: "The Four Seasons" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8:15: "Square Dance," "Scarlatti" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 2: "Square Dance" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C.". . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by Paul Anka on Sunday, July 15, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 17, at *8:15: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Orpheus,"* "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 18, at 8:15: "Chaconne," "Orpheus," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8:15: "Scarlatti," "Opus 19," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 8:15: *"Dances at a Gathering," "Orpheus," and* "Stravinsky Violin Concerto.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Chaconne," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Vienna Waltzes." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. *Through Saturday, July 14: Martine van* Hamel and Friends, plus Morca, Flamenco in Concert. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 17-21: Asakawalker Dance Company, Francesca Corkle and Winthrop Corey, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, July 11, at 2:05, and Thursday, July 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, July 13, at 5:35 (twi-night *doubleheader*); Saturday, July 14, at 4:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Cleon Jones, Donn Clendenon, Jerry Grote, Gary Gentry, and other members of the 1969 Met team, plus Willie Mays and players he played with and against); and Sunday, July 15, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Thursday and Friday, July 19-20, at 8, and Saturday, July 21, at about 2:15 (the annual *Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1,* and will include a couple of innings involving Roger Maris, Joe Pepitone, Bill Showron, Clete Boyer, Joe Collins, and other old Yankee warriors).



Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Brooklawn Country Club, Fairfield, Conn. Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15.)

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; *through Monday, July 30.* The Juvenile, Wednesday, July 11; the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 14; the Astoria, Monday, July 16; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 15. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 21. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.). . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Aug. 11. The Marylander Handicap, Saturday, July 21.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Seattle, Wednesday, July 11, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Vancouver, Sunday, July 15, at 7:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Forest Hills Invitational. (West Side Tennis Club. Round-robin play Wednesday through Friday, July 11-13, at 1 and 7:30; *semifinals Saturday, July 14, at 1 and 7:30;* and finals Sunday, July 15, at 1. For information about tickets, call 478-2045.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, July 14. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, July 16, through Wednesday, Aug. 22. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Meadow*lands Pace, Thursday, July 19.*

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 14, through Saturday, July 21.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **CORIOLANUS** by a new Shakespearean troupe of black and Hispanic actors. Directed by Wilford Leach. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

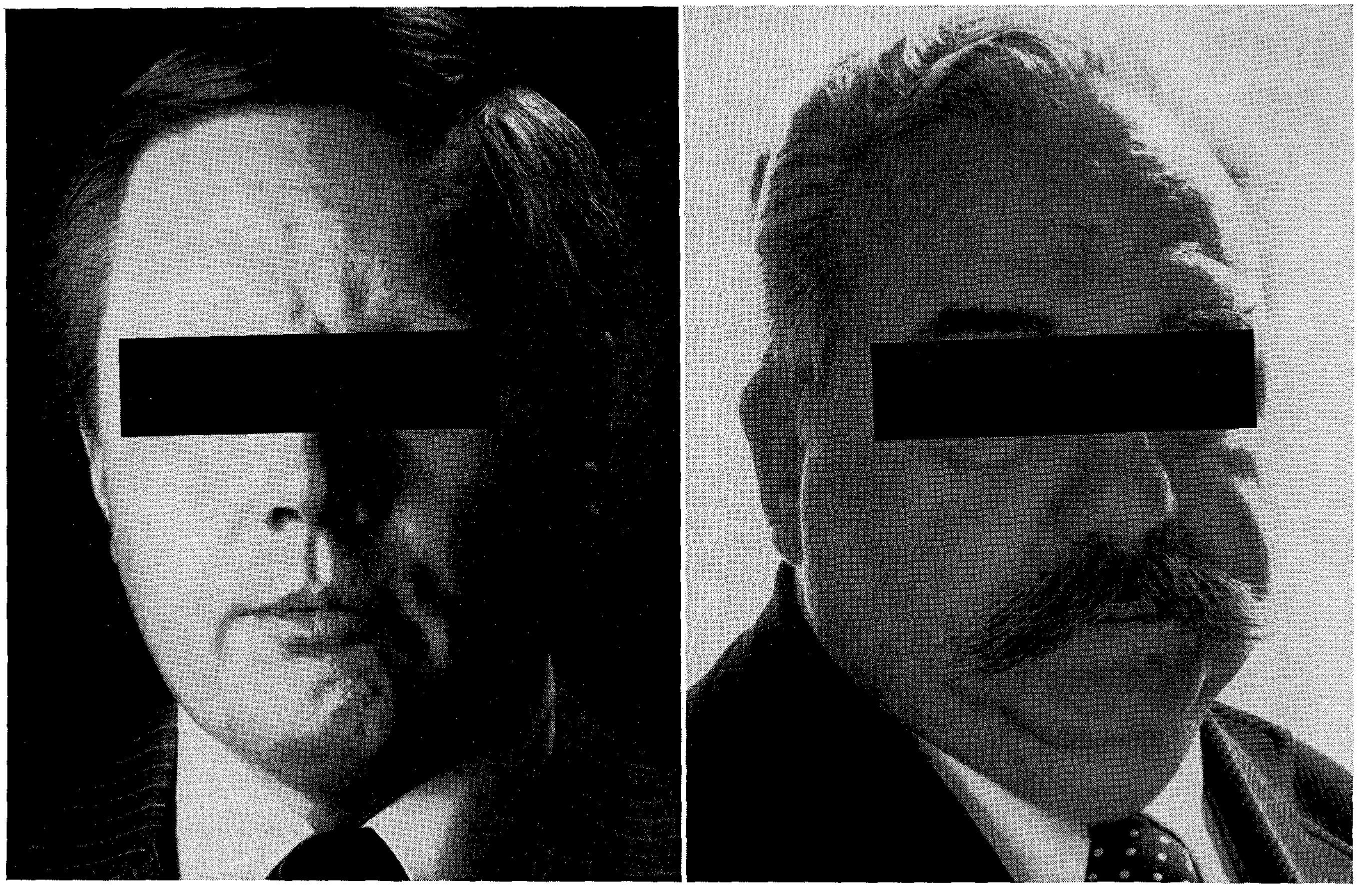
Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and/or Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the third and fourth in a series of five performances. Thursday, July 12, at 8:30: Puccini's "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8:30: Puccini's "Tosca."

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, July 11: Todd Rundgren and Utopia. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13: Kenny Rankin and the Pointer Sisters. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14: The Average White Band in a benefit for the Parks Recreation Fund. . . . ¶ Monday, July 16: Eddie Money and the Babys. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 18: *The Tubes.* . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21: Arlo Guthrie. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE MUSIC MAN**, with Don Stewart. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Walking Tour—"Theatre in New York: Give Your Regards to Broadway," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 15, starting at the southeast corner of Sixth Avenue and 42nd Street, at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.



One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

He had a fire of a "suspicious" nature, but arson could not be proved. So, he was able to collect a substantial amount on his insurance. He turned his business loss into a profit for himself but into an additional expense for the insurance company and the policyholders.

Arson has become the "hottest" crime in the nation. Who are these arsonists? They range from small, one-time offenders, like the man on the left, to organized professional "torches." Many have found arson a profitable crime. Shocking! Even more shocking are the losses related to arson—700 lives and an estimated $1.6 billion in insured fire losses in 1977. When you consider lost jobs, property taxes and higher costs in consumer goods, the total economic loss is a staggering $10 billion!

We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we're alarmed by the rise in this violent, costly and dangerous crime. Not only does arson jeopardize lives and property, it costs policyholders a lot of money—approximately 40¢ of every claim dollar paid for fire losses. That's four times more than ten years ago.

Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We in the insurance industry urged the government to take this action. We will continue working with law enforcement agencies to stop the spread of this vicious crime.

Here's what we're doing:

- Trying to take the profit out of arson by more extensive investigation of claims and by cooperating in the prosecution of more persons involved in "suspicious" fires.
- Supporting the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute's investigations of insurance fraud.
- Conducting arson-detection seminars for insurance personnel.
- Developing the Property Insurance Loss Register—a computerized file of previous loss claims which will alert investigators.
- Encouraging state legislators to pass stricter laws that carry heavier punishments for arson.
- Encouraging community and state arson task force programs to deal with arson problems on a local level.

Here's what you can do:

- Report any suspicious persons or activity to the police, fire department or fire marshal.
- Support efforts in your community to fight arson.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association,** 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW
Naisahna

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 15: "Othello."
July 16: Theatre closed.
July 17-19: "The Yakuza."
From July 20: "Enter the Dragon."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 12: "Love on the Run."
July 13-19: "Teresa the Thief."
From July 20 (tentative): "Fedora."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 12: "Norma Rae" and "Blue Collar."
July 13-19: "The Deer Hunter."
From July 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 12: "Hair."
From July 13: "The Wanderers."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Moonraker."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 12: "The Main Event."
From July 13: "The In-Laws."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Meatballs."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 12: "Good Guys Wear Black."
From July 13: "The Wanderers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Main Event."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Escape from Alcatraz."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through July 19: "The Kids Are Alright."
From July 20: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through the afternoon of July 17: "Players."
From July 18: "Breaking Away."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 12: "The Innocent."
From July 13: "The Dance of Death."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Frisco Kid."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"A Little Romance."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 12: "Moonraker."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Moonraker."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The In-Laws."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Alien."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Bloodline."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
July 13-19: "Prophecy."
From July 20: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through July 12: "Good Guys Wear Black."
From July 13: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 12: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From July 13: "Jaws."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through July 12: "Nightwing."
From July 13: "Lost and Found."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Meatballs."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "The In-Laws." From July 13: "The Wanderers."
Theatre 2: "Alien."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 12: "Good Guys Wear Black."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "National Lampoon's Animal House." From July 13: "Jaws."
Theatre 2: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
Theatre 3: Through July 12: "Norma Rae." From July 13: "The Innocent."
Theatre 4: Through July 12: "Death of a Bureaucrat." From July 13: "The Groove Tube" and "The Kentucky Fried Movie."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Love at First Bite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 12: "The Muppet Movie."
From July 13: "Dracula."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through the afternoon of July 12: "Malicious."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Down and Dirty."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through July 12: "Hair."
From July 13: To be announced.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The In-Laws."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"El Super."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Main Event."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "Hair." From July 13: "Prophecy."
Theatre 2: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 3: Through July 12: "National Lampoon's Animal House." From July 13: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 19: "Grease" and "Saturday Night Fever." From July 20: "Players."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through July 12: "Love on the Run" and "Small Change."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" and "The Last Wave."
July 13-19: "The Deer Hunter."
From July 20: "Players" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Main Event." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 12: "Dawn of the Dead." From July 13: "Game of Death."
Theatre 4: July 11: "Love at First Bite." (†) From July 12: "Prophecy." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

***Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)*
July 11: "Prophecy." (†)
July 12: Theatre closed.
From July 13: "The Wanderers." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Meatballs." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through July 12: "Nightwing." (†)
From July 13: "Lost and Found." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Bloodline." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Moonraker." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through July 12: "Good Guys Wear Black." (†)
From July 13: "Jaws." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through July 12: "Game of Death."
From July 13: "Good Guys Wear Black." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 11: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti, Gabrielle Ferzetti, and Lea Massari; and "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
July 12: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.
July 13-14: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.
July 15: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), directed by Jack Arnold, with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff.
July 16: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; and "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.
July 17: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa, a Soviet-Japanese co-production; and "Last Days of the Samurai" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Hiromichi Horikawa.
July 18: "The First Nudie Musical" (1977), directed by Bruce Kimmel and Mark Haggard, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Kimmel; and "Is There Sex After Death?" (1971), directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel, with skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Morran, Marshall Efron, and others.
July 19: "The Fox" (1968), directed by Mark Rydell, with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood; and "Ecstasy." (†)
July 20: "Tom Jones" (†) and "Boccaccio '70." (†)
July 21: "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 11: "Love and Anarchy" (1973) and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.
July 12: "Death in the Garden" (1956), in

French, directed by Luis Buñuel; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal.

July 13: "City Lights" (1931), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "Sunrise" (1927), a silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston.

July 14: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, and Dennis Hopper; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

July 15: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed by John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor; and "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937), directed by William Dieterle, with Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut, and Gale Sondergaard.

July 16: "The Soft Skin" (†); and "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve.

July 17: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Two Cents Worth of Hope" (1952), in Italian, directed by Renato Castellani.

July 18: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford, and Jack Carson; and "Inside Daisy Clover." (†)

July 19: "Out of the Past" (†) and "The Blue Dahlia." (†)

July 20: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

July 21: "Casablanca" (†); and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 12: "Wifemistress" (1979), in Italian, directed by Marco Vicario, with Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli; and "Cat and Mouse" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

July 13-14: "Get to Know Your Rabbit" (1973), directed by Brian De Palma, with Tom Smothers and John Astin; and "Steelyard Blues" (1973), directed by Alan Myerson, with Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, and Peter Boyle.

July 15-16: "The Damned" (†) and "Death in Venice." (†)

July 17: "Special Section" (†); and "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas.

July 18-19: "Pumping Iron" (1977), directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore, a documentary on body-building; and "The Queen." (†)

July 20-21: "Heaven Can Wait" (1978), directed by Warren Beatty and Buck Henry, with Beatty, Julie Christie, James Mason, and Charles Grodin; and "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), directed by Alexander Hall, with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason, and Evelyn Keyes.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 12: "Cream's Farewell Concert;" and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

July 13-15: "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a filmed concert; and "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary, directed by, and about, Neil Young.

July 16-18: "Fillmore" (1972), directed by Richard T. Heffron, a record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.

July 19-21: "Pink Floyd" (1974), directed by Adrian Maben, a filmed concert; and "Rock and Roll Your Eyes" (1975), Emerson, Lake, and Palmer in concert.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 14: "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy; and "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

July 15-16: "Going Hollywood" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Marion Davies, Bing Crosby, Fifi D'Orsay, Patsy Kelly, Ned Sparks, and Stuart Erwin; and "A Night at the Opera." (†)

July 17-18: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†) and "The Night of the Iguana." (†)

July 19-21: "The Guardsman" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Roland Young, and Ann Dvorak; and "Camille." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 11: "Bonaparte" (1927, 1971), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Antonin Artaud and Gance.

July 12: A program of film outtakes, interviews with performers, screen tests, and other formerly unseen footage.

July 13-14: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

July 15: "Yojimbo" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Ikiru" (1952), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Takashi Shimura.

July 16: "Peyton Place" (1957), directed by Mark Robson, with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Kings Row." (†)

July 17: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953), directed by Roy Rowland, with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conreid, and Tommy Rettig; and "Alice in Wonderland." (†)

July 18: "The Murderer Lives at '21'" (1942), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair; and "Jenny Lamour." (†)

July 19: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (†); and "The Rat Race" (1960), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds, and Kay Medford.

July 20-21: "Taking Off" (1971), directed by Miloš Forman, with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry; and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), in Czech, directed by Miloš Forman.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 11: "They Died with Their Boots On" (1942), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Sydney Greenstreet, and Arthur Kennedy; and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (1936), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, and Nigel Bruce.

July 12: "Rancho Notorious" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Garden of Allah" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and John Carradine.

July 13-14: "Yellow Submarine" (1968), directed by George Dunning, a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles.

July 15-16: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

July 17: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943), the fourth in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

July 18: "Manhattan Melodrama" (†); and "Chained" (1934), directed by Clarence Brown, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger, and Stuart Erwin.

July 19: "Five Fingers" (1952), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, and Michael Rennie; and "People Will Talk" (1951), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, and Hume Cronyn.

July 20: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

July 21: "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and

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Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 12 at 2:30: "The Liberal War" (1972), directed by Nick Macdonald; "Red Squad" (1972), made by the Pacific Street Film Collective; and "Joyce at 34" (1972), directed by Joyce Chopra and Claudia Weill. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: A program of short films by Conner, Schwerin, Griffin, and Haxton. . . . ¶ July 12 at 8:30: A program of short films by Stan Brakhage, made between 1955 and 1974. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30: A program of short films by Conner, Schwerin, Griffin, and Haxton. . . . ¶ July 13 at 6: A program of short films by Hirsch, Davis, McDowell, and Sonbert. . . . ¶ July 14 at noon: "Skyscraper" (1959); and "New York City . . . The Most" (1968), directed by George Pitt, with Eli Wallach. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "The Liberal War," "Red Squad," and "Joyce at 34.". . . ¶ July 14 at 5: A program of short films by Frank, Leslie, Anger, Sonbert, Daley, and Faccinto. . . . ¶ July 15 at noon: "Skyscraper" and "New York City . . . The Most.". . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: A program of short films by Hirsch, Davis, McDowell, and Sonbert. . . . ¶ July 15 at 5: A program of short films by Stan Brakhage, made between 1955 and 1974. . . . ¶ July 16 at noon: "Wavelength" (1967), directed by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ July 16 at 2:30: "The Text of Light" (1974), directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ July 16 at 6: A program of short films by Snow, Frampton, Rappaport, and Hogdon. . . . ¶ July 17 at noon: "Wavelength.". . . ¶ July 17 at 2:30: A program of short films by Snow, Frampton, Rappaport, and Hogdon. . . . ¶ July 17 at 6: A program of short films by Frank, Leslie, Anger, Sonbert, Daley, and Faccinto. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2:30: "Chronicle" (1970), directed by Mark Rappaport; and "Critical Mass" (1971), directed by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "The Text of Light.". . . ¶ July 19 at 8:30 and July 20 at 2:30: "The Flicker" (1966), directed by Tom Conrad (the film's optical fidgets may cause mild physical distress in some viewers); and a movie simply known as "←→" (1969), directed by Michael Snow. . . . ¶ July 20 at 6: "Chronicle" and "Critical Mass.". . . ¶ July 21 at noon: "David Copperfield" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with W. C. Fields, Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan; in English, with Czech subtitles. . . . ¶ July 21 at 3: "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1976), reels 1 through 6 of Jonas Mekas's "Diaries, Notes & Sketches," 1949-63. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Ned Sparks is the Caterpillar, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Thalia; July 17.)

Alien—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Loews New York 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion.)

Bloodline—Based on the Sidney Sheldon novel, with Audrey Hepburn; directed by Terence Young. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and National.)

Blue Collar (1978)—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader makes his début as a director with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat. (2/27/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 12.)

The Blue Dahlia (1946)—Raymond Chandler wrote the screenplay of this untidily complicated thriller, directed by George Marshall. It threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier out to avenge the murder of his wife (Doris Dowling); a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is hot for the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen and Tom Powers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

Boccaccio '70 (1962)—The Fellini segment features Anita Ekberg as a big blonde on a gigantic poster, advertising milk; the skit is as padded as Ekberg. The Visconti segment is an elegant though overextended sketch featuring Romy Schneider in an attractive performance as a wife who holds her husband (Tomas Milian) by making him pay for her favors. The De Sica segment—the liveliest, and the only one with a Boccaccio flavor—features Sophia Loren as a girl who works with a travelling carnival; in each town she is the prize of a Saturday-night raffle. The way she looks, the whole world would buy tickets. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 20.)

Breaking Away—With Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; directed by Peter Yates. (Coronet; starting July 18.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Camille (1937)—Like parents crowing over Baby's first steps, M-G-M announced "Garbo talks!" (for "Anna Christie") and "Garbo laughs!" (for "Ninotchka"), but they missed out on this one, when they should have crowed "Garbo acts!" Under George Cukor's direction, she gives a warm yet ironic performance that is possibly her finest. Her Camille is too intelligent for her frivolous life, too generous for her circumstances; she is a divinity trying to succeed as a whore. With the exception of Henry Daniell, as Baron de Varville, the rest of the cast does not rise to the occasion. As Armand, Robert Taylor is inept but not completely unforgivable: he had, at least, a romantic profile. As M. Duval, Lionel Barrymore *is* unforgivable. With Lenore Ulric as Olympe, Laura Hope Crews as Prudence, Elizabeth Allan, Jessie Ralph, Rex O'Malley, and E. E. Clive. The slow, solemn production is luxuriant in its vulgarity; it achieves that glamour which M-G-M traditionally mistook for style. But, in spite of M-G-M, Garbo's artistry triumphs, and the tearjerker "Camille" is transformed into the "classic" the studio claimed it to be. From the novel by Alexandre Dumas, adapted by Frances Marion, James Hilton, and Zoë Akins. (Regency; July 19-21.)

Casablanca (1942)—Ingrid Bergman became a popular favorite when Humphrey Bogart, as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, treated her like a whore. Although their romance was certified by a collection of Academy Awards, they didn't press their luck and never appeared together again. In the role of the cynic redeemed by love, Bogart became the great adventurer-lover of the screen during the war years. In this film he established the figure of the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in the movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got away with it). Questioned about his purpose and motives, he informs the police: "I came to Casablanca for the waters." "But there are no waters in Casablanca." "I was misinformed." The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, Marcel Dalio, Helmut Dantine, S. Z. Sakall, Joy Page, Leonid Kinsky, Madeleine LeBeau, John Qualen, and, memorably, Dooley Wilson singing "As Time Goes By." Directed by Michael Curtiz from the screenplay by Julius and Philip Epstein and Howard Koch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 21.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Regency; July 17-18.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates, who look like werewolves talking politics while green lights play on their faces. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that "in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning," he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness. She turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite molester of little girls who eventually beds down with mother; this is too much even for her and she becomes a zombie. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, Charlotte Rampling, Florinda Bolkan, and Umberto Orsini. Though some of the actors speak their own English, this version of "The Damned" has all the disadvantages of a dubbed movie—the characters talk in a language that belongs to no period or country and sounds like translated subtitles. (Cinema Village; July 15-16.)

The Dance of Death (1968)—With Laurence Olivier, directed by David Giles. (D. W. Griffith; starting July 13.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Cinema Village; July 15-16.)

Death of a Bureaucrat (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (5/28/79) (Quad Cinema; through July 12.)

THE DEER HUNTER—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; July 13-19.)

DOWN AND DIRTY—A vivid hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (6/25/79) (Paris.)

DRACULA—With Frank Langella and Laurence Olivier, directed by John Badham. (Ziegfeld; starting July 13.)

ECSTASY (1933)—This romantic, sensuous Czech film, directed by Gustav Machaty and starring the very young Hedy Lamarr, was originally intended to be called "Symphony of Love." It was banned here, and then released, and then withdrawn, and finally reissued in so many different versions that everyone who talks about it appears to have seen (or imagined) different sex acts. The theme is Lawrencian, as Henry Miller pointed out in "Reflections on Ecstasy," the definitive essay on the picture, and the sex scenes are both explicit and symbolic. The peculiarity of this famous picture is that it's innocently absurd and yet delicately, tenderly erotic. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 19.)

ENTER THE DRAGON (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of shlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 20.)

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Donald Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Trans-Lux East, and Forum.)

FEDORA—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Art; starting July 20, tentative.)

THE FRISCO KID—With Gene Wilder and Harrison Ford, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like an other species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through July 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting July 13.)

GOOD GUYS WEAR BLACK—With Chuck Norris, James Franciscus, Dana Andrews, and Anne Archer; directed by Ted Post. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through July 12. . . . ¶ Victoria; starting July 13.)

GREASE—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Loews 83rd Quad; through July 19.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Quad Cinema; starting July 13.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Gramercy, Cinema 3, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 12)

The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Plots are discussed over the heads of helpless dental patients, dinner-table talk concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles, and a wild cab ride through Herald Square ultimately leads to a Latin-American country where the dictator pours coffee into a mouth painted on his hand. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Beekman, Paramount, and Embassy. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through July 12. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting July 13.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (D. W. Griffith; through July 12. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 13.)

Inside Daisy Clover (1966)—Natalie Wood plays the heroine, a teen-age singing movie star (fill in Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, et al.), in Robert Mulligan's film adapted from the Gavin Lambert novel. The people who make Daisy a star seem to have some terrible secret that we're never let in on; the movie is full of lurking evil that seems unrelated to anything. It's an inside-Hollywood movie with a gothic atmosphere—all portent, no content. It's short on characters, detail, activity, dialogue, even music; it's so determined to be stylish that, rather than risk banality, it eliminates almost everything. What's left are sinister, funereal pauses and a few ghoulish people, such as the head of the studio (Christopher Plummer, whose performance mightn't be so maddening if it were just speeded up). Natalie Wood's way of being teen-age is to act like a brassy Tom Sawyer. As the young star's no-good, vaguely homosexual husband (one of the most cryptic roles ever written), Robert Redford gives the only fresh performance. With Ruth Gordon as Daisy's mother, Katharine Bard, and Roddy McDowall. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

Jaws (1975)—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss; directed by Steven Spielberg. (U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting July 13.)

Jenny Lamour (1947; "Quai des Orfèvres")—A stunningly well-made entertainment, this detective film by Henri-Georges Clouzot features the master actor Louis Jouvet in the role of a police inspector. His world is contrasted with that of the music hall, represented by the full-blown, hypersexual Suzy Delair. When this voluptuous slut sings "Avec Son Tra-la-la," she may make you wonder if the higher things in life are worth the trouble. With Bernard Blier (who studied with Jouvet) as a worshipful masochist, Charles Dullin in the role of a hunchback, and, as a lesbian photographer, Simone Renant, at the time said to be the most beautiful actress in Paris. The film took the grand prize at Venice in 1947, but in this country it never got the audience it deserved. In French. (Thalia; July 18.)

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The Kentucky Fried Movie (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Quad Cinema; starting July 13.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Plaza; through July 19.)

Kings Row (1942)—The typical nostalgic view of American small-town life turned inside out: instead of sweetness and health we get fear, sanctimoniousness, sadism, and insanity. Tranquilly accepting the many varieties of psychopathic behavior as the simple facts of life, this film has its own kind of sentimental glow, yet the melodramatic incidents are surprisingly compelling. The time is the beginning of the twentieth century, and the hero (Robert Cummings) is interested in the new ideas of Sigmund Freud. (Which is unfortunate: when Cummings, eyes alight with idealism, mouths naïve views on Freud, almost any contemporary audience is bound to break up.) The director, Sam Wood, gets some remarkably well-defined performances from others, though: Ann Sheridan is radiant in the role of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks, and Betty Field's frightened, passionate Cassie is a memorable vignette. Charles Coburn and Claude Rains are the town's doctors; Coburn likes to perform amputations without anesthetics (his special victim is Ronald Reagan), and Rains keeps his daughter locked up in his house. The cast also includes Judith Anderson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Nancy Coleman, and Kaaren Verne. Casey Robinson adapted Henry Bellamann's best-seller; James Wong Howe was the cinematographer; and William Cameron Menzies did the designs. (Thalia; July 16.)

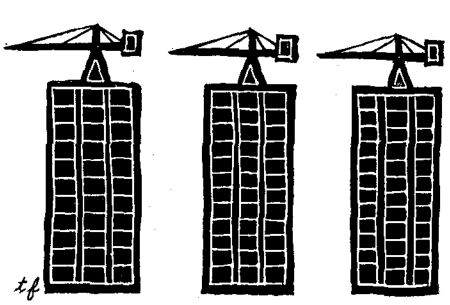
The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Olympia; through July 12.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Cinema II.)

Lost and Found—With George Segal and Glenda Jackson, directed by Melvin Frank. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 2; starting July 13.)

Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy; July 11.)

Love on the Run—François Truffaut's new film in his autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir. Every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. This is a glorious piece of work. In French. (4/9/79) (Art, and New Yorker; through July 12.)



The Main Event—At the expense of whatever coherence there was to this romantic comedy, Barbra Streisand strives to pack multitudes of diverse and contradictory character traits into her role as a bankrupt parfumeuse who is forced to promote the career of an unwilling boxer, her sole remaining asset. Ryan O'Neal is deferential as the fighter and love object; Howard Zieff is the accommodating director. No singing until the final credits. (7/2/79) (Sutton, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through July 12.)

Malicious (1973; "Malizia")—A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Festival; through the afternoon of July 12.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

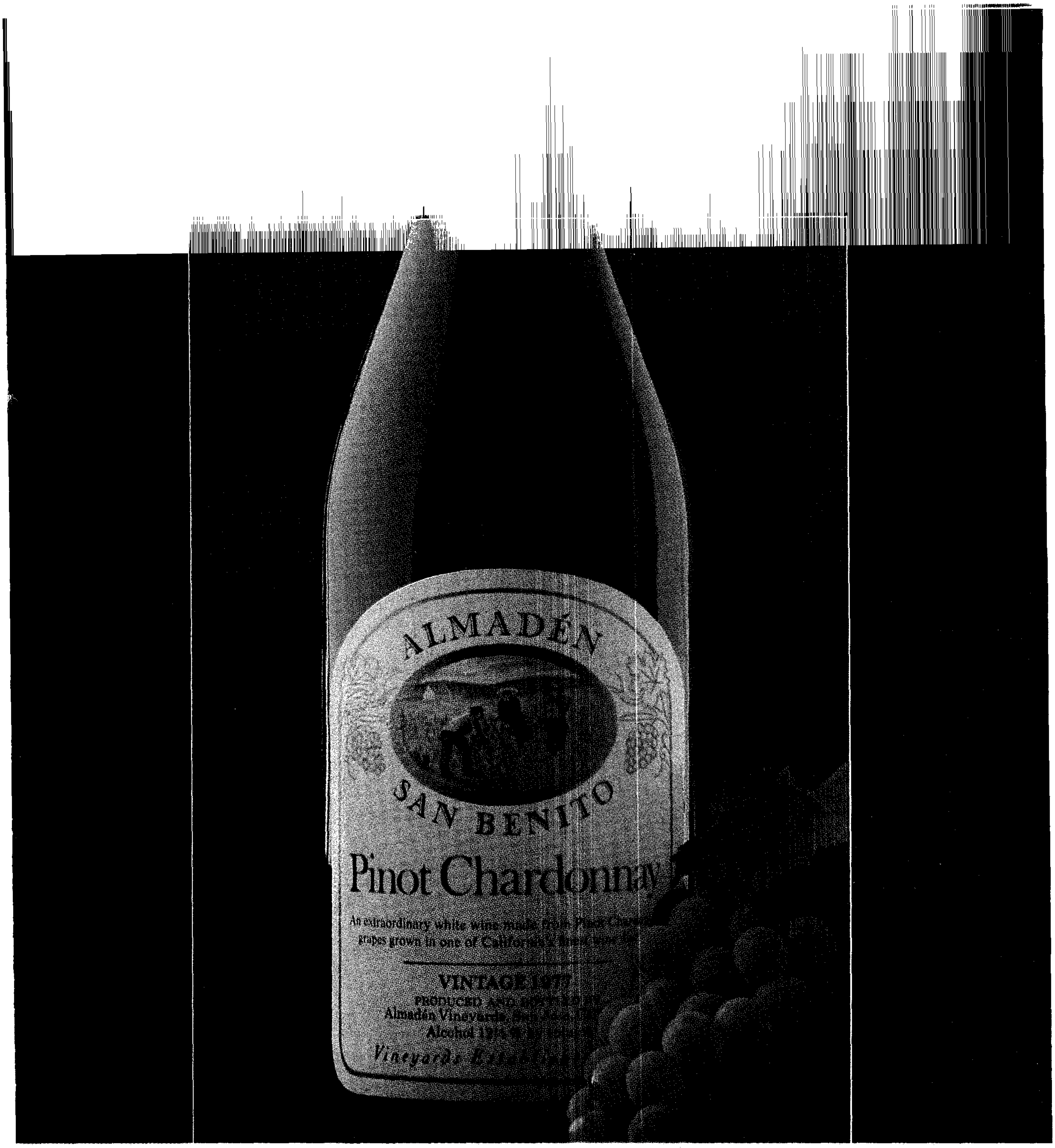
Manhattan Melodrama (1934)—The film made famous when Public Enemy No. 1, John Dillinger, went to see Clark Gable in it (as Blackie, a gangster who strode to the electric chair with a smile on his face) and was shot down as he emerged. It's a melodrama de-luxe from M-G-M. Gable and William Powell play boyhood friends from the slums. In the climax, Powell, the D.A., must prosecute his old friend, who gallantly dies rather than allow Powell to jeopardize his own career. Despite the heavy moralizing tone, the picture holds one's interest; Powell manages to get his conflicting emotions across, and he has an unusual rapport with Myrna Loy, the woman both men love. (Powell and Loy were then teamed and made "The Thin Man" later that year.) Produced by David O. Selznick, directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with a screenplay by Oliver H. P. Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz, from Arthur Caesar's Academy Award-winning screen story. The cast includes Leo Carrillo, Isabel Jewell, Herman Bing, the one-man goon squad Nat Pendleton, Leonid Kinskey playing a Trotskyite, and Mickey Rooney playing Clark Gable as a twelve-year-old. Cinematography by James Wong Howe; there's a song by Rodgers and Hart that later became known as "Blue Moon." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18.)

Meatballs—With Bill Murray, directed by Ivan Reitman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

Moonraker—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again), and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, 86th St. East, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through July 12.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al. travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. Yayyyyyyy! (7/2/79) (Ziegfeld; through July 12. . . . ¶ Gemini 1, Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker; starting July 13.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate hu-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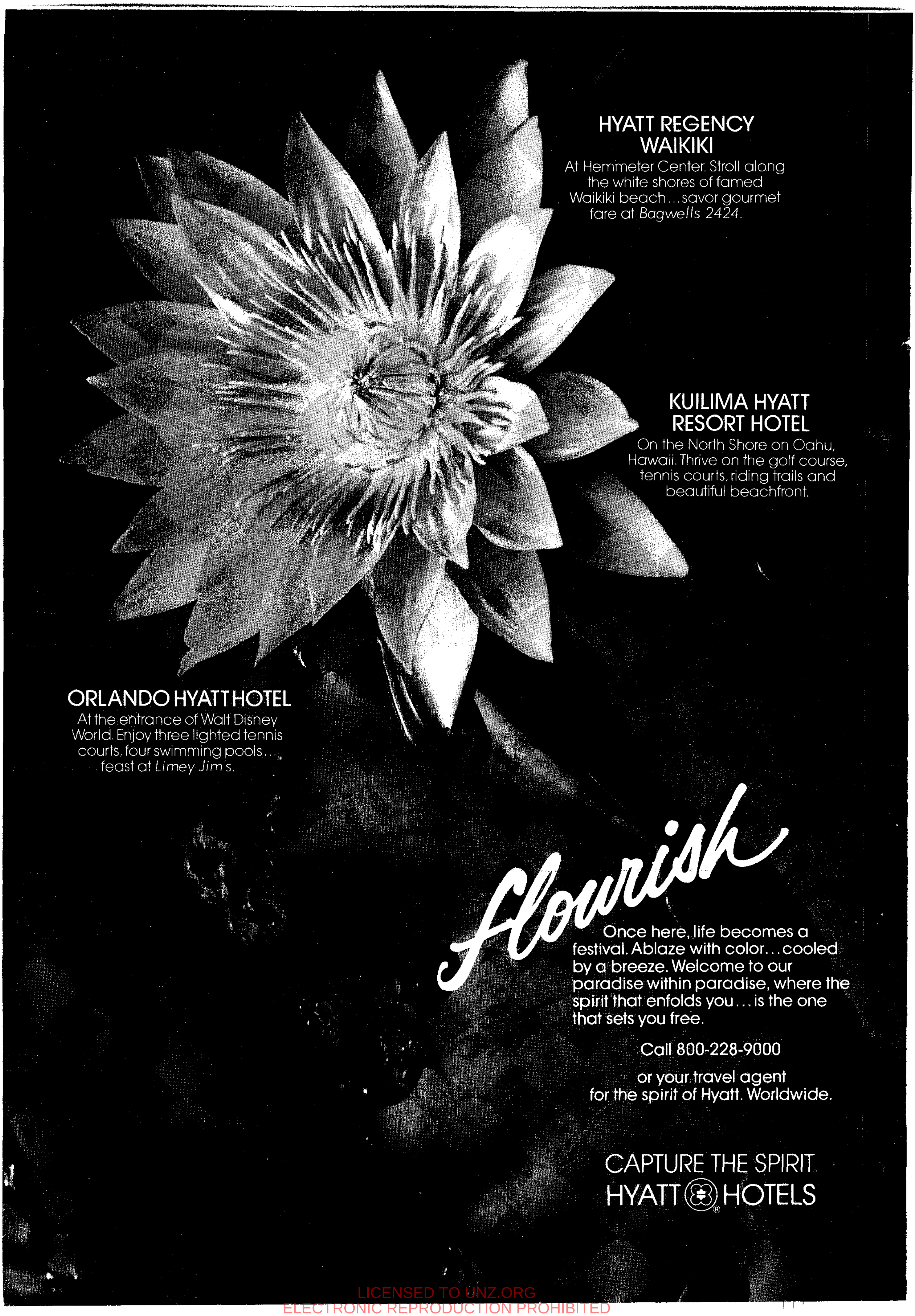

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mor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U.A. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 12.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—It was said that the Marx Brothers considered this their best film; it isn't, but it was their greatest hit. Two beautifully stuffed American targets—grand opera and high society—are left dismantled, flapping like scarecrows. (If you ever could listen to "Il Trovatore" with a straight face, you can never do so again.) Many writers have tried to analyze Marx Brothers wit, coming up with little monographs on "dissociated thinking," "disguised social protest," or "commedia dell'arte." Think about it too much and sanity, like a lettuce leaf, begins to wilt and curl at the edges. The Marx Brothers keep turning corners you didn't know were there, and while you're trying to break down the content of lines like Groucho's "You big bully, why are you hitting that little bully?," you miss the series of non sequiturs that are piling up on top of it. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind did the script; Sam Wood directed. The cast includes Groucho's perennial grand-dame inamorata, Margaret Dumont, the most stately of stooges (her smirking dowager is rather like a comic derivative of Edna Purviance in Chaplin's movies). There are also the vocalizing lovers, Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones, whom Irving Thalberg, the producer and a master diagnostician of popular taste, put in for people (*what* people?) to "identify with," and the cruel villain, Walter Woolf King. (Incredible as it may seem, the banal romantic melodrama which intermittently wrecks the movie proved sound at the box office.) This comedy has its classic sequence: the stateroom scene, which is widely regarded as the funniest five minutes in screen history. It will sustain you through the dreadful duets. (Regency; July 15-16.)

The Night of the Iguana (1964)—Richard Burton is the defrocked clergyman working as a tour guide; Ava Gardner is the strumpety widow who operates the rundown Mexican hotel where the action centers; Deborah Kerr is the saintly, middle-aged spinster from Nantucket, travelling with her ninety-seven-year-old poet-grandfather (Cyril Delevanti); Sue Lyon is the teen-ager out to seduce the minister; and Grayson Hall is the head of the schoolteachers' tour group. The director, John Huston, brings some coarse melodramatic vitality to the Tennessee Williams play, but whatever poetry it had seems to have leaked out. And without that the movie is terribly obvious, sentimental, and plain dumb. It's also indifferently made. (Regency; July 17-18.)

Nightwing—With Nick Mancuso and David Warner, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 2; through July 12.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through July 12.)

Othello (1955)—Orson Welles is both star and director of this film. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 15.)

Out of the Past (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved. The screenplay is by Geoffrey Homes (a pseudonym of Daniel Mainwaring), from his novel "Build My Gallows High." With Rhonda Fleming. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

Players—A young tennis player seeking glory on the center court at Wimbledon is also remembering, by dint of innumerable flashbacks, how he got there. Dean-Paul Martin is the tennis player, and an "older woman" he falls in love with is Ali MacGraw. No acting in this movie, but some good tennis. (6/18/79) (Coronet; through the afternoon of July 17. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; starting July 20.)

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Prophecy—John Frankenheimer directed this misshapen horror movie with its heavy-footed score. Talia Shire is a pregnant cellist married to a medical man investigating the ecological aspects of a land dispute between a lumber mill and some Indians. The beast de résistance, a product of mercury-polluted waters, pursues all concerned and catches up with nearly everyone. (7/2/79) (Loews Astor Plaza; July 11. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting July 12. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting July 13. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; July 13-19.)

The Queen (1968)—A documentary centering on the transvestites entered in a "Miss All-American" beauty contest for female impersonators held at Town Hall in 1967. Directed by Frank Simon, the film (which runs just over an hour) has considerable humor and drama, as well as that mixture of perversity and sadness distinctive to the drag scene. (Cinema Village; July 18-19.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Loews New York 1, Greenwich, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Loews 83rd Quad; through July 19.)

Small Change (1976)—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (New Yorker; through July 12.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

Special Section (1975)—Costa-Gavras's melodrama, set in Vichy France, raises the question of why highly placed Cabinet ministers, judges, and prosecutors, who were in no immediate danger themselves, carried out measures that flagrantly violated the system of justice they had been trained to uphold. But the casting and the writing are so prejudicial that this purpose is undercut: the collaborators are cartoon figures—vain, ambitious weaklings, easily soft-soaped. Their victims, however, shine with humanity. The film lacks temperament; it seems lifelessly worthy. In French. (Cinema Village; July 17.)

El Super—With Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato, directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Teresa the Thief—With Monica Vitti, directed by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian and English. (Art; July 13-19.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza; starting July 20.)

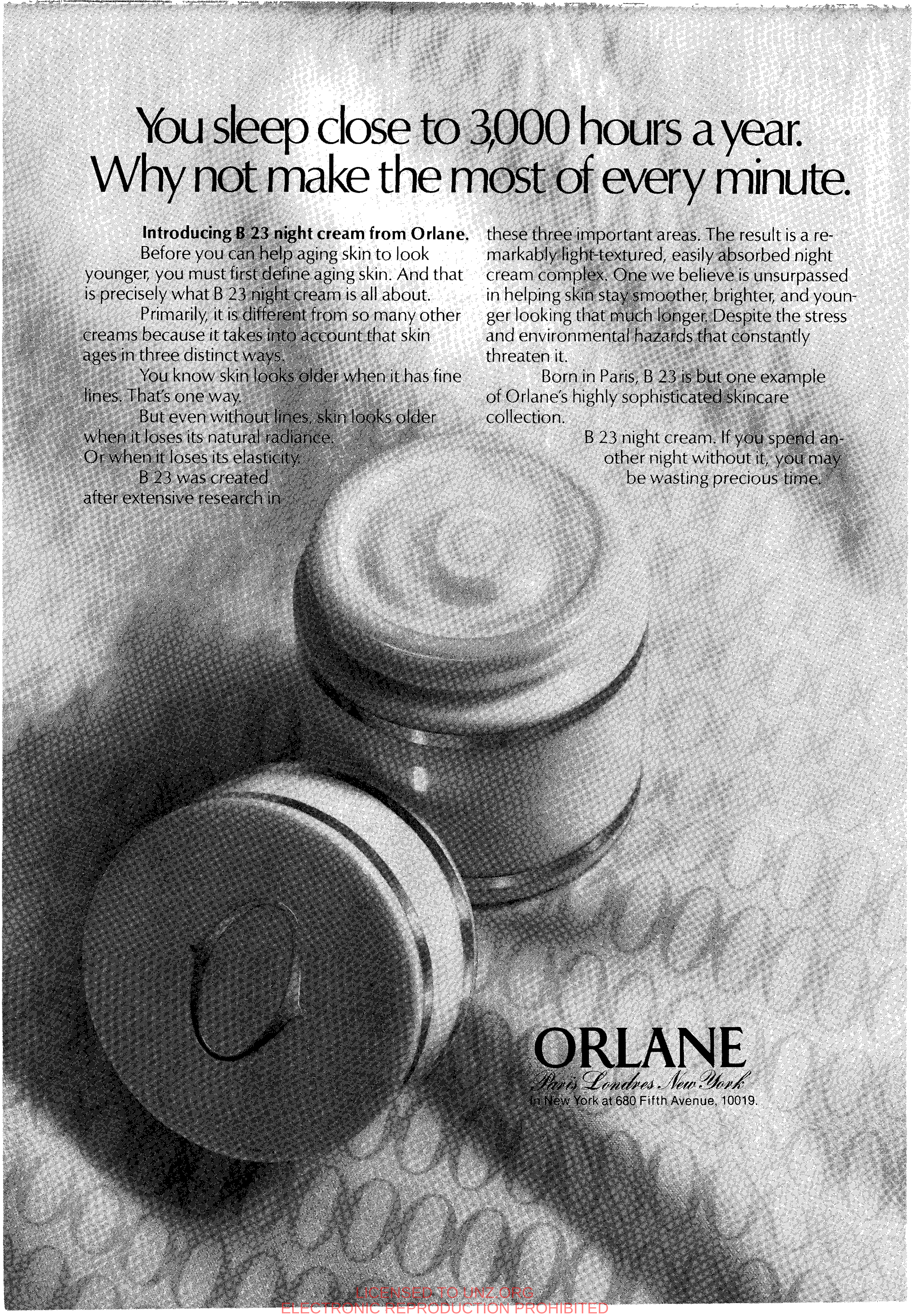
To Kill a Mockingbird (1963)—When Gregory Peck got the Academy Award for his performance as an upstanding widowed lawyer practicing in Alabama in the early thirties, there was a fair amount of derision throughout the country: Peck was better than usual, but in that same virtuously dull way. Robert Mulligan directed, from Horton Foote's adaptation of the Harper Lee novel, and it's all terribly conscientious—the clapboard houses, the slatted porch swings on rusty chains, the Chevy phaetons on dusty streets, the high moral sentiments, the specs on Peck's nose. Mulligan slows the pace down when he wants to suggest the mysteries of childhood or to arouse warm emotions; this works only intermittently. The movie is part eerie Southern gothic and part Hollywood self-congratulation for its enlightened racial attitudes. Brock Peters is the black man accused of rape, and Robert Duvall is the brain-damaged Boo Radley, of whom the lawyer's children (Mary Badham and Phillip Alford) are terrified. With Ruth White, Rosemary Murphy, James Anderson, Collin Wilcox, William Windom, and Richard Hale. (Thalia; July 19.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 20.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Wanderers—With Ken Wahl, directed by Phil Kaufman. (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews Astor Plaza; starting July 13.)

The Yakuza (1975)—An attempt to sell a romantic view of gangsterism in an exotic setting. The yakuza are Japanese mobsters, and one of the items in their "code" is that you can show penitence for an offense against the mob chieftain by slicing off your little finger and presenting it to him. Robert Mitchum plays an American private eye who goes to Japan to rescue an American girl kidnapped by yakuzas; he enlists the aid of a "retired" yakuza, a master-teacher of swordsmanship (Takakura Ken), and they fight side by side, the gun and the sword. At the end, Mitchum realizes that he has offended the swordsman and commits his act of penance. A swaggeringly meretricious fairy tale, overloaded with exposition, and solemn when it means to be Orientally inscrutable. Richard Jordan, as Mitchum's bodyguard, gives the film its only fresh, unexpected moments; the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't seem to understand how action-film mechanisms operate. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 17-19.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE hatred of the Vietnamese for the Chinese in their midst, of the Vietnamese for the Cambodians, and vice versa, and of the Cambodians for some of their own citizens, including many ethnic Chinese, and the callousness—if it does not amount to hatred—of the Thais toward the Cambodians fleeing into their country and of the Malaysians toward the Vietnamese Chinese who are trying to land on their shores: these are emotions beyond the grasp of most Americans, who would have difficulty distinguishing between Southeast Asian cultures even in the grossest terms. The deep animosities, it seems, are often derived from ancient rivalries dressed up in the costumes of modern politics and ideologies. Most of us, having no understanding of the rivalries, and trying to decipher the situation merely in terms of the politics, see only a picture that appears utterly nonsensical, and this is perhaps one of the reasons we have been so slow to respond to the consequences of the animosities. Our reactions tend to be mixed and confused, as when the Vietnamese, in a bald act of aggression, overthrew the ghastly government of Pol Pot. One word, however—a common word used in an uncommon way—has cut through this political confusion to the human reality. We ourself first came across it in a news story, where it was used by a Cambodian now living in Paris to describe his eighteen-year-old sister. In the past few years of life as a fugitive, his sister had buried first her father, then her grandmother, then her mother, and then her younger sister. The girl had finally escaped into Thailand, where her brother had immediately gone to see her. She had been, he said, "indescribably sad." (Subsequently, although she had been accepted for immigration to France, she was driven back by the Thai authorities into Cambodia, and to almost certain death.) The word "sad" also came up in another report, this one by a Cambodian who had managed to get into Thailand. He was describing the uncountable refugees living in the forest at the Thailand-Cambodia border, surrounded by land mines, seeking shelter under boulders from the monsoons (though the elderly lay listlessly on top of the boulders), the children whimpering, the women crying, the dead remaining unburied, the living trying to survive on supposedly inedible roots, and constantly clustering around transistors for some sign (they had had none by the time he left them) that their plight had been noticed. "If you reach the American Embassy," they had said to him, "tell them we are very sad."

"Sad" seemed such a gentle adjective for anyone to use of his feelings in those desperate circumstances that it stopped us short, and in that pause an intimation of what those people must really feel came to us more vividly than it would have if a stronger word, such as "anguished" or "despairing," had been used. The sweet inadequacy of the word "sad" actually gave it power, for it suggested emotions beyond the reach of words. Still, we were curious about the choice of the word. We wondered what the Cambodian word was that translated into English as "sad." A Cambodian gentleman at the State Department's Foreign Service Institute told us that the word was most probably *kluoch-psar*. "*Kluoch-psar* is when you have a broken heart," he said. "It is the grief and suffering you would feel if all your family died." It did not refer to physical suffering, he went on, but though it meant a strictly spiritual state, it consisted of physical images. "*Kluoch* means burned—like fire, like cooking, like when your rice is burned," he said. "*Psar* means burning, smarting, such as you feel when iodine is put in a wound, or acid thrown in your eye." He himself, as he explained this to us, sounded very sad.

IT is one of the peculiarities of most historical events that no one ever really knows why they occurred. Unlike events in the natural world, which have proved remarkably susceptible of explanation, historical events seem to emerge from an impenetrable obscurity. We know why water boils and why light-beams curve in a gravitational field, but no one can explain unequivocally what the causes were of the French Revolution, of the First World War, or of the Depression. Even to speak of "causes" of such events—as the writers of questions for college exams have long been fond of doing—suggests an unduly mechanistic understanding of history. To this rule, however, the present energy crisis, which has recently become a matter of daily irritation and misery for millions of people, is an exception. It can be said with confidence that the cause of the energy crisis is that the world's supply of oil is running out—or, to put it differently, that the world has reached the point at which the fact that its oil supply is finite has become an economic and political consideration of the first magnitude. In the catalogue of historical causes, this one has a wonderful simplicity. Running out of something is a matter of everyday experience—unlike, say, having a balance-of-payments deficit, or having an accident in a nuclear reactor. The finitude of the world's oil supply is an unmistakable, inescapable fact, and there is nothing arcane, ambiguous, or foggy about it. No exam question will ever be asked about the basic causes of this shortage, because such a question could be answered definitively in a sentence. (The consequences of the energy crisis, on the other hand, which range from lines at the gas pumps to

disorder in the world's money markets, are attended by the usual complexity; and the political problems created by the crisis are, of course, enormously complex, and have yet to be solved.) As one looks back on the period of energy abundance, it appears that the much-admired technology of the heavily industrialized economies of the mid-twentieth century may largely have been means for getting work out of oil and its by-products. Now, with the oil running out and no certain alternative in sight, that technology appears less impressive.

Be that as it may, many people seem to have willfully rejected history's rare offer of a simple explanation of one of its major events. Some blame the oil companies for the energy crisis, and others single out the American government or the governments of the OPEC countries. But although each of these parties may have manipulated, mismanaged, or misjudged it, or just failed to resolve it, none of them created it. It was created millions of years ago, when nature laid down only so much oil under the ground, and no more. Without these absolute limits in the background, none of the misbehavior or bungling would be possible. Yet there are people who are prepared to go to considerable lengths to find hidden, convoluted explanations. We know of one man—a farmer in Vermont—who has figured out that whenever the oil companies want to force the price of oil up a notch they manufacture a shortage by running one of their supertankers onto the rocks. Each time he reads about an oil spill from a tanker somewhere in the world, he feels that his theory is being confirmed. Conditioned, perhaps, by the ineradicable uncertainty that really does underlie most large events, he and others are staring past the explanation of the energy crisis which stands in plain view, and taking refuge in a complexity that, for once, does not exist.

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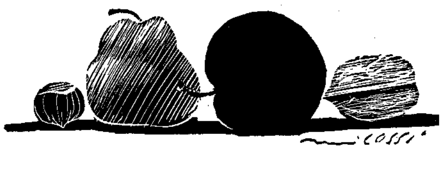
Micro

ANYTHING that promises to save fuel is obviously worth looking into, so we welcomed the chance to investigate a new three-wheeled vehicle, called the Microcar, that was unveiled for the press the other evening at a party in the showroom of Chinetti International Motors, a Ferrari dealer on Second Avenue. The Microcar is the invention of a Manhattan art collector named Stuart Pivar, who developed it for his own use and soon realized that other people were interested in acquiring one. At first glance, the car—a compact, buggylike object built of light materials, mostly steel tubing and plastic—seems something that would be at home in a ballpark or at a fairground. At second glance, it appears to be a practical urban vehicle. It runs on a gasoline-and-oil mixture, as a Moped does; its fuel tank holds three gallons; and it gets up to eighty miles a gallon. It goes between twenty and thirty miles an hour. The engine—a one-cylinder, two-cycle Minarelli—is near the driver's feet, and the roof is transparent, and is also removable, so that the car can be turned into a roadster. The Microcar holds two people, and its seat lifts up to reveal a spacious storage compartment. It sells for around twelve hundred dollars.

Three Microcars were parked outside the showroom, and five were parked inside. People chattering about gas lines and gallery openings walked from car to car and took turns sitting on the seats, which were of vinyl, and experimenting with the steering mechanism, which consisted of bicycle-style handlebars. On display near the front of the showroom were several T-shirts bearing the printed words "It's a Micro!"

We sought out Mr. Pivar, and found him to be a slim, graying man of distinguished mien. "The Microcar started out as a purely personal thing," he told us. "I wanted something that would enable me to circulate easily around Manhattan, and there wasn't anything. Two summers ago, I experimented until I came up with a basic design, and I had some people make the prototype for me. Since then, I've made a few improvements, and Microcars are now being produced by a company I founded for the purpose—the American Tri-Ped Corporation, in Farmingdale. What I was looking for was the ideal urban transportation. I mean for Manhattan—I don't know about other cities. And I wasn't thinking of fuel economy at the time. I simply wanted a convenient personal vehicle that could always be parked in front of my house, so that I could set out and cruise around whenever I wanted. The Microcar offers stability and safety. Parking it is never a problem—it's so small that you park nose in. It can carry all sorts of packages; I've even used it to transport large paintings. The experience of riding in a Microcar is almost impossible to describe. It gives you a sense of mobility, a sense of freedom, a feeling of euphoria."



We asked Mr. Pivar for some specifications on the new vehicle.

He told us that it is seventy-six inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that it has an automatic centrifugal clutch, that it has a chain drive to its rear axle, that it has sixteen-inch spoke wheels and hand-operated drum brakes, that it is started by means of pedals, and that it weighs a hundred and sixty pounds.

He went off to welcome some guests, and we began talking with a bearded man in a beige jacket, who told us that he was Paul Esteva, vice-president of Alpha Rent-A-Car. "I've got three Microcars at my garage on West Sixty-second Street," he said. "They're rented out all the time. In fact, I have trouble getting them back from the people who rent them. I'd like to have a fleet of about a hundred of them—the rental market for these things is almost unlimited—but Stuart has been a little slow in producing them. He's more interested in selling them than in renting, and he thinks of them as personal transportation. But Micros would be ideal in factories, in hospitals, in warehouses, at hotels, and in parking lots—not to mention the uses you could put them to in the suburbs. And if you hitched up a trailer the Microcar could haul five times its own weight."

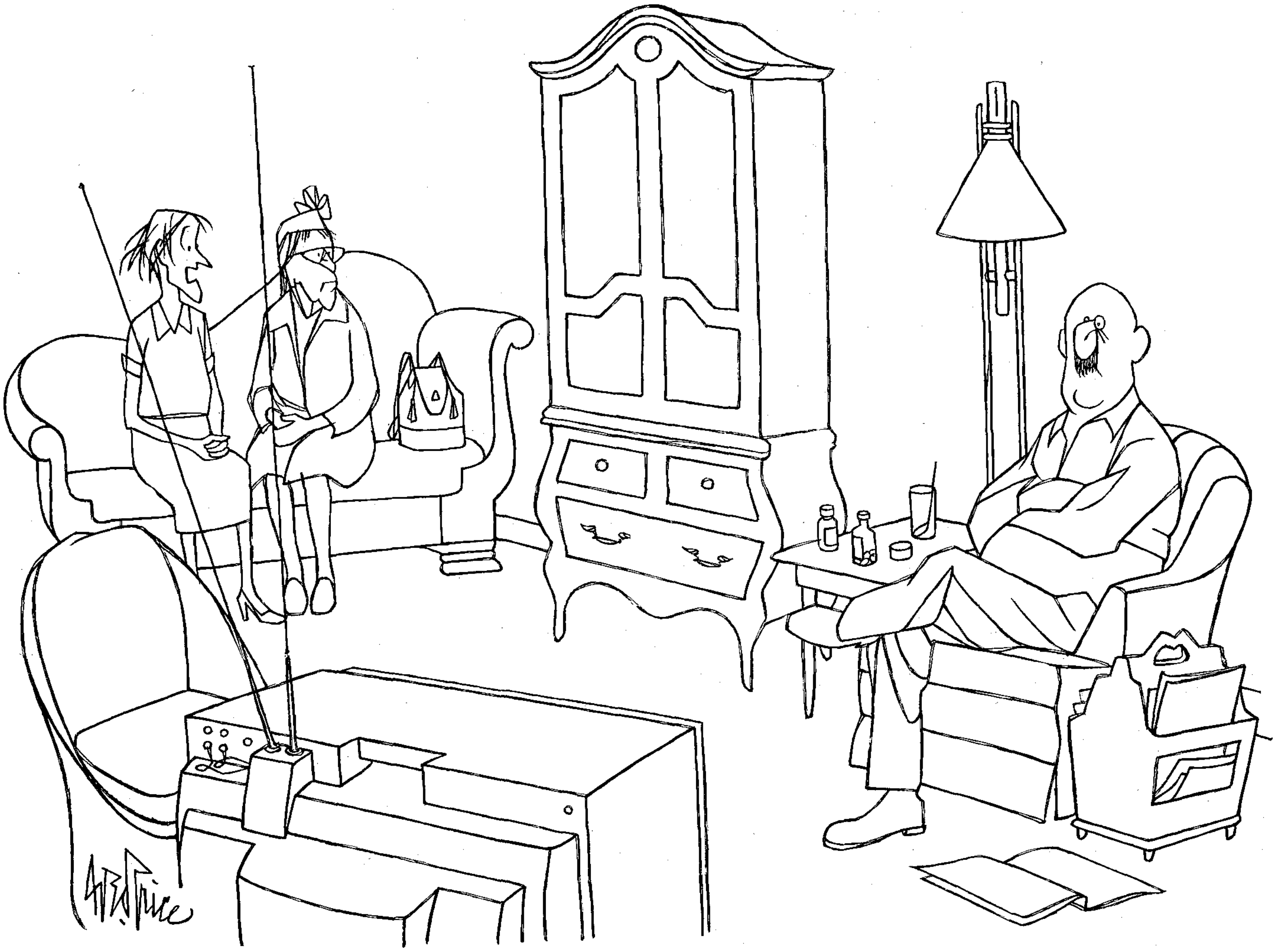
Before long, we fell into conversation with a woman in a white dress, who told us she had a Microcar and was using it in the Hamptons. "I haven't dared to bring it into Manhattan yet," she said. "I'm still nervous about it. But it's really very easy to drive—easier than riding a bicycle or a Moped, for instance. You don't need any special skills. And it seems to be very welcome on the road. People never treat me like some sort of cyclist. When they see me coming in my Micro, they just smile."

Tryin' One

ON a morning in late June, the wind blows and the plane trees around Annunciation Playground, at 135th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, show the light underside of their leaves.

Click click click click click click click click—a girl plays with one of those bolo things, with the two balls that knock back and forth.

At eleven-thirty, Pepsi-Cola/NBA Hotshot begins—a basketball recreation



"His laryngitis has been a godsend, but I still have to contend with his video portion."

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program in which almost three million boys and girls see who in their age group (9-12, 13-15, 16-18) can make the most points shooting baskets from a number of spots on the court in a minute. The competition goes all the way from local playgrounds through city, area, division, conference, and national championships. This is a local-playground round, but the press has been invited. A man from Pepsi, some men from the Parks Department, a TV crew, a press agent called Lee, a press agent called Debbie, and a press agent called Lisa, who is wearing ankle bracelets, stand on one side of the court. On the other side of the court stand two recreation counsellors and about eighty kids.

"What you laughin' at? She probably shoot better than you. You probably won't even hit the backboard."

"You gotta watch the news. You gotta watch the six-o'clock news. Man, when I walk out of my house, I *know* something."

"Man, he scared. Look at him."

"I know you like her, but *damn*."

"Is there a Harold Adams— Harold! Harold!"

"She's mean, man. She got muscles."

"Sit down, y'all. Everybody sit down. Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down."

Under an unsupervised basket, kids waiting to compete try moves. One kid dribbles a ball with each hand and lays each ball up and in. Cheryl Johnson, from the Bronx, who was last year's national Hotshot champion in the girls' 9-12 division, hits a quick four-for-five from the foul line while a member of the press photographs her. She has a shot that seems connected with the basket before it begins. A girl called Iris, wearing gold heart-shaped earrings, moves like Cab Calloway in the movie "Stormy Weather"—her feet kind of slide along the ground. She plays one-on-one with another girl. She switches hands and dribbles between her legs so quickly that it takes a while to notice what she's doing. A boy called Ollie bounces the ball in front of the basket really hard and it goes in. A kid goes in for a layup, looks toward another kid as if he were going to pass off, and then puts the ball in, still not looking at the basket. A ball bounces away, and a gray-haired man in a blue leisure suit, who is with the Parks Department, picks it up. From about forty feet out, he takes a two-handed set shot. It goes through the hoop without touching, and it bounces off the pole. His old-fashioned shot is a beautiful antique suddenly materialized in the middle of the playground. A kid yells, "We hear you, Grandpa!"

Rio

WE were jogging in Riverside Park one day when we saw a woman friend and fell in step with her.

"I bought a tiny green bikini in Ipanema last week, and now I'm trying to shrink myself to fit it," she said. "I got in from Rio de Janeiro this morning, but I haven't any jet lag at all. There's only an hour's time difference between there and here, and I guess I've finally grasped that time goes sideways round the world instead of up and down. But it still seems amazing that one can be flying for ten hours, eating, sleeping, crossing the equator, moving from spring to fall or vice versa, passing over the United States and Brazil—which are equally big, by the way—and end up at one's destination at the proper breakfast time. Do you realize that at this very moment people like us are going for a morning run in Rio? Except that their shoes are pounding the black-and-white mosaic pavements by the surf at Copacabana and they're chatting away to each other in Portuguese."

We asked what else she had found in Rio.

"Hang-gliders. Fearless young men who launch themselves from mountaintops. Strapped under their rainbow-colored wings, they float around like gulls for hours at a time, then circle down to the water's edge at the cocktail hour. I was staying at the Inter-Continental, which has its own pool and beach, so I led a pretty insulated life. All I saw of the mountainside slums were the pretty, twinkling lights at night. The chic parts of town, along the beachfront, are like a playpen or a sandbox for the affluent middle class. They're jammed with brand-new blocks of million-dollar apartments, with more going up all the time. Stacks of balconies are lush with tropical greenery that presses up against the plate-glass windowpanes. H. Stern jewelry stores are sprouting absolutely everywhere, selling Brazilian gems. Volkswagens and fancy roadsters whiz madly through tunnels under those famous conical green mountains and past the palm trees on the seaside avenues. Picture Manhattan without winter, with beautiful people living life in bathing suits. And yet when I was there I read in the local English-language newspaper that Rio is always on the verge of going bankrupt, just like New York."

We asked if men and women down there were as handsome as they're cracked up to be.

"They certainly work hard at maintaining the perfect physique," our friend said. "You see people out on the beaches in the misty sunlight of the early mornings doing hundreds of pushups and working out on parallel bars that are set up in the sand. You and I could never catch up with the Cariocas. They have perpetual suntans, and they're all so very young. I saw some prosperous middle-aged Germans getting lavish attention from the hierarchy of waiters in the restaurants, but nearly everyone else looked somewhere around eighteen. More than half the people in Brazil are under twenty, you know, and you can certainly see that from the crowd on Rio's streets and beaches and in the sidewalk cafés. You can see the population explosion in the numbers of pregnant women and in the scores of boutiques selling baby clothes and luxurious carriages."

Had the green bikini already made its début?

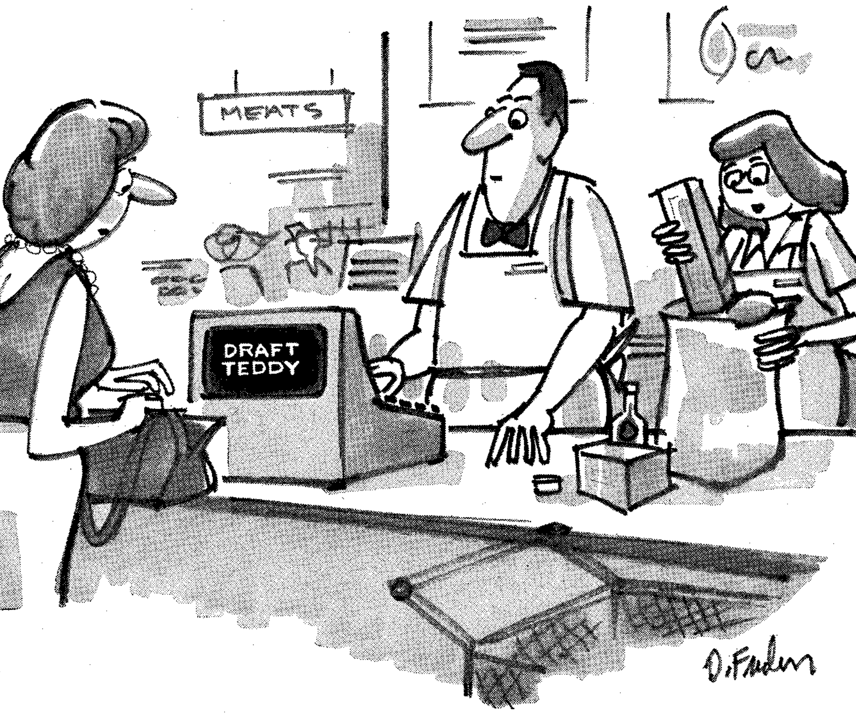
"I didn't find the courage until the end of my stay, when I had a little color and the hotel had filled up with visitors to two conventions. The people at the Second Brazilian Congress of Transactional Analysis were too busy relating to each other to spend time doing situps by the pool. The doctors who came from all over the world to the International Congress of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons would slink out in bathing suits from time to time, though, and I took heart at the sight of them. They looked pale, over eighteen, and even less like Cariocas than I did."

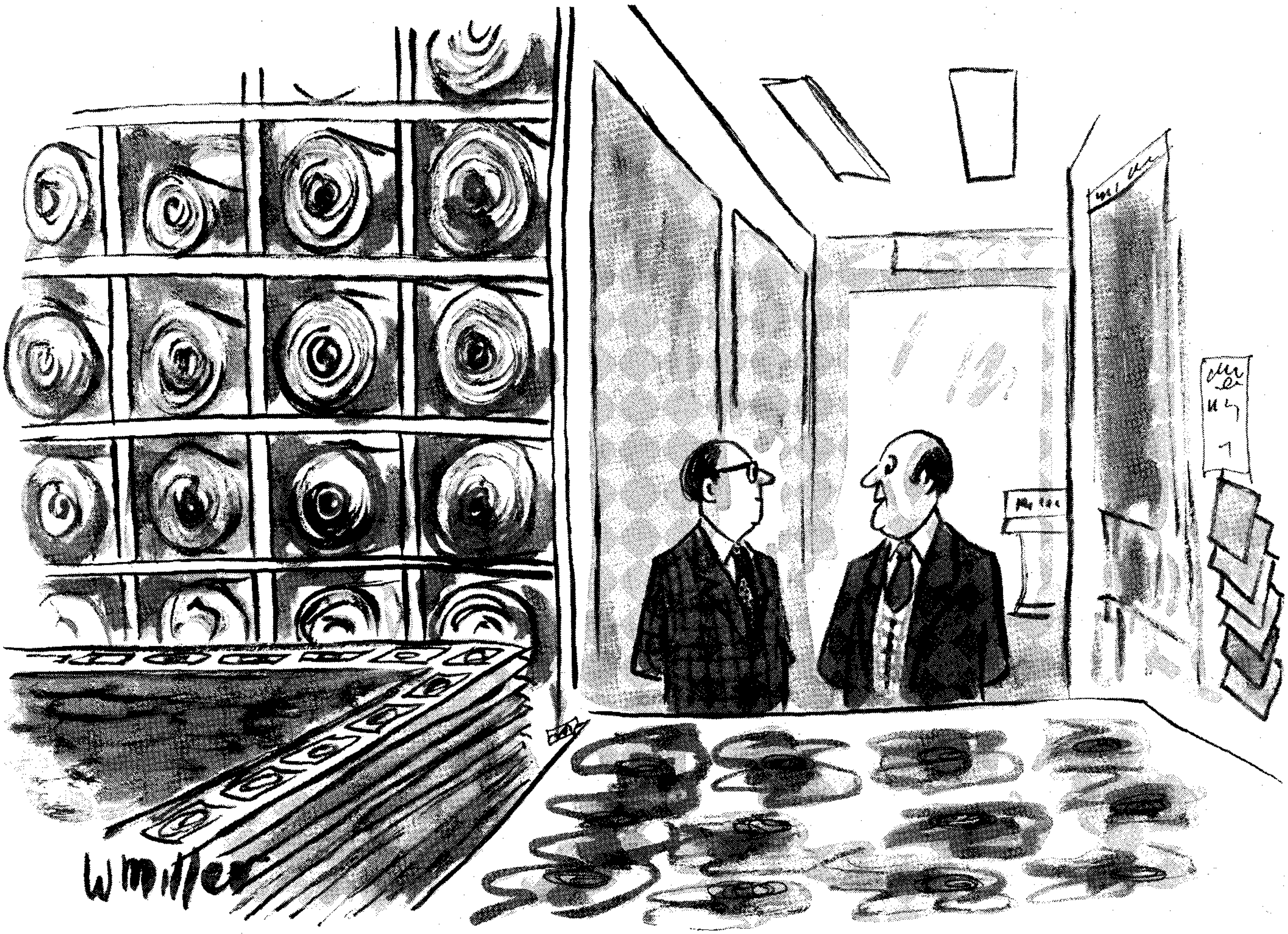
Museum Mile

UPPER Fifth Avenue—from about Seventy-ninth Street to the top of Central Park—has as great a concentration of museums and other cultural institutions as any street in the world, but until recently the institutions, for various reasons, had never undertaken a joint project. Then, a few months ago, Lisa Taylor, the director of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, at Ninety-first Street, began talking to her colleagues up and down the Avenue about their all doing something together, and the result of their discussions was the formation of a coöperative program called Museum Mile, through which the institutions hope to awaken the public to their existence, their proximity to one another, and the dazzling riches they offer. Though the program is still more or less inchoate, it got started the other evening, when the first of what is expected to be a series of annual street festivals was held, and we went up to see what was happening.

The evening was breezy, and the nearly cloudless sky—it might have been painted by Canaletto—was a transparent blue. People began turning up at about seven, and before long there were thousands. (Later, the museums estimated that as many as twenty-five thousand people had attended.) Most of them wore light summer clothes, many had brought children, and some—both children and adults—were on roller skates. As the crowd moved up and down Fifth Avenue (which was blocked to traffic between Eighty-sixth and 105th Streets), we made our way to the northernmost institution—the Museo del Barrio, at 105th Street. The Museo focuses on Puerto Rican art and on Latin-American art in general, and, like all the other participants in Museum Mile, it had arranged to stay open that evening until nine. In its courtyard, a young guitarist and singer named Brenda Feliciano was performing traditional Puerto Rican folk songs. From there we headed south, and as we walked we overheard people saying things like "What's doing down *that* way?" and "Isn't this *something*?"

It was something. Outside the magnificent Georgian building that houses the Museum of the City of New York, at 103rd Street, a young man in a yellow T-shirt was putting on a marionette show. The next performance was at 100th Street, near the entrance to Mount Sinai Hospital's Guggenheim





"I had the most marvellous dream last night. The whole world was done over in wall-to-wall carpeting."

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Pavilion, where a white panel truck belonging to the Puppetmobile of the Parks Department had pulled up. As we walked, we encountered more and more roller skaters, some of whom looked awkward and some of whom looked proficient. Just south of Ninety-sixth Street, in the middle of the Avenue, a man called Poppo Shiraishi came out from behind an improvised curtain—a piece of white linen stretched between "No Parking" signs—to perform a fish dance, featuring a fish.

From that point south, the festival was mostly music. Outside the International Center of Photography, at Ninety-fourth Street, about a hundred people stood in a semicircle listening to an instrumental trio—known as Calle, Strada, Strasse—perform a Mozart serenade. A couple of blocks farther south, near the entrance to the Jewish Museum, a brass quintet called Quintessence was playing sixteenth-century music. At Ninetieth Street—in the large garden behind the Cooper-Hewitt—a wind sextet called the New Amsterdam Ensemble played Beethoven while some two hundred people relaxed on benches or on the lawn. Inside the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on the south corner of Ninetieth Street, an organist named Michael Bart was playing Couperin. A block farther south, outside the National Academy of Design, a dour-looking young man was playing bagpipes. In the entrance of the Guggenheim Museum, at Eighty-eighth Street, several hundred people stood listening to the Orchestra of New York String Quartet play Bartók. On the south corner of Eighty-sixth Street, outside the Yivo Institute for Jewish Research, a man named Michael Alpert was playing a guitar and singing. Around eight o'clock, just north of the main entrance of the Metropolitan Museum, at Eighty-second Street, about five hundred people were listening to the Brooklyn Philharmonia's CETA Orchestra of New York play works by Mozart and Beethoven and the premières of works by Judith Martin and Edward Bland.

The trees behind the Met were a deep green, and two large banners on the museum's illuminated façade—one mostly red, the other mostly orange—fluttered in gusts of wind. As we listened to the orchestra, a man and a woman on red-wheeled roller skates came gliding up beside us. We spoke to them, and they told us that their names were Lynn Weschler and Bill Lese, and that they had been skating in Central Park and had decided to take in the festival.

"This is *very* unusual," Mr. Lese said. "This is really a very special night."

We asked them how they liked their skates.

"Bill is good, but I'm just beginning," Miss Weschler said. "Going uphill is a problem, of course, but the worst part is trying to stop. I just can't stop when I want."

They glided off, and at about eight-thirty the orchestra finished its concert. A large part of the crowd then moved over to Goethe House, across the street, in whose doorway a group of two men and two women called the Orpheus Chamber Singers began to sing a cappella, doing works by Dowland, Handel, Haydn, and Poulenc. When the last notes had floated into the night, people applauded—several of them shouting "Bravo!"—and the crowd began to walk or skate away.

TRUST ME

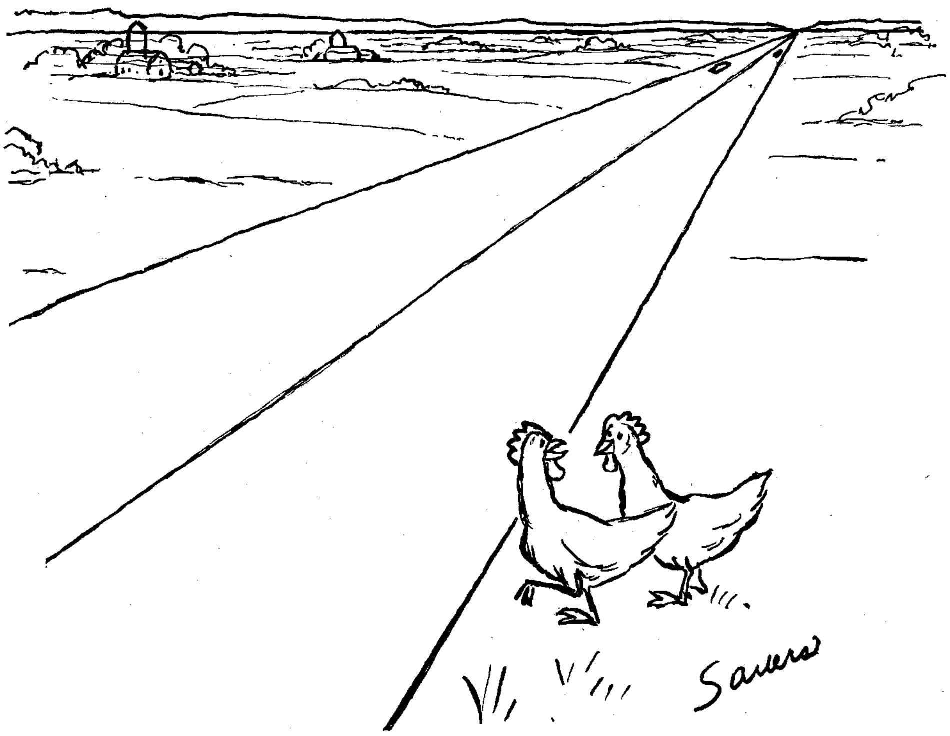
WHEN Harold was three or four, his father and mother took him to a swimming pool. This was strange, for his family rarely went places, except to the movie theatre two blocks from their house. He had no memory of ever seeing his parents in bathing suits again, after this unhappy day. What he did remember was this:

His father, nearly naked, was in the pool, in water up to his chest. Harold was standing shivering on the wet tile edge, suspended above the abysmal stench of chlorine, hypnotized by the bright, lapping agitation of this great volume of unnaturally green liquid. His mother, in a black bathing suit, against which her flesh appeared very white, was off in a corner of his mind. His father was asking him to jump. "Come on, Hassy, jump," he was saying, in his mild, kind voice. "It'll be all right. Into my hands." The words echoed in the flat acoustics of the water and tile and sunlight, heightening Harold's sense of exposure, his awareness of his own white skin. His father seemed eerily stable and calm in the water, and the child, as he jumped, idly wondered what the man was standing on.

Then the green water was all around him, dense and churning, and when he tried to take a breath a fist was shoved into his throat. He saw his own bubbles rising in front of his face, a multitude of them, rising as he sank, it seemed for a very long time, until something located him in the darkening element.

He was in air again, on his father's shoulder, still fighting for breath. They were out of the pool. His mother swiftly came up to the two of them and, with a deftness remarkable in one so angry, slapped his father on the face, loudly, next to Harold's ear. The slap seemed to resonate all over the pool area, and to be heard by all the other bathers, but perhaps this was the acoustics of memory. His sense of public embarrassment amid sparkling nakedness—of every nameless face turned toward him as he passed from his father's wet arms to his mother's dry ones—survived his recovery of breath. His mother's anger seemed directed at him as much as at his father. Harold, standing wrapped in a towel while the last burning fragments were coughed from his lungs, felt eternally disgraced.

He never knew what had happened; by the time he asked, so many years had passed his father had forgotten. "Wasn't that a crying shame," the old man said, with his mild mixture of mournfulness and comedy. "Sink or swim, and you sank." Perhaps Harold had leaped a moment before it was expected, and had thus slipped through his father's grasp. Unaccountably, all through his growing up he continued to trust his father; it was his mother he distrusted—her swift, sure-handed anger.



"It may be my imagination, but lately it seems a lot easier to get to the other side."

He didn't learn to swim until college, and even then he passed the required test by frog-kicking the length of the pool on his back, with the instructor brandishing a thick stick to grab if he faltered. The chemical scent of a pool always frightened him: dragon breath.

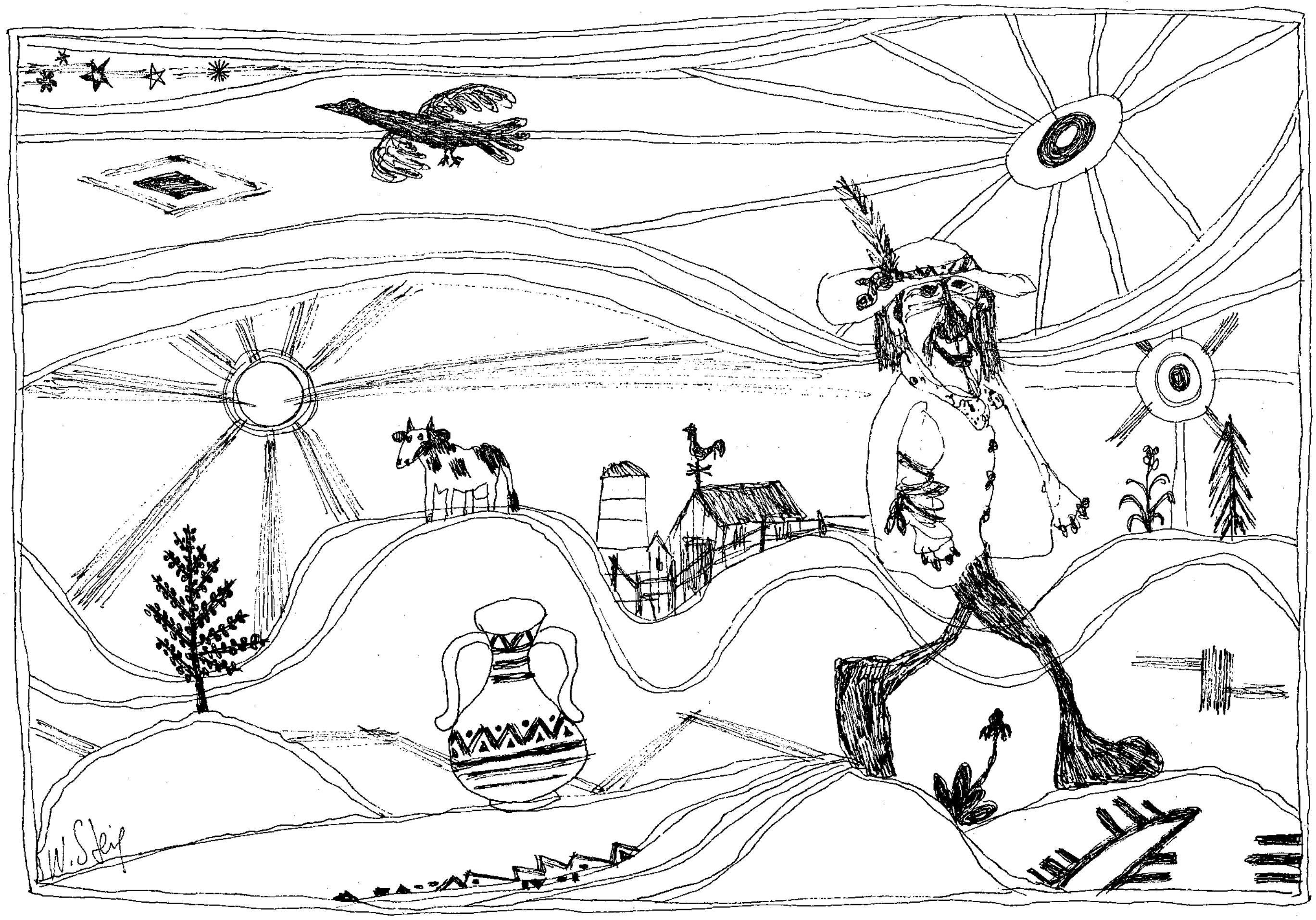
His children, raised in an amphibious world of summer camps and country clubs, easily became swimmers. They tried to teach him how to dive. "You must keep your head *down*, Dad. That's why you keep getting belly-whoppers."

"I'm scared of not coming up," he confessed. What he especially did not like was the sight of bubbles rising around his face.

HIS first wife dreaded flying. Yet they flew a great deal. "Either that," he told her, "or resign from the twentieth century." They flew to California, and while they were there two planes collided over the Grand Canyon. They flew out of Boston the day after starlings had blocked the engines of an Electra and caused it to crash into the harbor with such force that people were cut in two by their safety belts. They flew over Africa, crossing the equator at night—the land an inky empyrean lit by a few sparks of tribal fire. They landed on dusty runways, with the cabin doors banging. He promised her, her fear was so acute, that she would never have to fly with him again. At last, their final African flight took them up from the Ethiopian Plateau, across the pale width of the Libyan Desert, to the edge of the Mediterranean and on to Rome. The plane from Rome was the most comforting possible—a jumbo jet brimming with American magazines and music, as wide as a house, with only a few passengers. The great plane lifted off, and they relaxed into the prospect of a meal, a nap, and a homecoming. Harold's wife asked, after ten minutes, "Why aren't we climbing?"

He looked out of the window, and it was true—the plane of water below them was not diminishing; he could distinctly see small boats and the white tips of breaking waves. The stewardesses were moving up and down the aisle with unusual speed, with unusual expressions on their faces. Harold looked at the palms of his hands; they were damp and mottled, as during nausea. However hard he stared, the sea so close below did not fall away. Sun sparkled on its surface; a sailboat tacked.

The pilot's voice crackled into being above them. "Folks, there's a little



A Stranger Passes By

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warning light come on for one of our starboard engines, and in conformance with our policy of absolute security we're going to circle around and return to Rome airport."

During the bank and return, which seemed to take a very long time, the stewardesses buckled themselves into rear seats, the man across the aisle kept reading *L'Osservatore*, and Harold's wife removed her high-heeled shoes and took the pins out of her hair. So again he marvelled at the deft dynamism of women in crisis. He held her damp hand in his and steadily gazed out of the window, pressing the sea down with his vision, stiff-arming it with his will to live. If he blinked, they would fall. The blue sea visually interlocked with the calm silver edge of the wing: Olympian surfaces serenely oblivious of the immense tension between them. He had often felt, through one of these oval windows, something ironical in the elaborate order of the rivets and the aluminum sheets they pinned. *Trust me*, the metallic code spelled out; in his heart Harold refused, and this refusal in him formed a hollow place terror could always flood.

The 747 landed smoothly back in Rome and, after an hour's delay, while mechanics persuaded the warning light to go off, resumed the flight to America. At home, their scare became a story, a joke. He kept his promise, though, that she would never have to fly with him again; within a year, they separated.

DURING the time of separation, Harold seemed to be slinging his children from one rooftop to another, silently begging them to trust him. It was as when, years before, he had adjusted his daughter's braces in her mouth with a needle-nose pliers. She had come to him in pain, a wire gouging the inside of her cheek. But then, with his clumsy fingers in her mouth, her eyes widened with fear of worse pain. He accused her, "You don't trust me," and in the gaiety of his voice perceived a crucial space, a gap between their situations: it would be his blunder, but her pain. Religion, he supposed, seeks to close this gap, but each generation's torturers keep it open. Otherwise, compassion would crush us; the space of indifference is where we breathe. Harold had heard its careless lilt in the pilot's voice beginning "Folks," in his father's voice urging "Jump." He heard it in his own reassurances as he bestowed them: "Honey, I know you're feeling pressure now, but if you'll just hold still . . . there's this little sharp end—oops. Well, you wriggled."

He took his girlfriend to the top of a mountain. Harold hadn't had a girlfriend for many years, and had to relearn the delicate mix of protectiveness and challengingness that is courtship. She was, Priscilla, old enough to have her own children, and old enough to feel fragile on skis. She had spent the day on the baby slope, practicing turns and gradually gaining confidence, while Harold ranged far and wide on the mountain. As the afternoon drew to an end, he swooped down upon her in a smart spray of snow. She begged him, "Ride the baby chair, so I can show you my snowplow."

"If you can snowplow here, you can come down from the top of the mountain," Harold reassured her.

"Really?" Her cheeks were pink, from her day on the baby slope. She wore a white knit hat.

"Absolutely. We'll come down on the novice trail."

She trusted him. But on the chair lift, as the slope beneath them increased and the windswept iciness of the higher trails became apparent, a tremulous doubt came into her face, and he realized, with that perversely joyful inner widening the torturer feels, that he had done the wrong thing. "Can I really ski this?" Priscilla asked. Her face was open as a child's. In the realms of empathy, he was again standing on the edge of that swimming pool. The evil-smelling water was a long way down.

He said, "You won't be skiing this part. Look at the view; it's gorgeous."

She turned, rigid in the chair as it swayed across a chasm. With obedient eyes she gazed at the infinite blue-green perspectives of wooded mountain and frozen lake. The parking lot below seemed a little platter tessellated with cars. The lift cable irresistibly slithered, the air dropped in temperature. The pines around them had grown stunted and twisted. Mist licked off the ice; they were in the clouds. Priscilla was trembling all over, and at the top could scarcely stand on her skis.

"I can't do it," she announced.

"Do what I do," Harold said unctuously. "Put your weight first on one ski, then the other. Don't look at the steepness, just think of your weight shifting."

She leaned her weight backward, away from the slope, and fell down. Tears welled in her eyes; he feared they would freeze and render her blind. He gathered all his love into his voice and rolled it toward her, to melt her recalcitrance, her terror. "Do your snowplow. Don't think about where you are."

"There isn't any snow," she said. "Just ice."

"It's not icy at the edges."

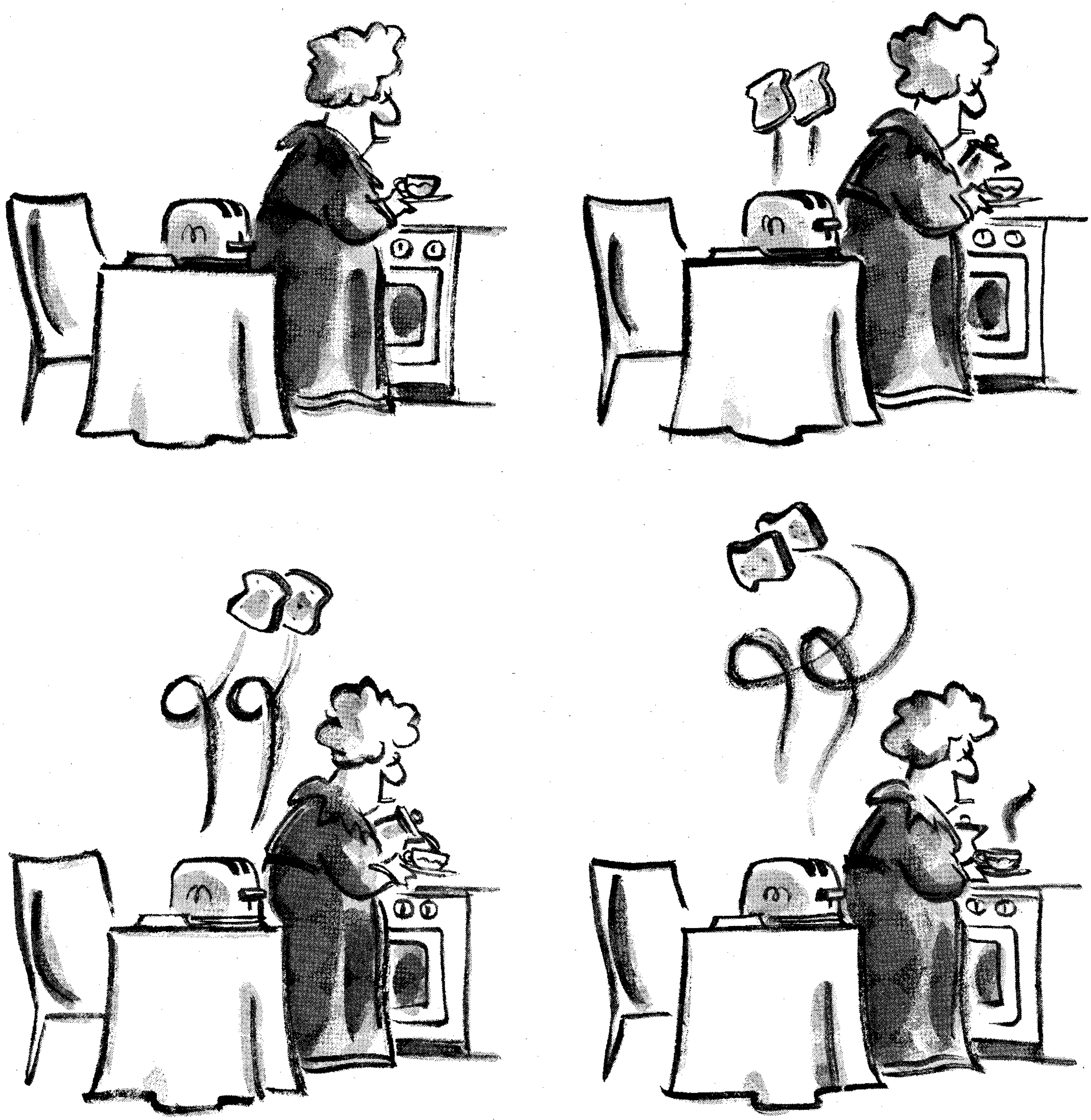
"There are *trees* at the edges."

"Come on. The light's getting flat."

"We'll freeze to death."

"Don't be silly, the ski patrol dusts the trails last thing. Put your weight on the downhill ski and let yourself turn. You *must*. Goddam it, it's simple."

"Simple for you," Priscilla said. She followed his directions and began gingerly to slide. She hit a small mogul and fell again. She began to scream. She tried to throw her ski poles, but the straps held them to her wrists. She kicked her feet like an infant in a tantrum, and one ski binding released. "I *hate* you," she cried. "I *can't* do it, I *can't* do it! I was so *proud* on the



baby slope, all I wanted was for you to *watch* me—watch me for one lousy minute. You *knew* I wasn't ready for this. *Why* did you bring me up here?"

"I thought you were," he said weakly. "I wanted to show you the view." His father had wanted to give him the joy of the water, no doubt.

Dusk was coming to the mountain. Teen-age experts bombed past in an avalanche of heedless color. Harold and Priscilla agreed to take off their skis and walk down. It took an hour, and cost him a blister on each heel. The woods around them, perceived at so unusually slow a speed, had a magical frozen strangeness, the ironical calm of airplane rivets. Her children were waiting at the edge of the parking lot with tears in their eyes. "I tried to teach her," he explained to them, "but your mother didn't trust me."

DURING this same perilous period of his life, Harold attended his teen-age son's birthday party, in the house he had left. As he was rushing to catch the evening train that would take him back to his apartment in the city, he noticed a fresh pan of brownies cooling on the stove. This was odd, because birthday cake had already been served. He asked his son, "What are these?"

The boy smiled cherubically. "Hash brownies. Have one, Dad. You can eat it on the train."

"It won't do anything funny to me?"

"Naa. It's just something the other kids cooked up for me as a joke. It's more the idea of it; they won't do anything."

Little Hassy had had a sweet tooth; Harold took one of the bigger of the brownies and gobbled it in the car as his son drove him to the railroad station. In the train, he leaned his head against the black glass and entertained the rueful thoughts of a separated man. Slowly he came to realize that his mouth was very dry and his thoughts were not only repeating themselves but had taken on an intense, brightly colored form in his head. They were squeezed one on top of the other, like strata of shale, and were vividly polychrome, like campaign ribbons. When he swung down from the train onto the platform of the city station, one side of him had grown much larger than the other, so he had to lean sharply or fall down. His body did not so much support as accompany him, in several laggard sections. Walking in what felt like a procession to the subway entrance, through a throng of hooded strangers and across a busy street, he reasoned what had happened: he had eaten a hash brownie. One half of his brain kept shouting prudent advice to the other: Look both ways. Take a quarter and insert it here. Wait for the No. 16. Don't panic. Every process seemed to take a very long time, while his ribbonlike thoughts multiplied and shuttled with the speed of a computer. They kept adding up to nonsense, the other half of his brain noticed, as it called instructions and encouragement throughout his homeward progress. He was in air again, walking from the subway to his apartment. Something in his throat burned. He felt nauseated, and kept selecting hedges and trash cans to vomit in, if it came to that, which it did not, quite. It seemed the confirmation of a gigantically abstruse theorem that his key fit in his lock and that beyond the door lay a room full of dazzlingly familiar furniture. He picked up the telephone—vivid as a billboard—and called Priscilla.

"Hi, love."

Her voice rose in pitch. "What's happened to you, Harold?"

"Do I sound different?"

"Very." Her voice was sharp as porcupine quills, black with white tips. "What did they do to you?"

"They fed me a hash brownie. Jimmy said I wouldn't feel anything, but on the train my thoughts got very little and intense, and on the way from the station I had to keep coaching myself on how to get from there to here." The protective, trustworthy half of his brain congratulated him on how cogent he sounded.

But something was displeasing to Priscilla. She cried, "Oh, that's disgusting! I don't think it's funny, I don't think *any* of you are funny."

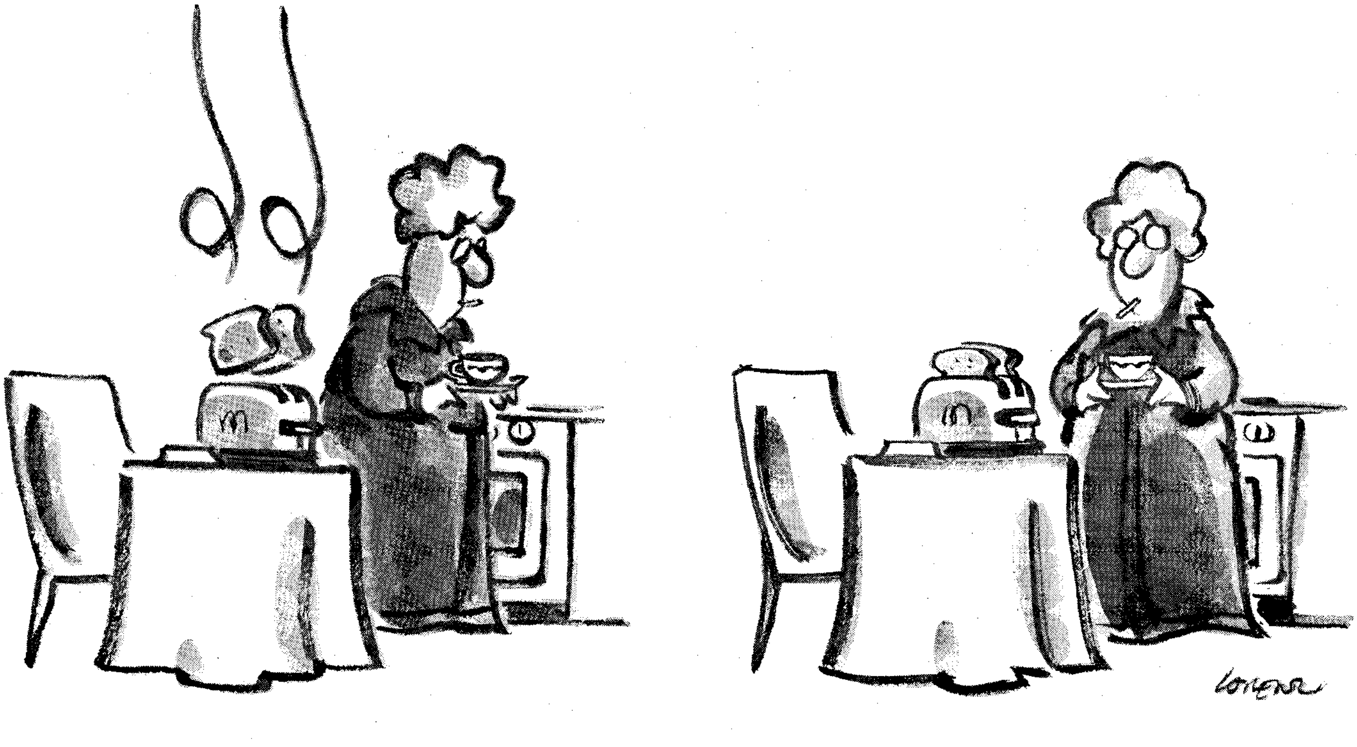
"Any of who?"

"You know who."

"I don't." He looked at his palms; they were mottled. "Sweetie, I feel strange. Help me."

"I can't," Priscilla said, and hung up. The click sounded like a slap. It was a slap, the same echoing slap. Except that his father had become his son, his girlfriend was his mother, the distances between them had grown, all was scattered, inverted, unresolved. Two things were the same: it had not been his fault, and in surviving he was somehow blamed. Yet he sat patiently in the artificial-leather chair, immersed in gentle unreality. When she called back, he said, "I knew you would."

—JOHN UPDIKE



FIVE POEMS

HEAT

The first man in the last
row is waving his arms
so that they blur a cleaning woman
listening to the recital by the door.
Someone is saying that time is
a broken shore, more light than rock
except in bad weather. Heat. The raft
with the dangling legs and the polyglot
girls; the meridian shadows—just off-
white; the leaping fish with hearts
compact and cold as lemons; the groves
of unfalling fruit, drunks in the ditches.
A forger is working in a back room
on a bill honoring the General's birthday:
mauve flowers wreathing a sweating horse.
A girl who tends the well
and has never left either of the two towns
(three miles apart) swears that she has seen
two moons in one sky, swears also that she never
dreams and that her mother was a Red Cross nurse
who took to a ship's carpenter and jumped
off a roof on Christmas Day, Rio, 90 degrees and windy.
Crashing chords. Rachmaninoff's shadow. The glassblower faints.
Of our dozen strains of blood only two enter
our head and spring into voice—only one intelligible,
melodic, if you want to call it that. Nobody's moving,
everybody's talking. The lone thermometer on the island
runs the Kelvin scale, indecipherable, but hot.
The haze thickens, the flowers remain odorless,
crowds are occupied at their cross-purposes,
their especial preoccupation with the heat
and, after that of course, with sex. A vagrant girl
shimmies clear of her skirt at the well,
the cleaning woman slinks off with a retired carpenter,
no one cares any more about the forger
or the General; there are even two moons in the sky
and even the dreamers see them. The air whirls,
green and black. It is finally so hot that nothing
melts, not even the ice, not even the music,
because that would be impossible.
And that man in the last row is gone now,
before the applause, his shredded program
on his seat, on fire.

NOCTURNE FOR MIRANDA

Sky's heavened tonight,
Not for the master—his dome,
His perfect notes off harp-shaped clouds,
Not for any of that—
But for us.
We breathe softly, crosswise,
A half-murmur, a hundred bypassed
Sentences and, still, things seem clearer
Most of the time.
There are angels everywhere,
Several of them doing imitations
Of us into the twilight,
All of them bright and formally dressed,
Walking the divisions between stars,
Reclining on meteor tails,
High rollers with the wrists quicker
Than light . . .
Now you see them as well;
In some paintings, you say, they glow
Like shadows in a storm:
Ecstatic, grim, never faltering,
But always waiting for the fall.

PROVIDENCE

Those dovetailing heroines with the honey
Tresses, speaking Chinese in hotel lobbies
And crossing and uncrossing their legs in time
To the Pacific Ocean and the end of the world;
Tolstoy had second thoughts about them—
Always *after* the fact—and, personally,
I would not trust them at Russian roulette or religion.

"Rake clear your dreams," she says,
"And realize that there is no such thing as
History: it is the miser polishing the coins
He will never spend. Our time here is all
Multiplication and long division, and only
Fools believe that you can't divide by zero."
The horsemen drop from their horses without

A sound, swords flashing the sun:
They are in a deserted airport with hangars
Full of holy men, prostrate toward the east,
Carved out of stone . . .
With an umbrella now, she is dancing on a wall,
Waiting for a plane; she is fluent in four
Languages, conversant in all the ways of war;

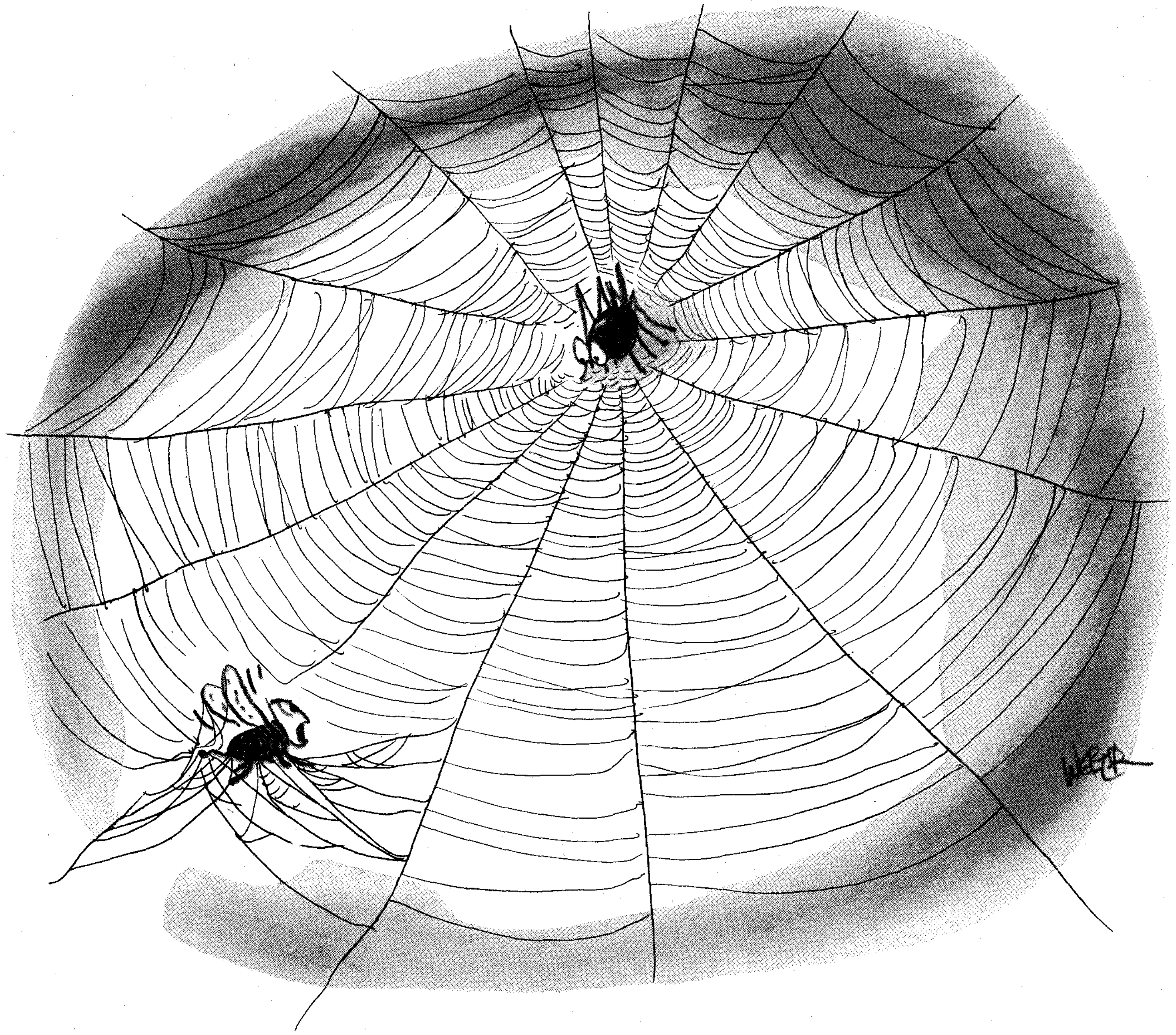
She likes to read Vico in the bath;
She likes older men.
She calls herself Providence
And insists that she's afraid of the water.
A plane appears over the mountains
And the horsemen scatter.
The setting sun revives the statues,

The hangars fill with voices,
She closes her umbrella
And crosses the runway. She waves.
Shots are fired into the air.
Her plane ascends, against a red sky,
And the holy men begin to sing.
The horsemen charge.

DOUBLE SOLITAIRE

Dark, light, your endless equations
From far out of the past,
From rooms where fine music
Hummed the windowpanes into mirrors
And women with waterfall hair (like yours)
Glided, alone with themselves,
But with no one else;
I came to your door with a rain-soaked hat,
My ears ringing with footfalls and bells—
As you pointed out, the streets were silent
And there had been no rain for weeks.

Descartes was your god: the man
Who knew that, if lost, one should leave
The Forest by a straight line only;



"I can't walk into your goddam parlor! I'm stuck in your goddam foyer!"

• •

From the couch, you graphed me against
A dark wall, all points and lines,
Hands, eyes, and feet a jumble of triangles,
Somehow, eventually, a pattern emerging . . .
After supper, after bed, after the last
Of our long silences, I told you that when Dante
Got lost in your Forest he didn't try to leave.
He knew he was on to something.

RIMBAUD CROSSING THE ALPS

He's always thought of as a very young man—
Rightly so. In the mountains, past Gstaad,
He sat in a cherry tree and watched the falcons
Hover after the avalanche, dip, glide,
And return to their masters: men on horseback
In the fast mist. He stayed with the widow
In the house by the waterfall, read her
The single slim edition of his poems,
Verlaine's copy, sent from Belgium,
And this when he was on his way to the East,
When he had given up poetry for a bag
Of maps and compasses, for that de-luxe
Money belt from Bern—he was ready for gold.
The widow's thighs went from white to red to snow-blue,
Her pale mirror image made him wince sitting up in bed,
He mouthed some words when her back was turned,
Saw himself clearly for once: a man just beyond the glaze
Of the desert, answering to many names, spraying
The silence with voices, a sky dense
With suns gangrening his legs, gold
Raining onto his chest, the gold of alchemists,
Which he feared in his dreams. . . .
The widow stoked another fire, loosened her blouse,
She liked to hear this boy talk, hands
Never still, as she combed out his hair;
She liked his shortened breath and his restfulness
When he fell from her and curled up in the morning light. . . .
A few days later, some miles higher,
A man on horseback, mist-featured
And wearing white gloves, found him in the snow,
Half into the blue shadows, out cold, feverish,
And arranged for him to be sent back to France. To die.
The boy was twenty years old.
He would sail East and live another seventeen years.

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM

THE hall was candlelit, as might have been expected on the occasion of this anniversary dinner, this "feast," held every year in this particular Oxford college, to commemorate the seventeenth-century worthy who had left his bones in the college chapel. The candles, the portraits of past Rectors and benefactors high up on the walls, and then the Latin grace (how much had she remembered of her Latin?), rendered by the fresh young voices of the singers in the gallery, contrasted with the scene below, which was not, on the whole, fresh and young.

She had been invited as a guest, one of a scattering of five or six women among eighty or so men. It was certainly an occasion, the kind of thing that might have demanded a new dress had not her senses told her that something dark and unobtrusive would be the most appropriate wear for a woman of her age in such a setting. So she was in her old black with a gauzy Indian stole round her shoulders, the whole thing blending in with her surroundings.

Avocado pears, cut up and dressed in some special way, was the first course awaiting them, with a glass of dry sherry. On her left was the man whose guest she was, "dear old George," kind and bumbling, who had thought she might like an evening out, given her rather dull life in the country. And of course she *was* an Oxford graduate, might even have become a person of distinction had her life taken a different direction. But George, having invited her, needn't bother to make much conversation with her, but would be talking shop—he was a professor of history—to the man sitting on his other side. She would have to concentrate on the person on her right, a youngish fair-haired American (perhaps not quite so young as he appeared at first sight), a professor of English literature at a small respectable New England college. She had read English, too, all those years ago, so perhaps as the evening progressed they might find that they had something in common.

The avocado was replaced by a clear dark soup; perhaps it might even be turtle, but, not wanting to put her glasses on, she had not studied the menu.

"Turtle soup," said the gnatlike voice of her American neighbor. "How very English that seems! The Lord Mayor's Banquet and that kind of thing."

"Yes, one doesn't have it every day," she agreed.

"I'm lucky to be sitting by one of the few ladies here tonight," he went on.

She glanced at him in surprise. It was so very much a mechanical compliment from one who, as was evident from his whole demeanor, was interested only in women of his mother's generation. But of course she *was* of his mother's generation and long past the age when she might have expected a real compliment.

"Do you know many people here tonight?" she asked formally.

"A few. I'm a sort of visiting professor; you know the kind of thing."

"I believe your subject is English literature?"

"Oh, have people talked about me? Have I been singled out?"

"Well, my friend who invited me tonight did tell me something about you."

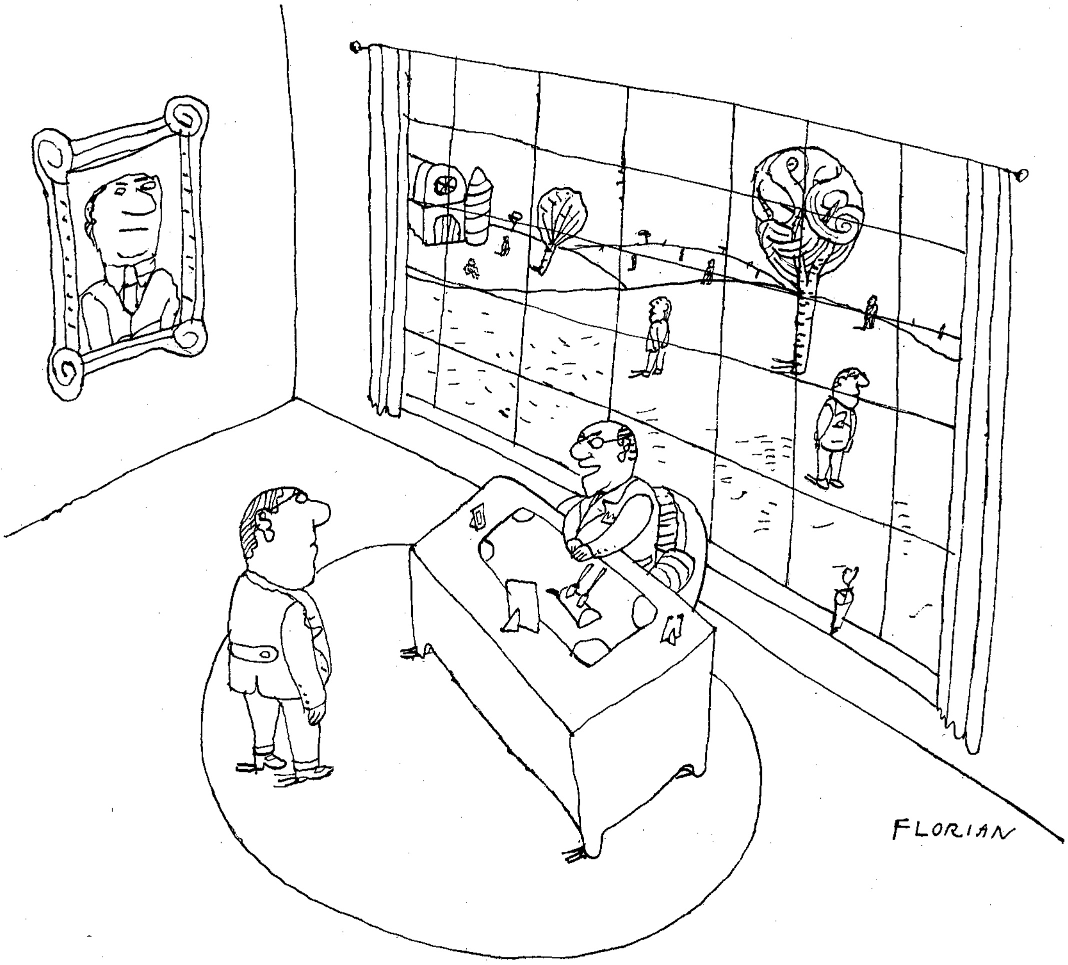
"What did he say?"

She was hardly a match for his eager inquiry, for George hadn't said all that much, only that her neighbor would be an American who was here doing something connected with Eng. Lit., he wasn't sure what.

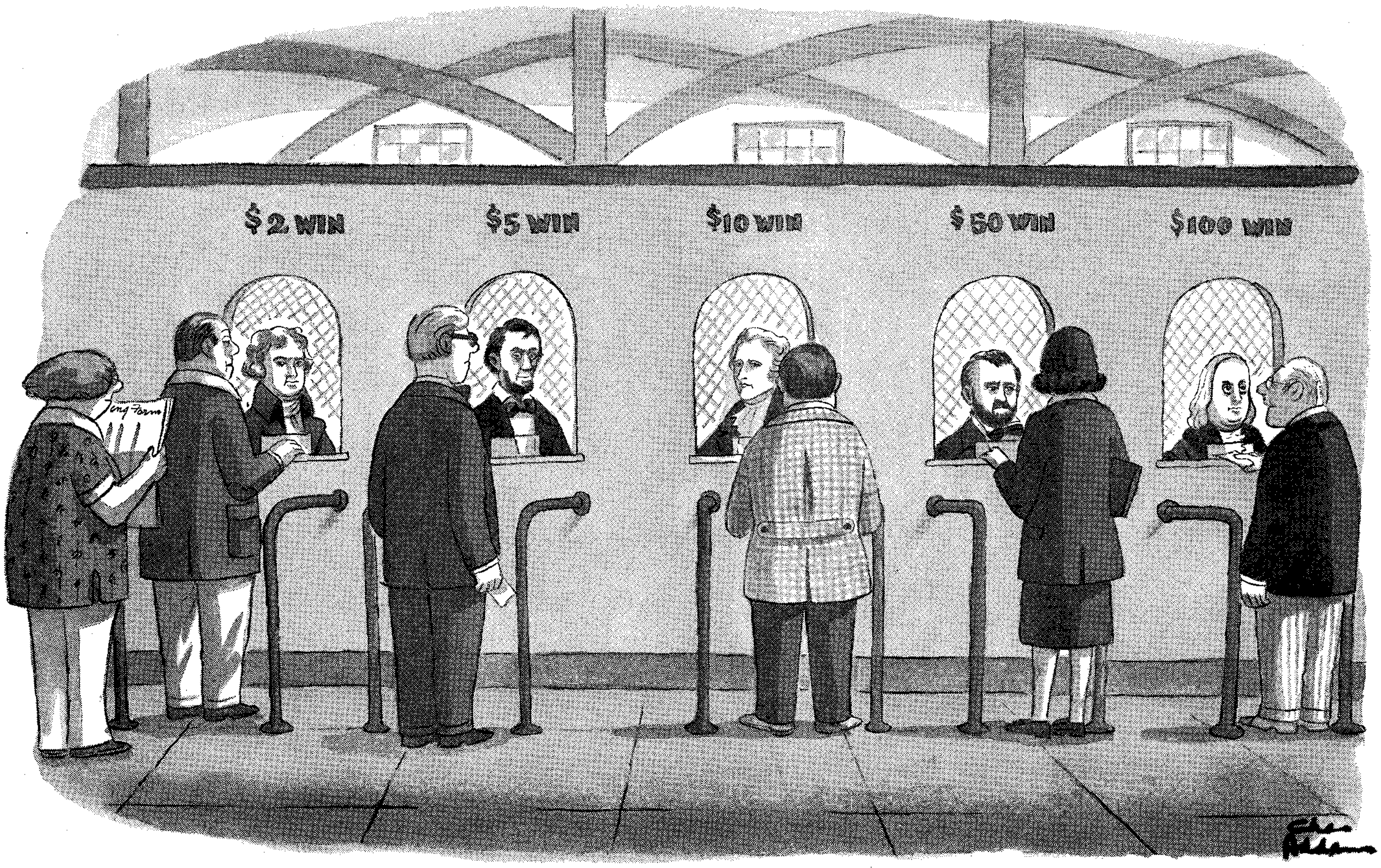
"That I was an American called Ned and that my subject was Keats?" He took advantage of her hesitation to fill in the gap.

"Keats," she repeated, hoping she could do something with that. Keats, the young girl's poet, as she had read somewhere, but perhaps hardly appropriate as a subject of conversation here. She could only think of the "Ode to a Nightingale," "Isabella" (or "The Pot of Basil"?), and a poem about a dove which seemed totally unsuitable. But then she remembered Keats' house in Hampstead and a visit there, one day long ago with somebody she had been in love with (or fancied she had been in love with). "Of course you must have been to Keats' house," she said. "Very charming and sad, isn't it?"

"Yes, I remember the first time I went—1968 or '69 it



"Hofrichter, I'm afraid we're putting you out to pasture."



must have been—a wet day and certain tensions in the air." He smiled.

It was difficult to do much with that, she felt, the kind of remark accompanied by an intimate smile that hinted at things she couldn't possibly know about. She could hardly ask him what the "tensions" had been. "We did have some wet summers in the late sixties," she ventured. "When *I* went there, it was spring and the blossom was out." In April, the cruellest month, immortalized by a great American poet. . . .

"How very suitable," he said, in a mocking tone that made her wish she hadn't said it, spring and blossom being inappropriate to a woman of her age.

The next course came. It was salmon, and a white wine was poured into one of the tall glasses on her right. She turned her attention to the fish, enjoying it. After all, salmon, like turtle soup, was not a food of every day. The young American—must she think of him as Ned?—was talking to the man on his other side.

"All right?" George asked kindly.

"Fine, thank you," she said, and finished her salmon in contented silence.

Now a meat course was brought to the table. Venison, George informed her; otherwise, without her glasses, she wouldn't have known. The dark rich meat was unfamiliar to her. A picture came to mind—deer leaping in the Wychwood forest, or Wordsworth's poem "The White Doe of Rylstone," such was the effect of Eng. Lit., but she remembered nothing of the poem. Ned had turned to her again, and there was an expectant silence. "I live near a forest," she began.

He inclined his head politely. Her remark must have seemed a total non sequitur. "I was thinking of deer and forests because of the venison," she explained.

"It's *venison*—this meat?" There was a kind of horror in his tone. He put down his knife and fork, for he had not yet started to eat it, in what she thought of as the American fashion, cutting up the meat and then eating it with the fork.

"Perhaps it came from the Wychwood forest, which is near here," she said, but this was evidently no encouragement or recommendation. Perhaps Americans couldn't cope with things like venison, she thought. She was about to make a remark on these lines, bringing in something about Red Indians and hoping it would come out as light, frivolous, and witty, but by the time she had finished framing it in her mind he had turned away, and as George was talking to the man on his other side she was temporarily abandoned, as it were, though this seemed too violent a way of describing her situation. She took advantage of this lull to look round the hall, to glance toward the high table even, to see whether there was anyone she knew—unlikely though this seemed—for she had not studied the guest list. George had guided her to her place, and she knew that when they changed their places for dessert he would guide her again.

It was interesting to observe the few other women present on this occasion, to speculate on who they might be—not just the wives of Fellows, she was sure of that (*they* would no doubt be sitting at home watching television)—and whether they were persons of distinction. One, at the high table on the Rector's right, wearing an M.A. gown over her black dress, looked like a female academic, the kind of person one might have difficulty in making conversation with. She was sitting next to a gray-haired man with a rather nice face. He reminded her of somebody she had once known a long time ago, but was it, could it possibly be, the same person? She must ask George or look at the table plan.

"You can bring yourself to eat *deer?*" Ned was saying.

"Do you know who that man is, next to the woman on the Rector's right?" It was just possible that Ned, being Eng. Lit., might know.

"Oh, I think it's one of those gray English dons from one of the other colleges or even a red-brick university."

A red-brick university. She knew he had not ended up here at Oxford, though she had not followed his career all these years, and they had been a good many, over thirty, since she had last seen him. Gervase Harding, the name came back to her. It had seemed a romantic name in those days. . . .

Strawberries in wine, served in tall glasses with whipped cream on the top, was the next course, and with it a delicate white wine, Vouvray perhaps, one of the few wines whose name she knew and which she remembered having drunk on holiday in the Loire.

"Strawberries," said Ned, with evident enjoyment. "Would they be grown locally?"

She didn't know and her concentration was divided now, for she was thinking about Gervase, stealing surreptitious glances, remembering. Words from one of the numbers of a popular musical of a few years ago came to her, something about seeing somebody across a crowded room on an enchanted evening: something like that, hadn't it been? But that song had been about meeting somebody for the first time, surely, not being suddenly confronted by a person one had known forty years ago, now both old and gray?

"What are you smiling at?" Ned's gnatlike voice broke in.

"Only that I've seen somebody I used to know a long time ago, and his hair, which used to be fair, is now quite gray or white—hard to tell exactly at this distance."

" 'His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd,' " Ned quoted mockingly. "Do you know that poem?"

"Peele, isn't it, or one of those minor Elizabethans." She did remember.

"And there's a line about his helmet now making a hive for bees. Would that apply, too?"

"I hardly know—not having kept pace with his career, whatever it may have been. . . ."

THEY now rose from the table and left the hall for the tables to be cleared and rearranged for dessert. She found herself in a chilly passageway and drew her fragile Indian-gauze stole more closely round her shoulders. A thin, meagre-looking clergyman was by her, not as easy to talk to as the young American had been.

"What happens now?" she asked. There was a stack of bicycles in a corner, which seemed an unusual note.

"Happens?" The clergyman was evidently unaware of anything out of the ordinary.

"These bicycles."

"Oh, those. I expect they belong to the domestics."

Certainly there was a clatter of crockery and the sound of voices, "rough" voices almost, so they must have been near the kitchens. She was looking out for Gervase, but there was no sign of him. Through the open window a few people could be seen walking about in the still evening air. All in the April evening, she thought, remembering another tag. It was a song—something the clergyman might know, she felt—but he was unresponsive when she asked him, and looked at her as if she were mad. Elderly women quoting poetry was something to be avoided, to run a mile from. Would it be possible to approach Gervase before the evening was out, to have a few words with him? She had not prepared herself for anything like this, and now began to think what she would say to him, how she would greet him after all this time.

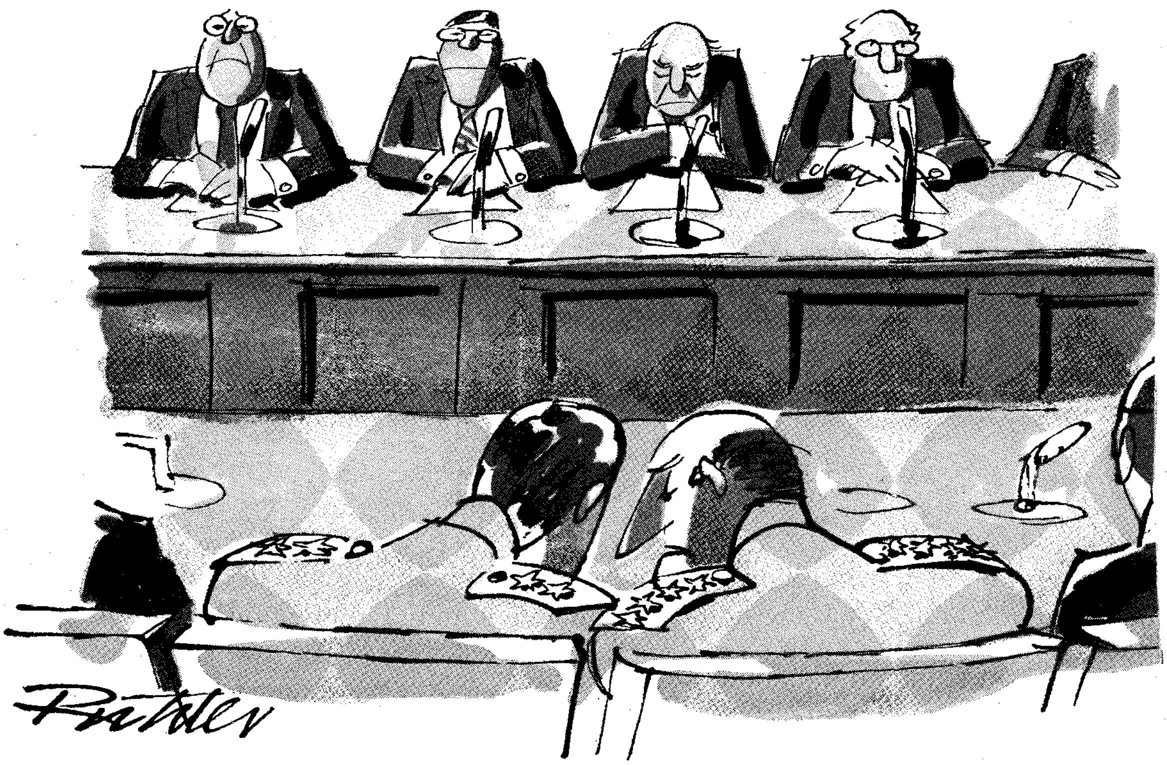
"This is the new quadrangle you can see from the window," the clergyman said, as if making amends for his failure over the April evening. "There's been a good deal of controversy about it."

She looked out at the stark buildings, blending unhappily with the ancient mellow stones of the earlier work. They reminded her of something a child might construct from his box of bricks. In the center there was a piece of modern sculpture—hardly a statue—which seemed to resemble the lower half of a torso, as far as she could make out in the dim light.

"It's good to encourage modern artists," she ventured, with an attempt at a charitable approach which she felt the clergyman might expect. But he evidently did not expect it, and said briefly that he thought the work hideous. On this note the crowd began to move into the hall again and she became separated from him.

"All right?" George was at her side, solicitous for his guest.

"Yes, fine, thank



"You and I know that might makes right, but I wouldn't dwell on it."

"Maybe it's not something in the rheostat. Maybe it's something in you."

• •

you. I've seen somebody I used to know."

"Really? Perhaps I can bring you together again."

"I don't think you'd know him—he's a guest here, I think." She spoke Gervase's name, but met with no response.

"You're sitting on the Rector's right for dessert," George said. "You may not find him very easy to talk to," he added, on a warning note. "And on your other side . . ."

Of course it was not Gervase on her other side; that would have been too much to expect, too much like a romantic novel, though fiction now tended to be rather more realistic than life, she felt. The young man on her other side was so very young, with his fresh cheeks and soft fair hair, that he might have been chosen in piquant contrast. It would be many years before time turned *his* golden locks to silver. A brief polite inquiry on her part brought forth the information that he was a junior Fellow, newly appointed, and that his subject was computers. She was at a loss for a moment and then made some fatuous remark about computers' threatening to rule our lives, an observation he treated with the polite contempt it deserved. In the silence that followed he turned to his other neighbor and she found herself invited to take port with the Rector. Or to take something else, a golden liquid in an elegant eighteenth-century decanter whose name she didn't catch—would she prefer that? No, she would take port; that was surely more correct, the kind of thing one ought to drink on this kind of evening. And now the Rector indicated a huge golden pineapple and invited her to partake of that ("partake" was the word that came into her mind), and there was no need to be daunted, because it was already cut up into slices, all neatly put together again to make the whole fruit. So she took a slice of pineapple and the Rector asked her where she lived.

"I live near a forest," she said, using the same bit of talk she had brought out for the young American, Ned.

"Ah, the Wychwood forest?" said the Rector, and he smiled a kind of secret smile.

"You know it?" she asked.

"I *did* know it, once, many years ago."

It seemed to be that kind of evening, with its reminiscences of old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago. But of course she could hardly quote that, either to the Rector or to the young computer expert on her other side. So she let the Rector's observation fall, as perhaps it was meant to, without comment, while she cut the rind off her slice of pineapple. Having successfully dealt with this, she looked down into the body of the hall to see if she could find Gervase again. And now she saw that he was sitting at the table just below hers. He was much nearer than before and she was able to observe him more closely. He had taken port and, like her, a slice of pineapple. There was something pleasing in the idea of their choice being the same—"Great minds think alike," that old childish joke. There was no doubt that he was still a good-looking man and people would probably say that he had worn better than she had, if there was ever a question of comparison, which there obviously never would be. He had married, of course, quite soon after going down from the university. Had she ever known his wife's name? She must have and now she tried to remember it. Something beginning with "M," she believed—Mary, Margaret, Mavis, Madeline, Millicent; or a more exotic name, Mélisande or Morwenna—but nothing seemed quite right. Perhaps it was not "M" at all.

"Memory plays such curious tricks." The Rector's voice came to her, as if echoing her thoughts. So he was still on about the Wychwood forest, she realized, and had perhaps been disappointed by her lack of response.

"Yes," she had to agree, "it certainly does." Now she cast about in her mind for an example, something to embellish that bald statement. "All that wonderful weather of long ago, summers and springs!" she said.

"I think of the forest as being always covered in bluebells, and a little later sheets of wild garlic. Is it still?"

"Well, at the right time of year," she said cautiously. "In a few weeks from now it will be just like that."

Now she looked away and down the hall again to where Gervase was sitting, and it seemed to her that he looked in her direction, that their eyes met. If he had indeed recognized her, they were now coming nearer to a meeting. How would he greet her? With silence and tears? Well, hardly that—there had been nothing romantically Byronic about their last meeting. Things had just fizzled out, so either he would remember her or he would not. She must be prepared for a blank look of nonrecognition—men were expert at that.

THEY rose from the table for the final grace. The dinner was over, but the evening was not yet at an end. George was by her side again. They would go into a common room for coffee and liqueurs, brandy or whiskey, whatever she felt like. Ned, the young American, came up to her. She could feel his curiosity as he asked, "Have you met up with your friend?"

"Not yet." That sounded as if it was only a matter of time before the meeting with Gervase, and that was by no means certain.

Now the atmosphere of the evening was subtly different, and not all that subtly, either, she thought. A group of younger Fellows were crowding round the table, helping themselves to drinks. It was like a mass of young animals, tomcats in their prime. She noticed the young computer expert among them, less inhibited now. Many of the older Fellows had left after the dinner, returning decorously to tall North Oxford houses where wives waited grimly. Yet there would have been nothing for them to be grim about, unless it was the superior food and drink and possibly higher level of conversation.

George was offering her brandy or whiskey, but she would drink nothing more. Instead, she took a crystallized fruit from an exquisitely arranged box—a beautiful apricot glistening with sugar.

At this point, just as she was about to bite into the apricot, she heard George's voice saying, "I believe you two know each other," and Gervase was standing at her side.

So it had *not* been a romantic glance of mutual recognition, she realized, meeting his response of polite surprise when George introduced them. Her name did not appear to mean anything to him. *She* would have to fill in the details, explain that they had met all those years ago when they had both read English at Oxford. She was about to embark on this with mechanical politeness, in the way that nice women so often find themselves doing, but then she suddenly thought, Why should I? Perhaps she had been given courage and independence by the drink, though "drink" was a crude way of describing the measured succession of civilized and appropriate wines with which her glass had been filled. Anyway, something had got into her, made her remain silently smiling at George's introductory words, "I believe you two know each other;" so, taking pity on Gervase's air of puzzlement, she said at last, "*Used* to know," and let him make what he would of it.

"Then I'll leave you to talk over old times," George said, moving away.

" 'Old times,' " Gervase repeated, obviously trying to gain time. She imagined him casting about in his memory, thrashing around, trying to remember what these "old times" could have been. It was strange the way she had found herself getting nearer to him as the evening went on—first the distant glimpse, then the closer view at dessert, and now so close that she was looking up into his face, noticing the lines and the golden locks turned to silver but still, she could now see, with some gold in them.

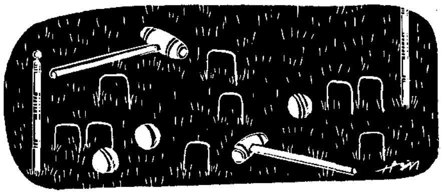
"This wasn't here in those days," he said, indicating the new quadrangle through the open door. "Would you like to stroll outside? It's such a warm evening."

Not as warm as all that, she thought, drawing her Indian stole more closely round her shoulders, but of course men's clothes were thicker and warmer.

"Do you like this new style of architecture?" she asked formally. "It seems not to go very well with the rest."

"No, I don't like it in this setting. It reminds me too much of my own university, built in a less gracious age."

"I suppose one must move with the times, even in Oxford," she said. "Can you think of nothing better to say?" she asked herself. They were now standing by the modern statue, seeming to contemplate, even study, it. Some intelligent comment was called for here. "I suppose the texture of the stone is the most satisfying thing about this," she said, placing her hand on it.



He sighed. "In my university this would have been defaced, I'm afraid—the form is rather asking for it, isn't it."

She looked at the lumpish mass again doubtfully, and saw that it was possible to give it a certain interpretation; if one's mind worked that way, she emended, and perhaps the minds of provincial students in the nineteen-seventies did work that way. It was not a conversation that could usefully be extended or continued, but he was obviously hoping that in the course of it she might give him a clue about the old times they were supposed to be recalling. And now she began to relent; she decided to throw him a crumb.

"Do you remember Professor Ransome's lectures?" she asked. "Wasn't it at one of those we first met?"

"Of course, that was it!" he said gratefully, though she might have been any one of several other girls he could have met at those lectures, she thought. Some detail was needed, some convincing detail—something she had worn, perhaps, but a man could hardly be expected to remember something like that.

"On the Elizabethans," she said. "Don't you always think of the way he used to recite Peele?"

"Yes." Gervase smiled. " 'His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd.' " He glanced at her own gray, neatly-set-for-the-occasion hair. She was startled at his quoting that, to think he seemed almost to be applying it to her as she had applied it to him. "I wouldn't have said that my hair was ever golden," she remarked. But now their reminiscences threatened to become too intimate. It was unsuitable and faintly ludicrous for people in their sixties to recall what color their hair had been forty years ago.

"I've been trying to remember your wife's name," she said, in a louder, more social tone. "Something beginning with 'M,' wasn't it? Not Mary or Margaret . . ."

"My *wife*?" He seemed startled. Perhaps she was dead and the recollection too painful. "But I had no wife. I was never married."

She looked at him in amazement. It *was* Gervase; there had been no case of

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• •

mistaken identity, but in some way her memory had been at fault. He had never married! An abyss seemed to open before her, and their conversation came to a full stop. Standing by an ornamental pool, they suddenly had nothing more to say to each other.

A group approached, others strolling in the warm air—all in the April evening, indeed. Ned was among them, and she heard his unmistakable tones drawing attention to a dead pigeon lying in the water round the statue. "It ought to be removed," he said. "Somebody should take it away—otherwise it will putrefy."

She wanted to laugh at his choice of the word "putrefy," and would have introduced Gervase to him, but then George came out, looking for his guest, judging that she had probably had enough talking about old times.

"Are you staying in college?" he asked Gervase politely. "Or can we give you a lift anywhere?"

"Thank you, but I'm staying here."

"Is it comfortable?" she asked.

"Tolerable—I only hope there'll be a bedside light in working order."

"Yes, that's a great thing," she agreed.

"It's been so nice renewing our acquaintance," he said, turning to her.

"Yes, it has, even if we've had to revise our memories a little." She smiled, picturing him going back to his northern university, unmarried. Perhaps he had had a mistress, then, but it was too late and she was too tired to speculate further. It would puzzle her in the watches of the night, that name beginning with "M."

They all said good night and George fetched her fur cape. "Quite an evening," he said. "I do hope you enjoyed it."

When he got back home, his wife, cozily tucked up in bed rather than grimly waiting, would ask him how the evening had gone, what they had eaten, who had been there, and whether his guest had enjoyed herself. He would be able to tell her that she did seem to have done that. She had got on very well with that young American and she had even met an old flame or something—he wasn't quite sure what.

—BARBARA PYM

•

WARSAW, Poland—(NC)—Among the favorite authors of Pope John Paul II are Fr. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner and James Baldwin, said Jerzy Turowicz, personal friend of the pope and editor-in-chief of *Tygodnik Powszechny*, Catholic weekly of Cracow.—*Milwaukee (Wis.) Catholic Herald-Citizen.*

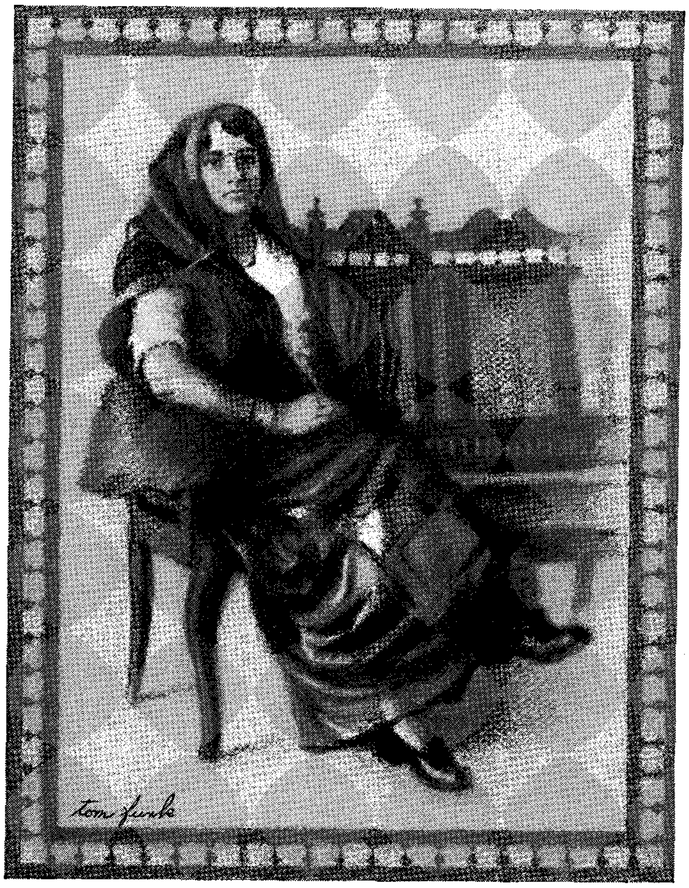
You remember Fr. Scott Fitzgerald. Wrote "The Beautiful and Saved."

PROFILES

MAMAJI—II

BRIDE

MY mother, Mamaji, was born to Babuji and Mataji, in the Shahalmi Gate house, in Lahore, on August 16, 1908, at 7 A.M., and was named Shanti Devi (Peace Goddess). The women of the neighborhood beat their breasts and cried, "*Hai, hai!* A daughter has come to Babuji!" That was the way women greeted the birth of a girl in any family. Occasionally, if a girl's birth coincided with a stroke of luck, such as an increase in her father's salary, the women would say, for example, "Look! She came and brought good luck, for his salary has been increased," and for the rest of that girl's life the stroke of luck would be remembered and attributed to her blessing. But, failing any such happy coincidence, it was believed that a girl would cast a shadow on her family all her life.



Mamaji

Mamaji brought no particular stroke of luck, but the women in Babuji's house refrained from showing grief, because they were afraid of Babuji, an eminent lawyer who observed the rigid principles of the Arya Samaj sect, dedicated to ridding Hinduism of superstition. However, when Mamaji was a year old and her brother, Narinjan Das, died of diphtheria, Babuji's sister, Durga Devi, was heard to mutter, "Look! She came into the world and her brother died." When Mamaji was two and her sister, Sumitra, also died of diphtheria, Mamaji's reputation as a girl who brought bad luck was confirmed. And then, when she was ten, her half brother Ishwar Das, to whom she was deeply attached, died of influenza, and Mamaji grew up thinking that she really did bring bad luck.

Still, Mamaji was pretty from birth and always had about her an air of health and freshness. From the moment Bulaki Ram—Babuji's father—first took her in his arms, she was his favorite, and as long as he was alive no one could look askance at her in his presence. Often, when he saw her, he commented on her irresistible smile and her fat cheeks; he nicknamed her Ghuloo (Chubby), and the name stuck to her into adolescence.

When Mamaji was seven or eight, she was entered in Maharani Burdwan School, a quarter of a mile inside the Shahalmi Gate. With two or three other girls, she would skip to school every morning and skip home every afternoon. When she was eleven or twelve and could no longer go about in public with her head uncovered, Babuji's *munshi* (clerk) would accompany her to school and back. She remembers little about her school. To her, it always seemed a foreign place, without purpose, to which she was sent because she was too young to be married and run a house. Indeed, the moment she stepped inside the door of her own house and dropped her books on a chair Mataji would call down to her from the kitchen, "Come here and give me a hand!" Somehow, through the crying of babies, the clatter of feet going up and down the stairs, and the slamming of doors, Mataji would always hear the sounds of Mamaji's return. Mamaji was immediately put to work picking stones out of the rice or lentils, scrubbing the kitchen floor, or feeding babies. She doesn't remember ever once being asked "How was your day at school?" or "What did you do today?" The household tasks pulled and tugged at her.

Mamaji does remember that when she was in fifth standard she was much excited because she was given a part in a school play. It was actually a pantomime skit, with two characters—a rustic Punjabi girl and the British governor's wife. Mamaji was cast as the rustic girl, and her friend Krishna as the governor's wife. The rustic girl was awkward and self-conscious, the governor's wife relaxed and self-confident. While the rustic girl was being taught ballroom dancing by the governor's wife, she caught her heel in the wide cuff of her pajama trousers, tripped, and fell, spraining her ankle. With characteristic British aplomb, the governor's wife thereupon produced a first-aid kit from under her hoopskirt and bandaged the Punjabi girl's ankle. The skit, which lasted just a few minutes, was a great success, and Mamaji and Krishna were the stars of their class. Mamaji felt that she had never before been so happy.

One day not long afterward, as she was standing on the school veranda, she got her first monthly period. She didn't understand what was happening to her. She feared that she was dying. Krishna, noticing the look of terror on Mamaji's face, took her aside. Mamaji went home to Mataji in tears. She was fourteen. Strange as it may seem, although she was in constant contact with her mother and grandmother, and was a constant witness of womanly matters, she was told nothing about them and she asked no questions, with the result that she grew up in complete ignorance of her own body. A few days later, Mamaji failed a test. She thinks that it was a test in geography, since she could never quite get it straight where Peshawar was. Babuji happened to hear of the failure, and he said to Bulaki Ram, in Mamaji's presence, "I have been thinking for some time now that Ghuloo is too old to be out in the *gullis*. She is educated enough—she can keep household accounts and write a letter. What use is there in filling her head with more studies? In the end, she's only going to get married." Bulaki Ram, an orthodox Hindu, did not object. He had heard a rumor that a couple of Taxali Gate girls had been converted to Christianity at the school.

The next day, as Mamaji was leaving for school, Babuji stopped her, told her she was not meant for books, and sent her back upstairs. Mamaji felt sad at being taken out of school, because it meant that she would not be able to see many of her school friends, but it never occurred to her to protest the change or to ask why it had been made; she simply assumed that she had been taken out because of her monthly period. When she confided her surmise to Krishna one evening, Krishna laughed. "You silly goose!" she said. "I got my monthly period a year ago, and my father is planning to send me to college."

Babuji did not want his oldest living daughter to forget everything she had learned at school, for he wanted to marry her to a Hindu gentleman, so he engaged an Anglo-Indian woman named Mrs. Humphrey to come once a week, sit with Mamaji in the *chaubara* (the women's sanctuary), and drill her in simple English sentences:

"Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Yes, thank you, I would like a cup of tea."

Years after Mamaji was married to my father, Dr. Amolak Ram Mehta—or Daddyji, as we children called him—he asked her, "What school did you go to?"

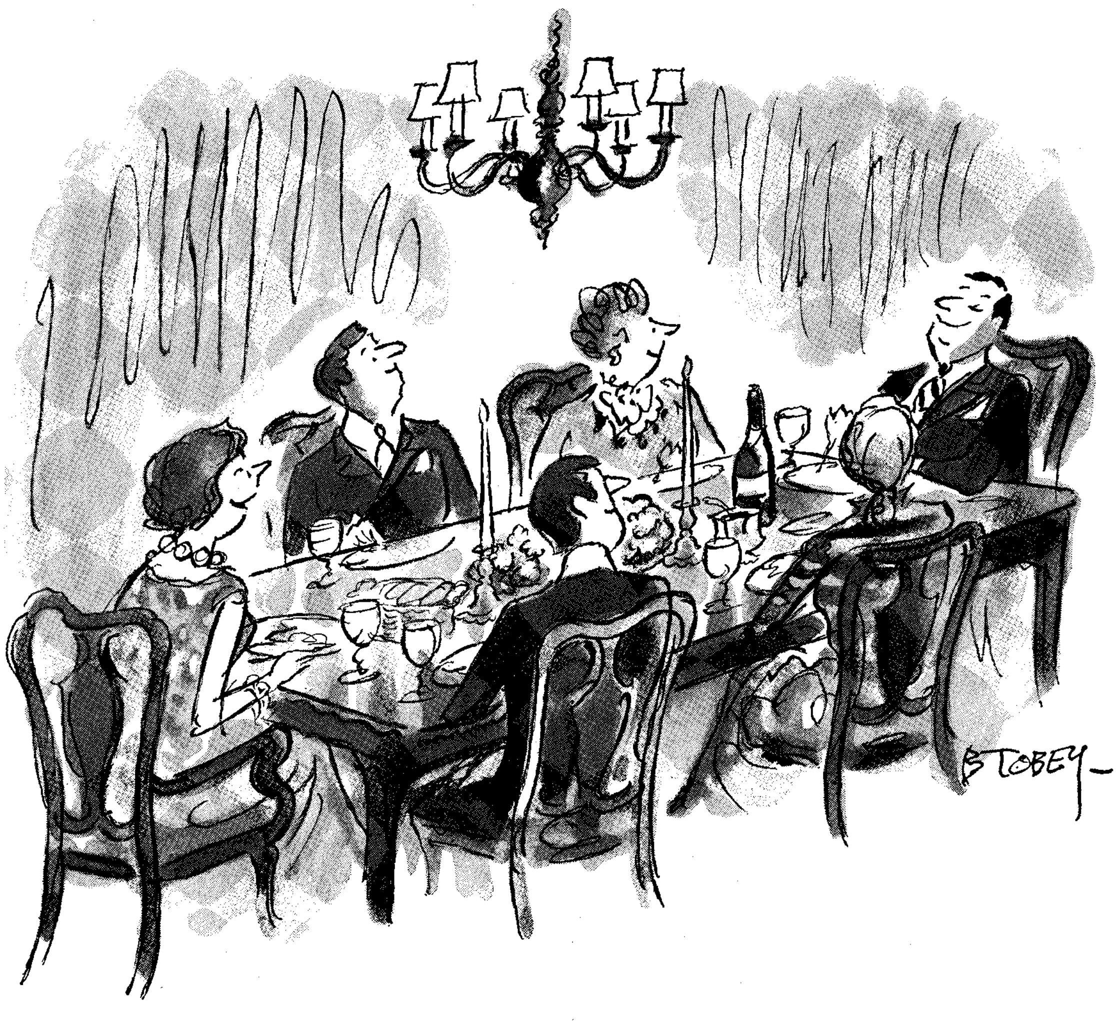
"I don't remember," she said. "It was called something like Rani School or Bard School."

"Maharani Burdwan School!" he exclaimed. The name no longer meant anything to her, but for him it conjured up a world of trouble and waste. "The school has an interesting history," he began. She listened, because he had a way of making everything into a story. "It was named after a Punjabi girl who married the Maharaja of Burdwan and went to live in his remote princely state, near Bengal. They had a daughter, and when the time came for her to marry, the Maharaja gave the princess's hand to Nand Lal Khanna, who was the brother of a friend of mine at Government College. In fact, he was the youngest of the five handsome Khanna brothers of Lahore—they all wanted to marry the princess, but Nand Lal Khanna's horoscope tallied with hers. The Maharaja of Burdwan used his influence to get his son-in-law accepted as an Indian Civil Service Probationer, and no sooner were they married than the government sent him to England for the required I.C.S. examination. There he fell into bad company and learned to drink. He had come from a modest family and wasn't used to riches. He failed his examination and returned to Burdwan in disgrace. His wife didn't like the drink on his breath, and she would see him only infrequently, and then only at fixed times. He complained to her parents, but they told him that she had a delicate constitution and that seeing him was too much of a strain for her. He became demented with misery and drink, and the Maharaja sent him out of his princely state with a little pension." Daddyji concluded with an Urdu saying: "The truth is that neither the friendship nor the enmity of the rich is agreeable."

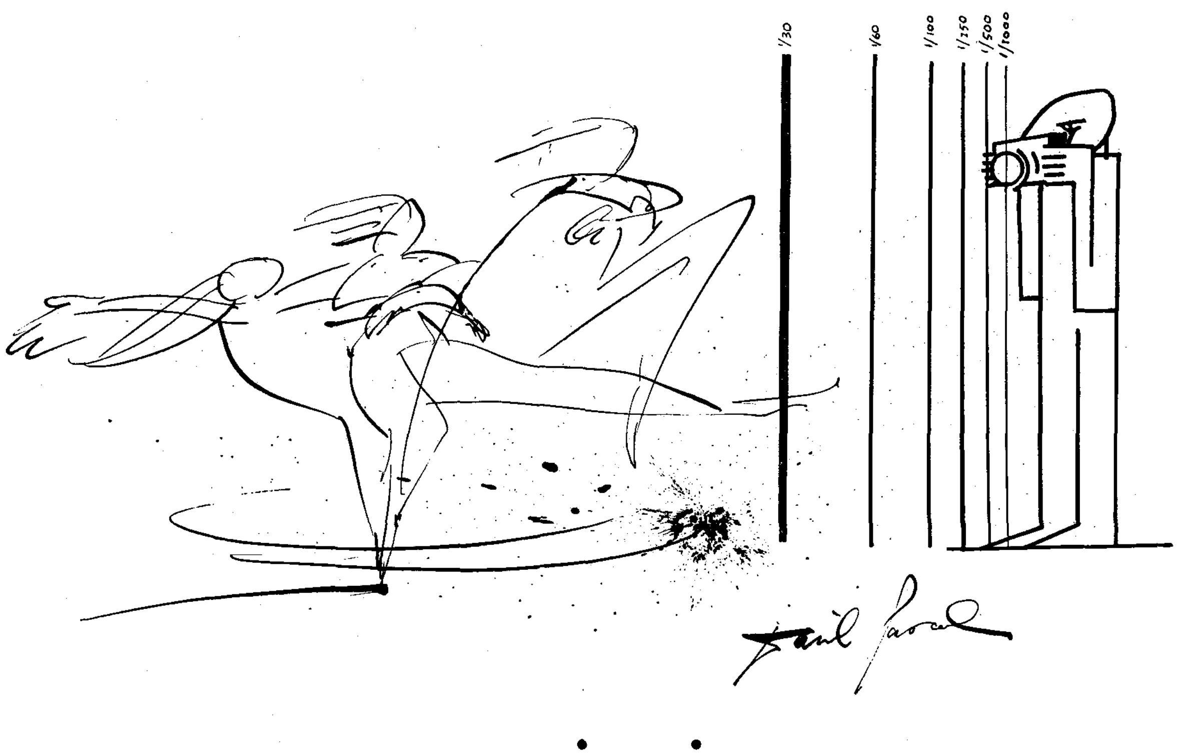
At the time, Mamaji felt thrilled that he knew so much about her school, but she soon forgot the story. A couple of years after Partition, Daddyji and Mamaji were walking along Connaught Circus in New Delhi when, suddenly, Daddyji said, "Look, there is the Khanna boy, the son-in-law of the Maharaja of Burdwan." Mamaji saw a shrunken man stumbling along the sidewalk, looking neither to right nor to left, oblivious of people, carts, and dustbins. Daddyji had to tell her the Burdwan story all over again.

She said that though she had forgotten the story, she could never forget the moral—that the company of rich people was dangerous—and she reminded Daddyji (as she had at intervals during their married life) that he hadn't always managed to remember it himself.

SOON after Mamaji was taken out of school, Bulaki Ram died. Without his presence in the house, Mamaji felt frightened and unprotected. While she was growing up, Babuji was so deeply immersed in his law practice and



"Guess who made the pâté."



in Arya Samaj that he did not give her or anyone else much attention. To her, he remained a distant, awesome figure. Each day, as soon as she and the other children heard what they called "his stick's tuk-tuk," they would vanish. In regard to him, she developed a *hauwa* (literally, "fear of a demon"). Moreover, Bhagwan Das, the eldest surviving son of Babuji's first marriage, who was now twenty-three, had grown into the proverbial disgruntled stepson. With Bulaki Ram out of the way, he discovered that he had new power over his father's second family—especially his stepmother and his eldest half sister. He had enrolled in Government College, and some mornings, just at the time Babuji was leaving for the court, Bhagwan Das would set out for his classes—with a great show of books and papers—only to return after an hour or two. But more often than not he would say he was ill and would stay at home, demanding attention—calling for Mamaji to bring him now a cup of Ovaltine, now a hot-water bottle. He acted as if he were the only rooster in the chicken coop—and so, in a sense, he was, since Babuji spent so little time in the house. Bhagwan Das would hover around, alternately pulling Mamaji up short and flattering her. He would stand in the kitchen watching her cut up vegetables, and laugh if her knife missed the tip of the carrot or if her eyes smarted from the onions. Sometimes, without provocation, he would glower at Mamaji and Mataji and say, "I'll pull down this house." Both women trembled before his threats. Mataji was keenly aware of being the wife of a *dohaju* (a widower who had remarried), and Mamaji of being her mother's daughter. It took Mamaji years to realize that her half brother's outbursts were those of a child who had lost first his mother, then his brother, then his sister, and had grown to manhood feeling that he was a feared stranger in his father's house. His threats were actually a demand for the sympathy of the mother and daughter. Only much later did Mamaji remember how he would say to her, when they happened to be by themselves up on the roof, "I'm all alone, without a real mother, brother, or sister to love me."

Even when Bhagwan Das wasn't in the house, Mamaji had no peace. Mataji would trap her in a doorway or a corner and complain about Durga Devi—Babuji's sister, who spent almost more of her time at Babuji's house than at her own. "Durga Devi just shouted at me, 'Go drown yourself! The yogurt bowl is dirty,'" Mataji would whisper. "What does she want me to do—serve her yogurt on a mirror?" Nothing that Mataji did seemed to please Durga Devi, who was forever finding fault with her as the second—and therefore especially unworthy—wife of her paragon of a brother. Durga Devi, unhappy in her own married life, was becoming more capricious and demanding every day. Since Mataji had no mother-in-law, Durga Devi arrogated to herself the mother-in-law's traditional coercive role—just as, after the death of Bulaki Ram, Bhagwan Das had, in a sense, arrogated to himself the role of the "man of the house."

MAMAJI had been promised in marriage to a man named Vishnu, who was an officer in the Forestry Service with good prospects for advancement. Like Babuji, Vishnu's father was a lawyer, and although at the time the arrangement was made the boy was in England for further study, his father had promised Babuji that when Vishnu returned he would marry Mamaji. From the roof, one day, Mamaji had caught a glimpse of a young man standing at the door. He was well dressed, handsome, and confident-looking, and she realized that he was Vishnu. He sat with Babuji for a few minutes, and left without committing himself to a date for the *shagan* (the token of betrothal). The next the family heard of him, he had married a rich heiress.

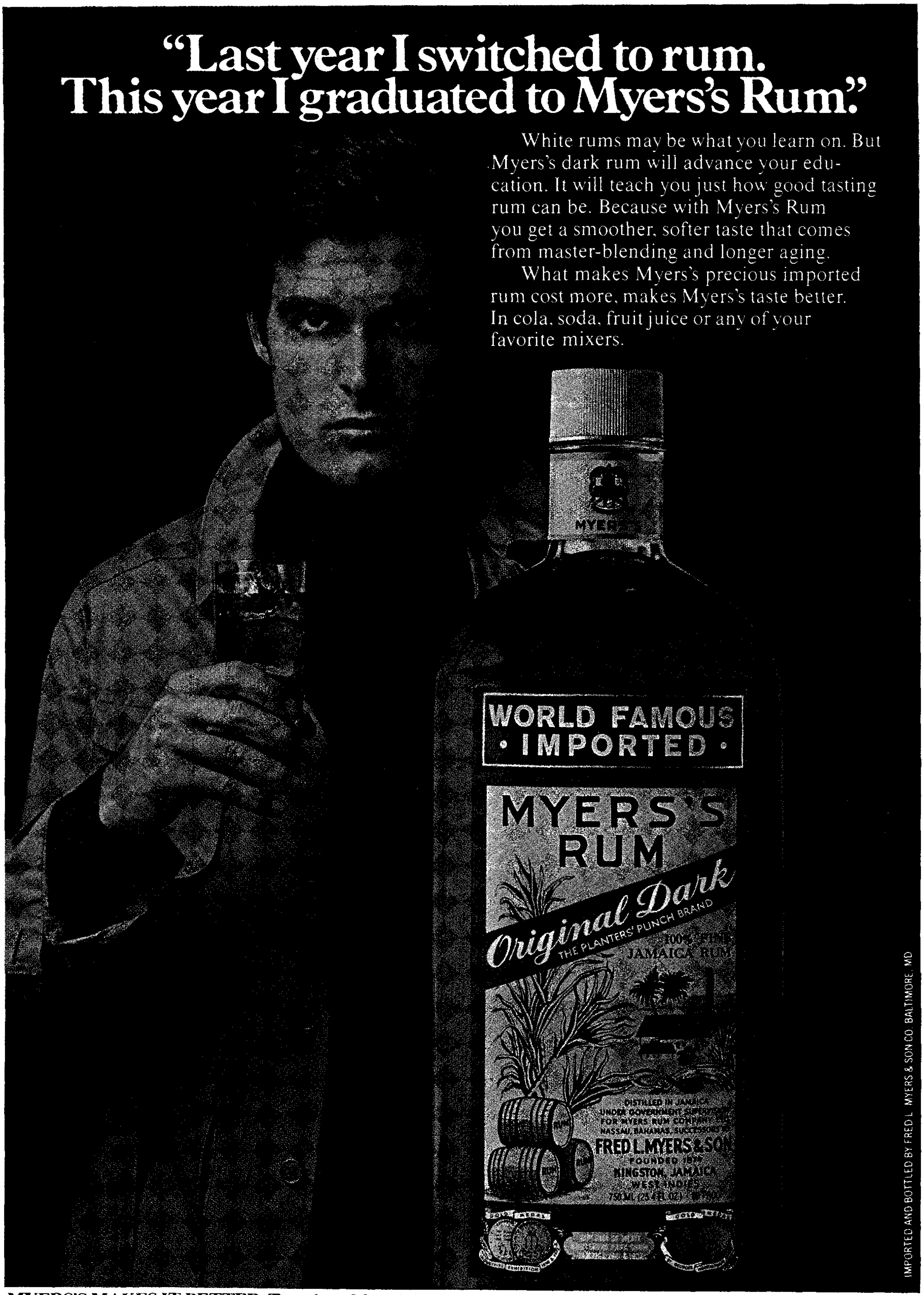
Valuable time had been lost waiting for Vishnu to return from England, and Mamaji was now over sixteen years old. Most girls in her neighborhood were married at the age of fifteen. The women of the neighborhood began saying, "Stain her hands with henna," because at the time of marriage the bride's hands—and often her feet—were stained with henna. Babuji tried to arrange a marriage for her quickly, but it was some time before he found someone—a middle-aged widower with a couple of children. Mamaji was by then approaching seventeen, and the women were saying, "The water has risen up to her neck." But when Mataji's mother, Malan, heard about the widower, she said to Mataji, "I was married into a widower's house and I had no peace of mind. You were married into a widower's house and you've had no peace of mind. How can we marry our Shanti into a widower's house?" And Malan reminded her of Bhagwan Das.

Mataji, however, felt helpless to prevent the marriage; besides, she felt that any marriage was better than no marriage.

A few days later, Mamaji's brother Dwarka, who was thirteen, ran up to the kitchen shouting, "Sister Shanti has a new proposal!"

Mamaji looked up from the mortar

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's Rum."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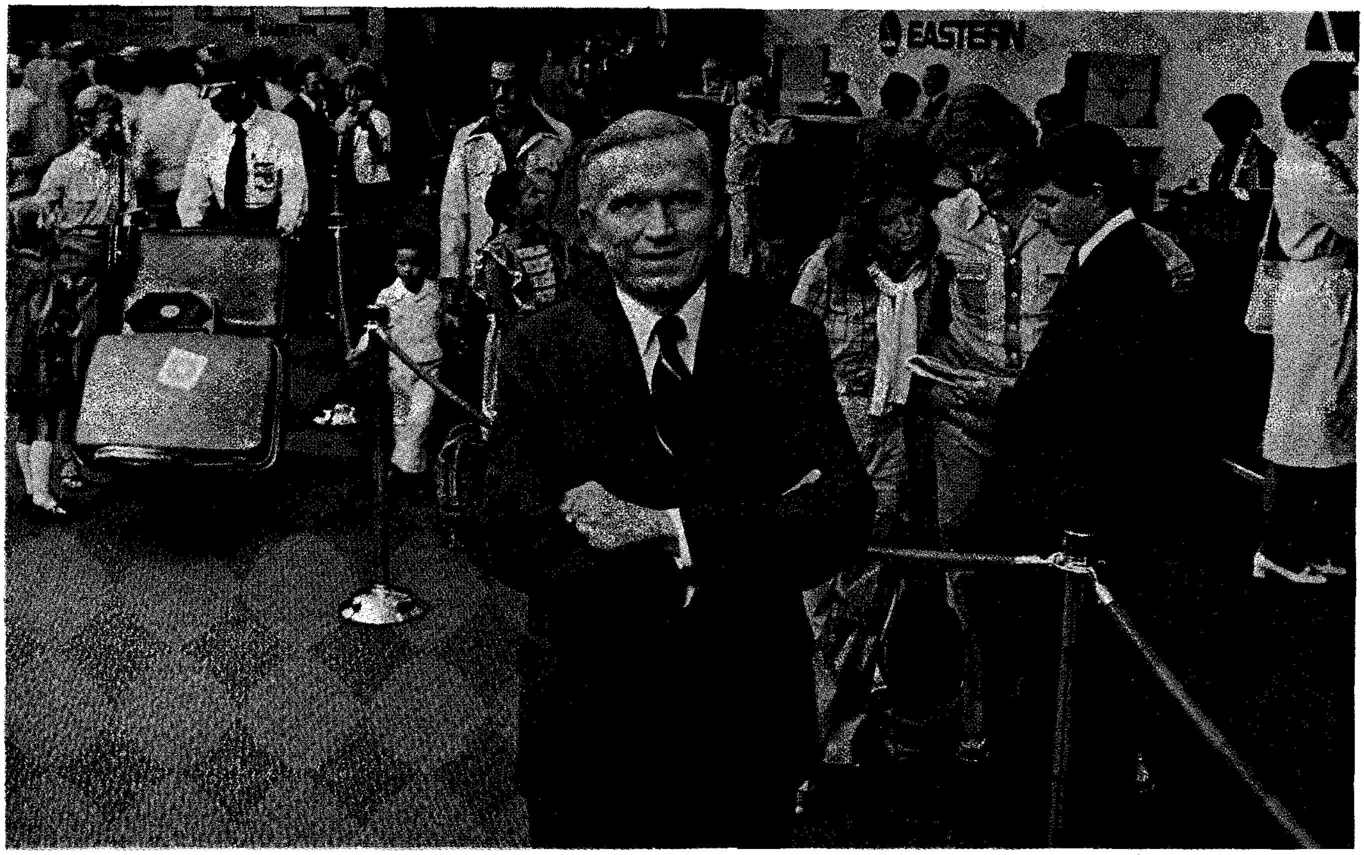

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and pestle with which she was crushing some mint for chutney. "Go away," she said. "Go play with your kite."

"I heard Babuji talking about it downstairs with the three women you let into the house," Dwarka said, excitedly jumping up and down. "They are talking about the date of the *shagan*."

The new proposal was from Daddyji, and was a much more enticing one than that of the widower, who was immediately sent a polite message of refusal.

Soon the house was filled with the whirr and clatter of sewing machines as several tailors busied themselves with the clothes for the dowry. Bulaki Ram, before his death, had accumulated and put by much of Mamaji's dowry: a collection of gold jewelry, seven silk-crêpe saris with heavy, intricate gold embroidery, six heavy silk suits (with matching veils) embroidered with heavy gold thread, four silk sleeping suits, twelve tablecloths, a silver tea set, twelve big silver glasses, brass dinnerware, two chairs, a bed, twelve sheets, twelve pillow cases. Her dowry clothes were all sewn with silk thread, and there wasn't so much as a cotton tape in her pajama trousers. But to make her dowry complete she needed a few more petticoats and blouses, tea cozies and kitchen towels.

MAMAJI heard the putt-putt of a motorcycle, then footsteps, and the sound of the unbolting of the doors downstairs. She knew that it was he, and that he had come to see Babuji. She stationed herself behind a curtain, listening, her face hot with worry that someone would guess the secret joy she was feeling and make fun of her. (In later years, she used to say to him, "In my previous life, I made a sacrifice of pearls and diamonds. It was my destiny that I would be paired off with you.") She heard a deck chair being dragged across the stone floor of the courtyard. From what Mataji had told her, she could picture him, if hazily: he was a tall, thin man, wearing a felt hat, like an Englishman, and perhaps fingering a walking stick, and he would be leaning forward attentively to catch Babuji's words.

"I knew Ishwar Das," she heard him say. "I felt he was like a brother to me. He was two or three years younger than I, so I didn't get to know him as well as I would have liked to. But he was a fine, religious fellow. We used to meet at the Young Men's Arya Samaj Association and play Ping-Pong."

"As long as I live, I will never get over the death of Ishwar Das," she heard Babuji say.

After a silence, Babuji asked, "What kind of watch would you like in the dowry?"

"I already have a watch, thank you," she heard him say.

She felt weak and frightened. He has everything, she thought. There is nothing we can give him. He will withdraw, like the other one. (In later years, he would often reënact the scene for her—how he had held up his wrist and proudly shown Babuji his big wristwatch—and each time she would feel weak and frightened all over again.)

"She will have plenty of changes of clothes," Babuji said. "For winter, for summer, and for monsoon—day wear and evening wear. There are, of course, the usual ornaments of twenty-two-carat gold. In addition, I plan to give you two thousand rupees. I would like to give you more, but I have four daughters."

"Babuji, like you, we are Arya Samajists," came the reply. "We don't believe in dowries."

"How would you like the two thousand rupees—in cash? What do you need?" Babuji asked. (Later, Daddyji learned that Babuji had been afraid that yet another son-in-law would slip through his hands, and had therefore been determined to impress him with the lavishness of the dowry.)

"I don't really need anything."

"What about a motorcar?" Babuji asked.

"I have a motorcycle."

"That's dangerous," Babuji said. "A married man should not ride one of those things."

"One day, I hope to buy a motorcar," Daddyji said.

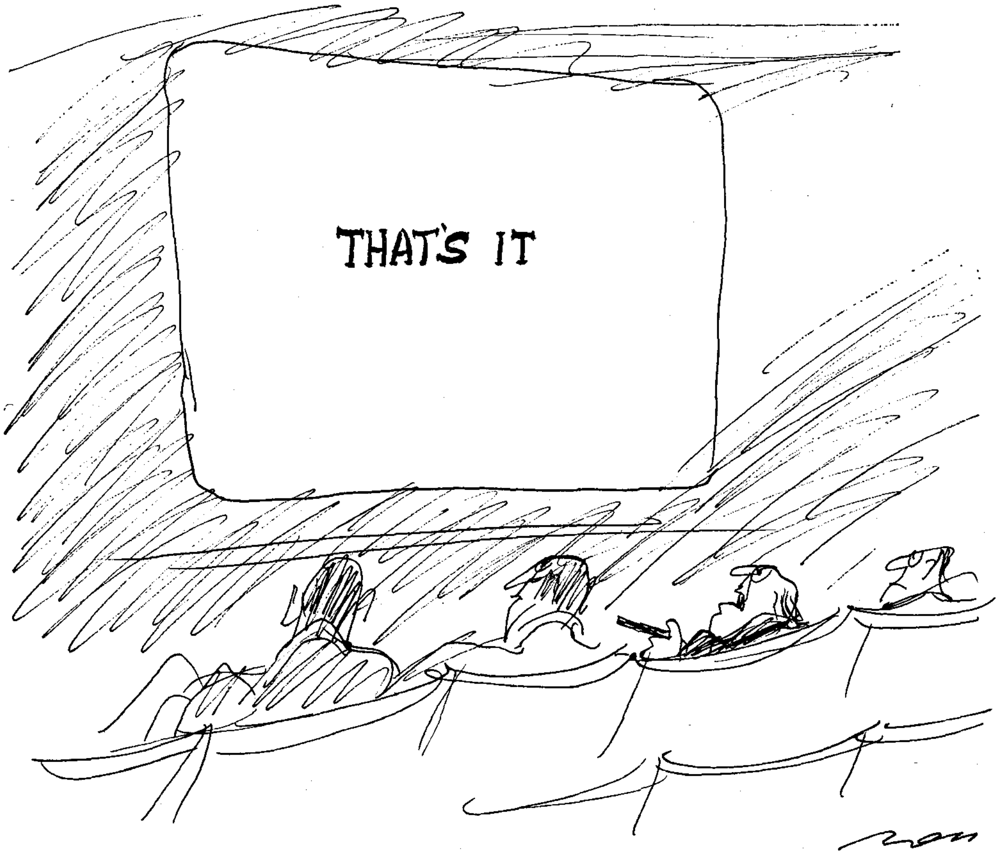
"A motorcar would look impressive in the dowry, and it would be a good talking point for the neighbors," Babuji said. "Many prominent Lahoris are giving motorcars in dowries these days."

Overcome with fear that she might be discovered, Mamaji ran up to the *chaubara*.

That very day, Babuji went in his victoria to see the leading motorcar dealer in Lahore, who was the sole agent for Chevrolet in the Punjab. A rich gentleman from the region of Sind, he received Babuji in a large office, and when Babuji mentioned his interest in buying a motorcar he called his salesman over and told him to give Babuji a ride.

Babuji wasn't satisfied with the ride, because it was too short to convey much of an impression. He walked around the motorcar and pointed at the tires with his walking stick. "They are dirty," he said.

"It's a demonstration model," the salesman said, with a mysterious air, as



"*That's it?*"

if demonstration models were special and were to be preferred.

There was some haggling with the Sindhi inside, and Babuji managed to get a good discount on the stated price. Writing out a check for two thousand-odd rupees, he bought the demonstration model.

Babuji had the motorcar driven up to his house and parked outside for the neighbors to see and admire. But as soon as Daddyji saw the motorcar he realized that the dealer had palmed off the previous year's showroom car on Babuji, for it was a 1924 Chevrolet. (Within the year, Daddyji had to get a new battery and a new set of tires for the car.)

THE night before the wedding, Babuji sent carriers to Park Lane—not far from the Mall—where Daddyji's family was living in a bungalow that his younger brother Daulat Ram had rented for himself, and where all Daddyji's relatives and connections from around the city and from distant villages had assembled. The carriers brought twenty-one huge platters of coconut meat, almonds, pistachios, raisins, a dozen different kinds of sweetmeats. The most conspicuous offering was a wide-mouthed, big-bellied brass vessel half full of yogurt—twenty pounds of it. Along with these offerings, Babuji sent a message saying that the sweetmeats and yogurt were in lieu of the usual entertainment and lodging of the *barat* (the bridegroom's party) for a couple of days at the bride's parents' expense. He said that as an Arya Samajist he didn't believe in the traditional claptrap of weddings—in elaborate feasts and entertainments, in a lot of band music and fireworks. Anyway, his Dha-ee-ghar ("Two and a Half Houses") forebears had long since decided to do away with noisy wedding celebrations, for fear of Muslim abductors. He would therefore have to keep the pomp and circumstance of his daughter's wedding day to a minimum.

Much later, Daddyji told Mamaji that some of his relatives—especially his maternal uncles, who had come from some distance—were scandalized. As members of the *barat*, they had expected at least to be regaled by music and fireworks, and, if nothing else, to be treated to a couple of big meals at the bride's house. Daddyji recalled that his mother—Bhabiji—mollified them as best she could with food and yogurt until the next afternoon, when they all assembled for a *havan* (fire ceremony) to send the bridegroom on his way to the wedding ceremony. At first, they sat around the brazier grumbling, but eventually they were coaxed into praying for the happiness of the bride and bridegroom, and invoking blessings on them.

Just as the *havan* was ending, Daddyji recounted, a horse-wallah who had been hired by Babuji arrived with a docile horse for the *ghori* (the ceremonial ride to the bride's house). He assured the assembled *barat* that the horse was a gelding and would not kick. Daddyji mounted the horse as the women of his family sang songs of fertility and joy. He wore a gold coat with a closed collar, and a starched muslin turban decorated with three silver panels—they portrayed Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, the Hindu trinity—and overhung with garlands of flowers, which hid his face; and he carried a sheathed sword. There was a lot of confusion and laughter among the women as Daddyji's sister, Bibi Parmeshwari Devi, stepped forward with wet maize on a brass platter for the horse, and there was some uncertain clapping as the horse started nibbling at the offering. Then Daddyji's female cousins stepped forward one by one with more food for the horse, and after they had fed it Daddyji handed money to each of the women relatives, the amount depending on the closeness of her relationship to him.

A wedding band played crackly tunes, exaggerated to give a festive effect, Daddyji said later, but they couldn't cheer up the men in the *barat*, who, surly and discontented, pulled in their stomachs and slapped them—like the hungry Brahmans who regularly call at houses begging for food. Out of respect for Babuji's wishes, the band did not accompany Daddyji to the Shahalmi Gate house but stopped its music as he set off, in the twilight. Daddyji clip-clopped on his horse to the house of his bride, accompanied only by the horse-wallah and by a Brahman sent by Babuji, who walked ahead tinkling two hand bells, in a feeble imitation of the absent band. The horse-wallah carried Daddyji's briefcase, which contained a new suit of clothes for Mamaji—the bridegroom always brought the bride to her new home in the clothes of her new family. (Lalaji, Daddyji's father, had had the suit made when Daddyji was previously betrothed. After the betrothal fell through, the suit had been packed away for the day when Daddyji would marry someone else.) When Daddyji arrived at the Shahalmi Gate house, he was met by Babuji and surrounded by Babuji's sons and close male relatives.

UPSTAIRS in the *chaubara*, the women of the house spent the night gathered around Mamaji. They

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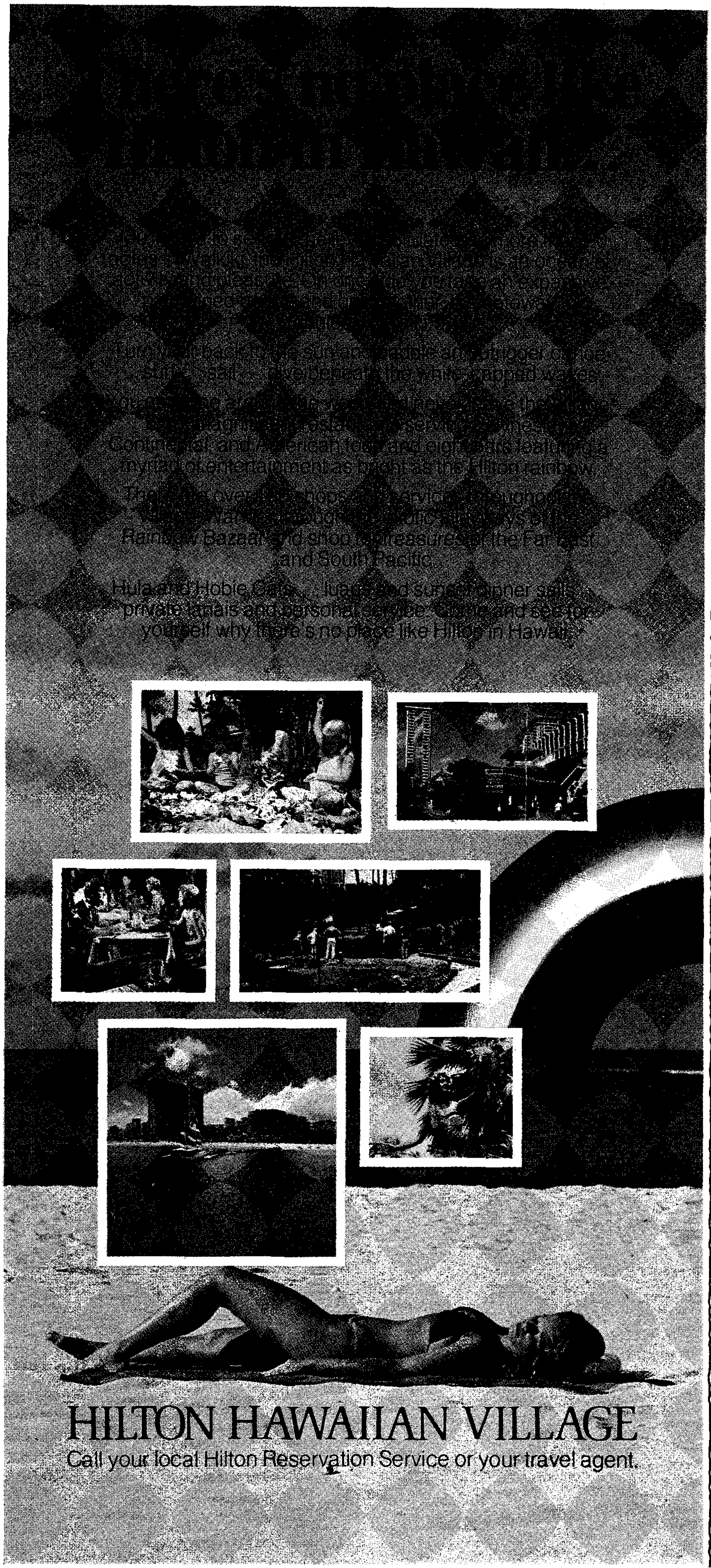

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washed, combed out, and put up Mamaji's long hair, and dressed her in red pajama trousers, a red shirt, and a red veil. (The veil was a present from Malan.) They adorned her with her dowry jewelry—six gold bangles and one big gold bracelet on either wrist, a heavy gold choker with a heavy gold charm around her neck, a gold barrette and a gold ornament in her hair. They painted her hands and feet with henna, and around 5 A.M. they seated her next to Daddyji (he had spent the night in the *munshi khanna*, or clerk's room, and had then shaved and dressed himself again in the gold coat and the starched turban) under the *vedi* (wedding canopy), which had been set up in the courtyard and hung with flowers, fruits, and tinsel ornaments. It was an exceptionally chilly December morning.

Earlier, some of Daddyji's relatives had arrived on foot and gathered in the courtyard for the wedding ceremony. Even as the members of his family garlanded and embraced the members of hers, they muttered under their breath, "What kind of family is this? What kind of people are they? It's an insult!"

Each family member ceremonially greeted his or her opposite number, the cramped courtyard echoing with their names. Many of Daddyji's party held back, standing rigid, as if to underscore the point that they might be going through the motions of the greeting but were not taken in by the stingy in-laws—who, for their part, thought the Mehtas greedy and self-satisfied.

As everyone sat down, there was a jumble of familiar and unfamiliar voices: some soft and sweet, unmistakably from her side of the family, and others bold and resonant, unmistakably from his side.

Mamaji remembers the glow of the sacred fire under the *vedi*. She vaguely remembers being raised to her feet, circling the *vedi* several times with Daddyji leading her, and saying her vows with him, as the Brahman recited the mantras and the relatives flung fistfuls of *smugary* (frankincense and myrrh) into the fire. At the end of one *lavan* (lap), she touched her head to his; at the end of another, she touched her hand to his; at the end of another, she touched her head to his feet. During another, she put her foot next to his on a slab of stone. (Subsequently, whenever there was some trouble in their marriage he would say, "We put our feet on the stone—there is no going back.")

After the *lavans*, the women took

Mamaji indoors and removed the red clothes of her family; they put on her the new suit of clothes of her in-laws. It was made of rich silk and embroidered all over with gold wire—*salma* work. In addition to her dowry jewelry, one more gold bracelet was put on each wrist—a present from her in-laws. Mataji then covered Mamaji's face with a new veil, also from her in-laws.

Shrill pipes in a band that had been hired to serenade the *doli* (the ceremonial taking away of the bride) began a mournful tune, to signify the passing on of the young girl. Mamaji was led out of the house. Babuji, Mataji, and Malan; Mamaji's brothers, Bhagwan Das, Dwarka, and Lakshman; and her sisters, Dharam and Pushpa—all the family gathered outside with tearful faces as Mamaji, sniffling behind her veil, was ceremonially lifted onto a palanquin and then helped into a victoria with a folding top, which belonged to Daddyji's closest friends, Basheshwar Nath and Sheila Khanna. It was drawn by two chestnut horses. Daddyji stepped into the victoria and closed the door. The syce cracked the whip, and the victoria went off, showered from all directions with flowers.

BRIDEGROOM

AFTER the wedding night, Daddyji and Mamaji were separated, for custom dictated that the bride return to her mother for a couple of days. During that time, he wrote her a long, admiring letter in English, telling her these things, among others: He was twenty-nine years old and was a medical doctor. Two years before, when he was in New York, his father had died suddenly, and, as the eldest son, he had become the head of the Mehtas—a large and diverse joint family, of which she was now to be the mother. Until lately, he had been for many months in the United States and Europe, where he had been doing postgraduate medical studies, and where he had had to bear alone the grief of his father's death. He had recently become the health officer in the Punjab district of Montgomery and had moved into a house of his own in the town of Montgomery. How he wished that his father were there to take pride in his eldest son's success. He felt he had found in Babuji another father.

Until the letter arrived, Mamaji had known almost nothing about Daddyji's life or his family, and even after struggling through it she did not understand much. Medical doctor, postgraduate studies, United States, Europe, health officer, Montgomery—all these meant little to her. During the following months—from snatches of conversation under ceiling fans in what seemed to her gigantic rooms; from introductions to Mehta after Mehta, until she imagined that the villages of the Punjab were filled with them; from stories he told about this friend or that friend as they were having bed tea in the early morning or driving to a party in the motorcar in the evening—she was able to form her own impression of his life. She always listened carefully to every detail of his past, and in time his past became almost more familiar to her than her own; and that was how she wanted it, because she felt that a good Hindu wife should sacrifice her life to her husband's—merge her life into his, and exist in his reflection.

Like her, Daddyji was one of seven children, but he had five brothers and one sister and they were all from the same mother. Only his sister was older than he was. Unlike Babuji, Daddyji's father, Lalaji, had not risen very high in the world. He must have been more like Bulaki Ram—a good, strong, simple man. He had died at an early age, two or three years before Daddyji's marriage to her.

Although Daddyji and his forebears were from a village, and he had spent his early childhood in a village, he had gone to school in Lahore, like her. Even while she was living in the Shahalmi Gate house, Daddyji had been living next to Phoos Kothi (Hay House), in the civil station. (She was amused to learn that Phoos Kothi had a sloping roof made out of thick hay, to keep the house cool—real hay, no different from the hay that horses ate in the stall behind her house.) But even before she was born Daddyji and his brother Daulat Ram had been entered in Central Model School, where they had not only studied but also played mysterious games called cricket and hockey in big open fields. Lalaji's younger brother, Bhaji Ganga Ram, was the first university graduate in the family's history. He was connected with Government College, and it was thanks to him that the two boys had studied and made something of themselves. Daddyji had become a doctor, like an Englishman, and had gone to England for still more study.

DADDYJI returned from that stay in England in August of 1921, when he was twenty-five years old. During the early months of his marriage, he would entertain Mamaji—and sometimes mystify her—by telling her the story of what happened to him then. He didn't have any money to set himself up in a practice, and had to help with the education of his younger brothers. He rushed to Simla, the summer capital, to look for a job. There he called on some officials, and one of them told him that he should try applying for the post of municipal health officer in Rawalpindi—that the government was having difficulty finding a good man for the post, because plague was endemic in the city.

Daddyji set out for Rawalpindi, stopping on the way in the town of Jullundur to see its district health officer, Dr. G. C. Sehgal, in order to acquaint himself with the duties of a health officer. Dr. Sehgal received him cordially in his office and began by talking enthusiastically about the climate of Rawalpindi, but then he frowned. "I have my public-health qualifications, like you, from Britain—from Edinburgh," he said. "Yet the president and the members of the Municipal Committee, who have qualifications from nowhere, are constantly interfering in my work. And when I ask for money they turn me away as if I were a beggar. I can't even get enough money from the committee to improve the sewage system. If my teachers in Edinburgh knew that we still remove human filth here in broken-down handcarts, they would declare war on Jullundur. Dr. Mehta, tell me this: Do they need an 'England-returned' man for this kind of job? Any coolie would be better."

Dr. Sehgal took Daddyji to his home for tea. It was just the kind of house that Daddyji had pictured himself living in. The drawing room had big armchairs and a sofa, rather than the usual Indian divans; it had drawings rather than the usual family pictures on the walls; and there was even a big piano in one corner. Dr. Sehgal introduced Daddyji to his wife, a delicately pretty woman, with big, dark eyes, who was dressed in a Benares-silk sari, and who spoke to him in chaste, convent-school English. She was just the kind of wife Daddyji had imagined for himself. Mrs. Sehgal served tea English style, pouring a little milk in the cup before she poured the tea. Although it was not the high tea that he might have got in London, with lots of savories and sweets, still, for an Indian house it was elaborate, with two sweets—biscuits and chocolate cake. Chocolate cake was Daddyji's favorite, and he praised the piece he was eating. "It was prepared by my wife's own hands," Dr. Sehgal said.

Daddyji's eyes wandered toward the piano, whereupon (he told this to Mamaji just after she had seen her first piano, in an Englishman's house) Mrs. Sehgal, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, walked over to it with dainty steps and, sitting very erect on the stool, began playing a piece of Western classical music. At the end of the piece, she said, "That was Chopin," as if she took it for granted that Daddyji was familiar with Western composers. Daddyji complimented her on her playing, and added, "When you walked over to the piano, I thought you were going to play a raga. What a pleasant surprise to hear Chopin in Jullundur!" She smiled and looked toward her husband, like a demure Hindu wife.

"All credit goes to her father, Dr. Mehta," Dr. Sehgal said. "He's a great gentleman of the old school. You've no doubt heard of Colonel Ram Nath Chopra. Well, he's my wife's father. He sent her to a convent school and later took her to England so that she could learn the accomplishments and graces of a lady. Colonel Chopra's entire family is Westernized, and the family lives like aristocrats here. And Colonel-Sahib's brother, Uncle Chopra, is a gentleman in his own right."

Daddyji was amused by Dr. Sehgal's tall talk. Though Daddyji, too, had been bitten by England, he was still proud of his upbringing as a simple middle-class Hindu.

A few weeks later, Daddyji took up his duties as municipal health officer in Rawalpindi. (He told Mamaji he would always remember the date of the first day of his first job—October 4, 1921.) This was a gazetted post—that is, it was an event worthy of notice in the official *Gazette*—and everywhere he went, fellow-officers greeted him as if he had been inducted into a new class of being. Hardly had he got settled in Rawalpindi when he received a letter from Dr. Sehgal: "Remember the uncle I told you about? He has a talented daughter of marriageable age. She looks and acts like my wife, and she, too, was educated in a convent school. Would you be interested?"

Daddyji wrote back that he was financially in no position to consider marriage, because he felt he had to help educate his younger brothers, one of whom, Daulat Ram, was already studying medicine in England. Then he forgot all about Dr. Sehgal's suggestion until one day a month or so later, when he was sitting in his office writing a report on the plague, and a tall, well-dressed gentleman appeared at the door. "I'm Mrs. Sehgal's uncle," the man said. "I've come to see you at her suggestion. We live in Kashmir, and we are on our way to Lahore. We are breaking our journey in Rawalpindi for a couple of days. I am very keen for you to meet my daughter. Could you honor us by having lunch or tea with us at your convenience? No harm could come of it. You would be committing yourself to nothing."

Daddyji had resolved that he would not go to the length of meeting a girl unless he had first settled upon her as the girl he would marry. But he thought of Mrs. Sehgal floating over to the piano and looking at her husband with her big, dark eyes, and he said to himself, "If the daughter is as accomplished as they all say, maybe she'll be a good influence on my growing brothers. Maybe I could even be financially in a position to get married if Daulat Ram gets a good job when he returns from England this summer."

"If you don't feel comfortable about lunch or tea," the uncle was saying, "we are going to see a picture this afternoon at the cinema across the road. Perhaps you could stop by there for a few minutes, and then you could see her without her ever suspecting that you were viewing her as a prospective bride."

As it came about, Daddyji arrived at the cinema just as the picture was about to begin, and he barely had time to nod to the girl's father and to notice that there were several women with him before the lights went out. He became so absorbed in the picture that he forgot all about the Chopras, and left without meeting the girl. He did not hear anything more from the uncle. (In later years, Mamaji would often smile and ask Daddyji the name of the picture, but he had forgotten it.)

After a few months, Lalaji wrote that he had received a proposal from a

"I don't agree with a word you've said so far. Please keep talking."

well-placed barrister in Amritsar who had a convent-school-educated, beautiful, talented daughter.

Without much hesitation, Daddyji wrote back that he would marry the girl provided that that was what Lalaji wanted. But then Daddyji was selected as a travelling Rockefeller Fellow. As soon as the girl's father heard about that, he asked for the *shagan* back, saying, "If I let my daughter go across the seas with your son, I am sure I will lose her to the great Britannia."

Daddyji, though he had never so much as seen a picture of his bride, had looked forward to showing her London and New York. However, he now quoted to Lalaji:

> The world is a garden, where beautiful girls grow like flowers.
> A good man may pluck whatever flower he would.

AS a young bride, Mamaji used to say, "London and New York seem to be on the other side of Heaven. What chance does someone like me have of ever getting there?" Daddyji would promise to take her abroad someday, but would tell her that she had to understand that life there was very different and would require a lot of adjusting to—although for one Indian woman he knew, Manika, it had been a breeze. Mamaji was soon engrossed in his story about Manika.

Manika was the wife of Captain Sahib Singh Sokhey, who had gone with Daddyji to America, also on a travelling Rockefeller Fellowship. When Daddyji had been in America scarcely four months, the Rockefeller Foundation ordered him to Europe to work on an anti-malaria project. Before he left, Sokhey gave him some presents to take to Manika, who was a professional dancer and was then giving performances in Europe. Daddyji caught up with Manika in London, where she was staying at the Savoy. She was tall and young, with a small mouth and large, expressive eyes. She was a Bengali—Daddyji had heard that the most temperamental and exciting women came from Bengal—and had an enticing smile. Daddyji greeted Manika from a distance, Indian-style, bringing the palms of his hands together and bowing slightly. But she came toward him, her long, shapely hand extended in welcome. She shook hands with him. His upbringing had been so chaste that he had never been alone with a strange woman before, let alone touched one. The feel of Manika's hand made his hand tingle. (In later years, whenever Daddyji told this story, he would laugh at his own innocence about women. For twenty years, he and Mamaji knew Manika and Sokhey intimately as a couple—he had even unwittingly read about Manika in Louis Bromfield's "The Rains Came," one of whose characters was modelled on her—without guessing that Sokhey and Manika had never been legally married.) As if she were in her own house, Manika rang for tea, and he spent the afternoon with her in the hotel, drinking cups of Ceylon tea, eating chocolate cake, and talking about America, Sokhey, and himself.

A couple of days later, on her initiative, he escorted her to a reception at the Ritz Hotel for His Highness the Aga Khan. A direct descendant of the Prophet Muhammad through his daughter Fatima, the Aga Khan was the spiritual leader of the Ismaili sect of Muslims and, as it happened, had served as the first president of the All-India Muslim League, but he was best known for his unimaginable wealth. It was said that on occasion the Aga Khan's followers presented him with his weight in gold as a token of their esteem. His Highness's secretary opened the door of the Aga Khan's suite and greeted Mrs. Sokhey with a peck on the cheek. Daddyji felt he was in high society.

It was general knowledge that the Aga Khan was enamored of horses and horse racing.

"Where does Diophon race next?" Daddyji asked the secretary.

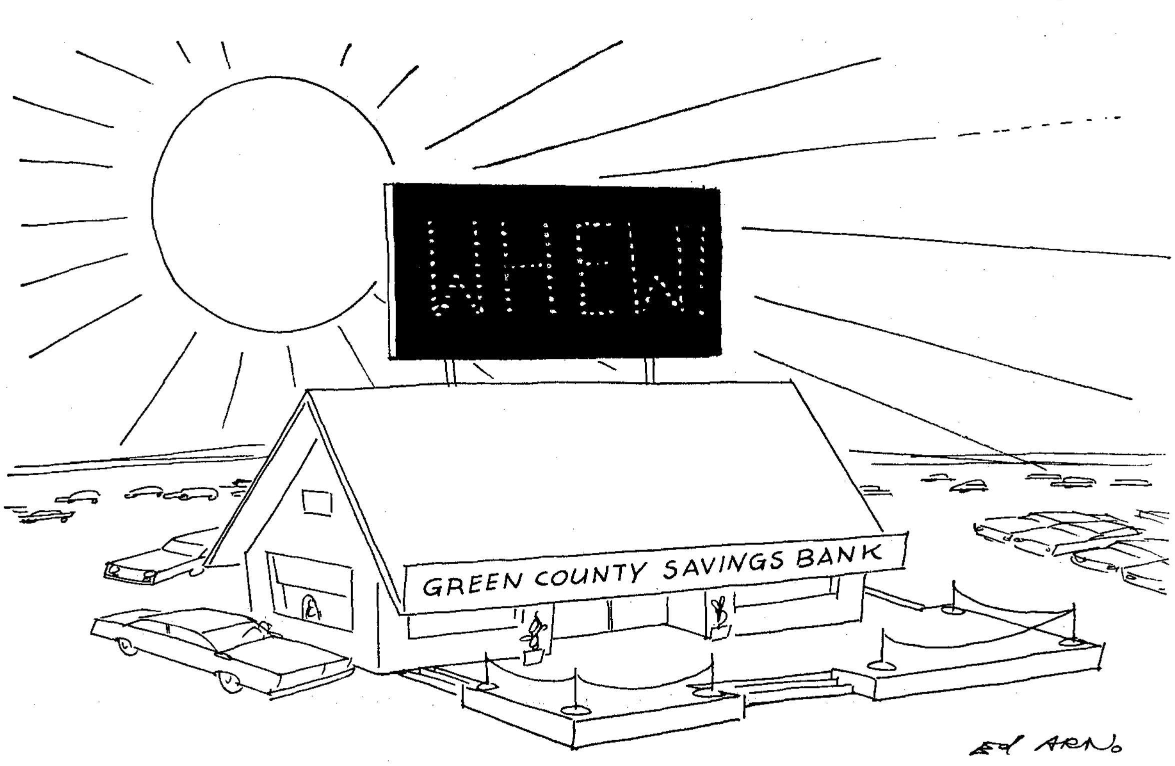
"Oh, you know about the races," the secretary said. "Come meet His Highness."

The secretary took Daddyji by the shoulder and led him to the Aga Khan, a kindly, genial-looking, heavily built man in his forties. His hand alone seemed so heavy that Daddyji thought that if just its weight was presented to him in gold by his poor followers it would eat up the life savings of dozens of them. (Mamaji, listening to this, wondered whether all the gold jewelry in her dowry would be equal to the weight of the Aga Khan's hand.)

"I was glad to see that Diophon won the Two Thousand Guineas," Daddyji said to the Aga Khan. "He is a beautiful horse. How many hands does he stand?"

The Aga Khan looked very much pleased. "You'll be interested to know that I am running Charley's Mount in the Cesarewitch in October," he said. "I'm sure it will be a one-horse race and Bolet Satan will win. Not surprisingly, the bookies are quoting hundred-to-one odds on Charley's Mount!"

Daddyji knew that Charley's Mount was a rank outsider, but he had intended to put two pounds on the horse,



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because if she won he could live for months on the two hundred pounds he would collect. But here was the Aga Khan, the horse's owner, saying that the Cesarewitch was a one-horse race. Daddyji decided to save his two pounds.

As it turned out, Charley's Mount won the race. Daddyji fingered the two pound notes in his pocket and rued the day that Manika had presented him to the Aga Khan. He felt, however, that he had learned the first lesson of gambling: one must have the courage to back one's hunches, or else one must forever stand on the sidelines and look longingly at the winners departing with their pockets full of gold.

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Weeks passed. Daddyji and a friend named Musafir were stopping in Deauville for a couple of nights on their way back to London from a short holiday in the South of France. They had heard that Deauville was famous for horse racing and gambling.

On the first evening, they looked into an elegant, brightly lit establishment. They stopped at a green table on which was a wheel with black and red numbers. The table was surrounded by people in evening dress but with the hungry expressions of Indian beggars. They were putting stacks of chips on various numbers. The man in charge of the table called out something in French and spun the wheel, and a white ball bounced into a numbered slot. The man called out "*Dix-sept*." Both Daddyji and Musafir took out all their cash—ten pounds each—and bought chips, which they put on the number eleven. In the Hindu numerology of the Punjab, three, seven, and eleven were lucky numbers. Some considered seven the luckiest number, in part because there were seven planets. Daddyji was one of seven children, but he had got his first job on the fourth. Seven and four made eleven.

The man again said something in French. Daddyji looked at him closely for the first time. He was swarthy, short, and tense—rather like a dacoit whose picture Daddyji had once seen in a newspaper after a train robbery in the Punjab, except that this fellow was wearing evening clothes. Suddenly, Daddyji wanted to take his chips back. But before he could make a move the Deauville dacoit had spun the wheel, called out "*Dix-huit*," reached over with a long rake, and begun raking all the chips to his end of the table. (As Mamaji listened to this story, the knitting needles dropped from her hands. She felt she had married a man who would mortgage her home and dowry for some foolish game with a dacoit.) Daddyji and Musafir walked out of the casino consoling each other that at least they had had the foresight to pay in advance for their hotel room and their return tickets to London.

Back at their hotel, they heard from the chambermaid that the next day all of Deauville was going to the races.

"How I wish we could stay for the races," Daddyji said after she had left. "If we could get hold of some money, we might be able to recoup our losses."

They tried to cash a check at the desk, but the concierge, without even looking at the check, shook his head sorrowfully and said, "*C'est impossible*."

As they paced up and down in front of the hotel, dispirited and hungry, Daddyji told Musafir how he had lost his chance to make money on Charley's Mount.

"Then you know His Highness the Aga Khan," Musafir said. "I just saw his picture in the newspaper. His horse won the race yesterday. He has a house here." He suggested that Daddyji go and see the Aga Khan and get him to cash the check.

At first, Daddyji wouldn't hear of the idea, but Musafir persisted. Daddyji calculated in his head that so far his handshake with Manika and his handshake and dozen words with the Aga Khan had cost him a hundred and ninety-eight pounds for listening to the Aga Khan and ten pounds more for his venture into the town where the Aga Khan was the ruling spirit. It seemed that the Aga Khan owed him something, and he decided that he would go to see him after all.

Daddyji arrived at the Aga Khan's house very early the next morning, so as not to miss him. He saw the Aga Khan through a low, closed gate, doing some fashionable Swedish exercises. The Aga Khan looked up, saw Daddyji, and called to his gateman to let the fellow in.

"Good morning," Daddyji said when he was a few feet from the Aga Khan, who didn't let up in his exercises. Daddyji didn't know how to go on.

But the Aga Khan looked at him encouragingly.

"We met in London, at the Ritz," Daddyji said. "And Charley's Mount won after all."

"But what do you want, and so early in the morning?" His Highness asked, breathing heavily and wiping sweat off his face with a large white towel.

"I want Your Highness's help in cashing a twenty-pound check," Daddyji said.

"Come back at ten o'clock, when my accountant is here."

"I'll wait," Daddyji said.

Daddyji watched the Aga Khan do his exercises, and once or twice, when he tried to do something impossible for a man of his weight, said rather cautiously, "Sir, if I may say so as a doctor, this movement may put a strain on your heart," or "Sir, that posture is not medically advisable."

When the accountant arrived, His Highness instructed him to cash Daddyji's check, and Daddyji went back to Musafir in the hotel room and lent him half the money.

In the afternoon, they went to the races. Musafir didn't bet, but Daddyji returned to the hotel eight pounds lighter. (As Mamaji waited up night after night until eleven or twelve for Daddyji to come home from the club and the card table, she would think of the Deauville dacoit and worry about Daddyji and about local dacoits coming to rob her. Sometimes, if she heard the door rattle without having heard the tires of his car on the gravel, she would sit up in bed and say boldly "Who's there?"—hoping to scare away the intruders. Then she would lie back in her bed and reflect that the man she had married was no less than an Aga Khan, and feel pleased that she was the wife of such a worldly man.) That night, Daddyji and Musafir took the boat train for England.

ONE winter morning in 1925, after Daddyji had returned to London from Deauville, he was sitting in the Indian Students' Hostel, on Gower Street, going over the notes of some research he had been doing, when the porter brought him a letter. It was from his old friend Basheshwar Nath Khanna, who was in London, at the Tudor Hotel, and who promised a surprise—as if there could be a surprise greater than his being in London. As Daddyji read the letter, he felt as though his friend had just walked into the room with his cricket bat and his perennial deck of cards. Like Daddyji, Basheshwar Nath was an addict of cricket and bridge; in fact, he had been captain of the cricket team in

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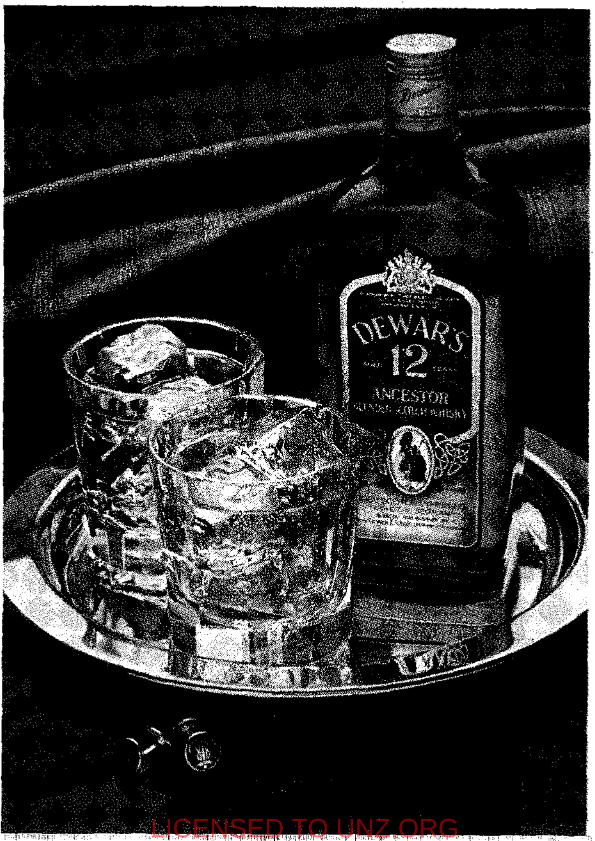

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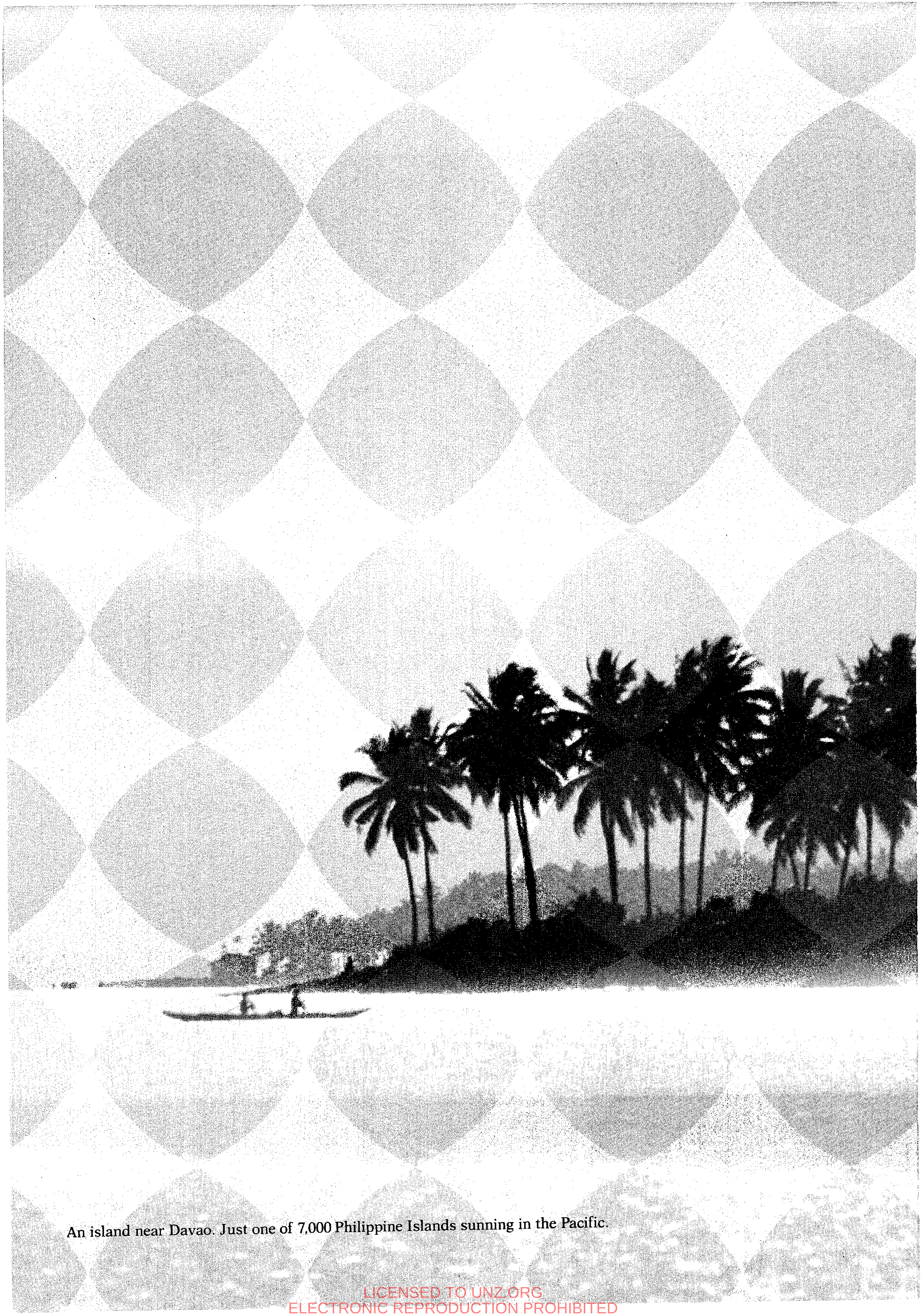
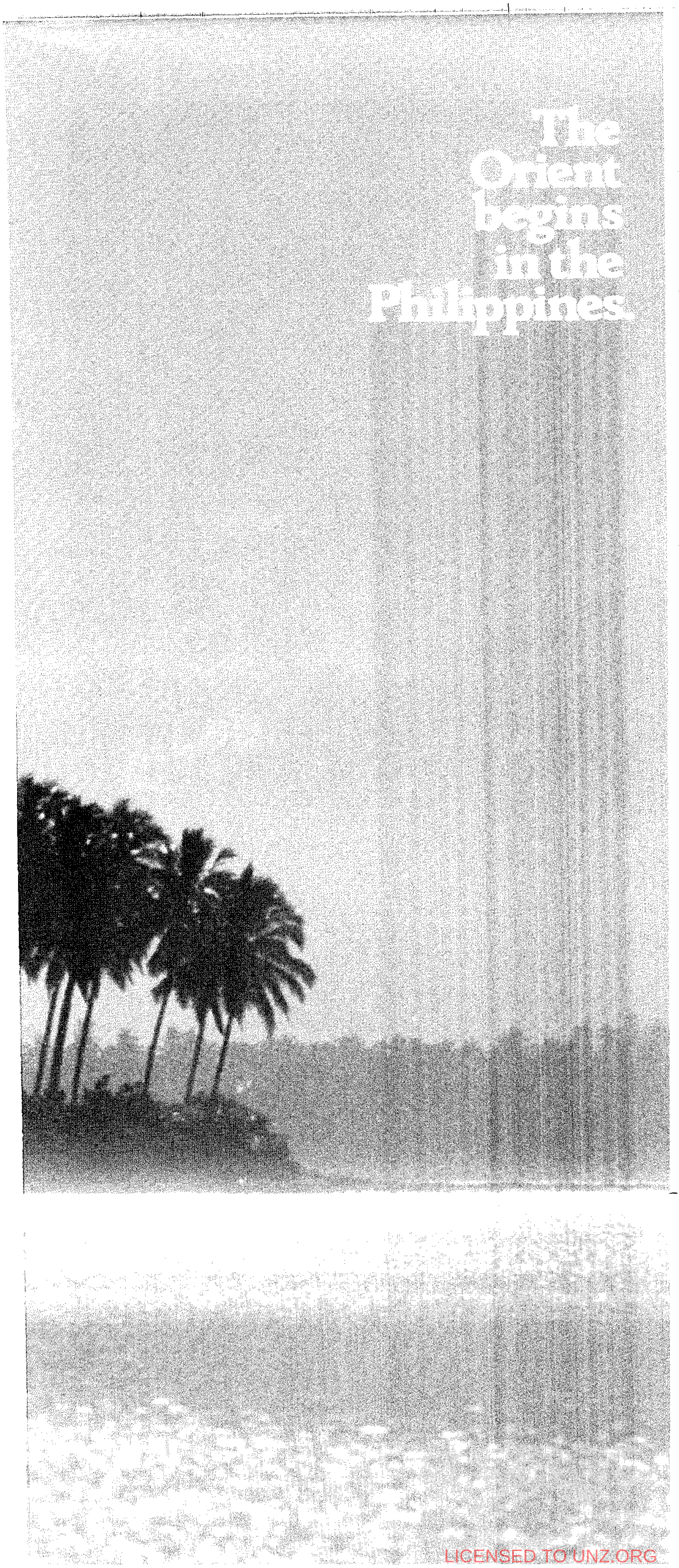


An island near Davao. Just one of 7,000 Philippine Islands sunning in the Pacific.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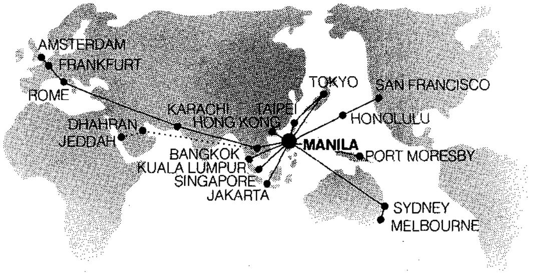
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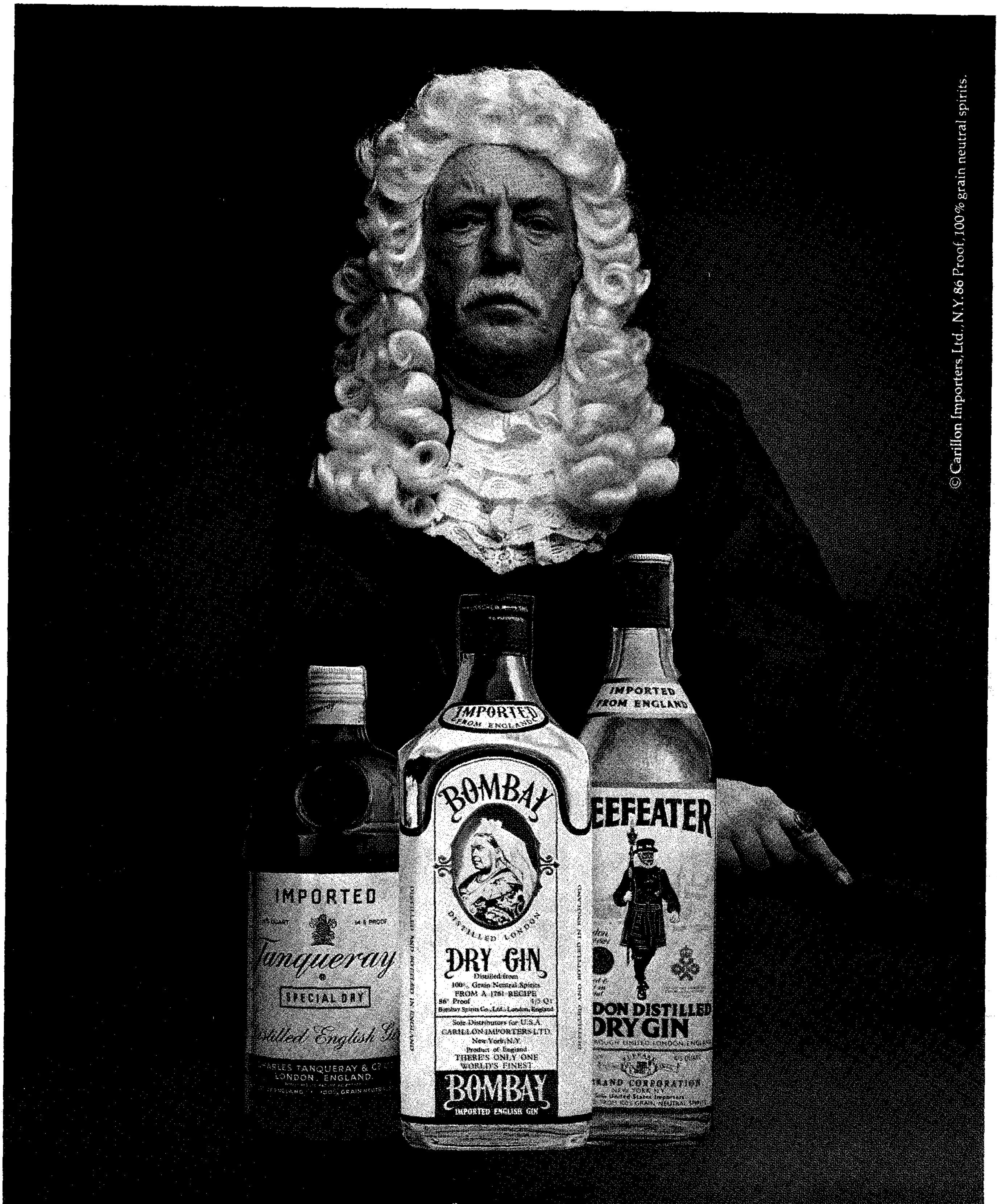
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To decide on one of the great imported English gins without sampling all three is like marrying the first man or woman who comes along. It might work out, but what might you have missed?

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But, rather than invest in an entire bottle, order your next drink made with Bombay.

Judge for yourself.

If you still prefer another, what have you lost? But if you favor Bombay, think what you might have lost.

Bombay
The gentle gin
One of the 3 great gins imported from England.

Lahore on which Daddyji was a batsman, and he had been a frequent partner of Daddyji's at the bridge table. Basheshwar Nath had made a lot of money in cotton speculation just after the First World War, and he had bought a house and a couple of acres of land on a fashionable road near Lawrence Gardens, in Lahore. He also had a place in Peshawar and a commodious bungalow up in the hills, in Murree. When Daddyji went to Murree, he would often stay with Basheshwar Nath, and whenever Basheshwar Nath came to Rawalpindi, Daddyji would try to repay Khanna's hospitality in his own small way by entertaining his friend at the Pindi Club, of which Daddyji had become one of the first Indian members. Though Basheshwar Nath was ten years Daddyji's senior and a widower with four small children to raise, the two had become close friends. Daddyji now telephoned his friend and arranged to have lunch with him at the hostel. Entering the lounge punctually at twelve-thirty, he saw Basheshwar Nath just coming through the front door. They embraced in the Indian style—a good strong hug with a lot of backslapping and inquiries about each other's health and well-being. "Tell, friend, what news?" Daddyji said, gently propelling Basheshwar Nath toward a sofa in one corner.

They must have sat talking for about half an hour before Daddyji remembered what Basheshwar Nath had said in his letter. "What's your surprise?" Daddyji asked. "Let's go in to lunch. You can tell me about it over some mulligatawny soup."

"I'm afraid, old man, I can't stay for lunch."

"Why not?"

"My wife is outside in a taxi," Basheshwar Nath said. "You see, I've remarried—"

"You're a fine fellow!" Daddyji broke in, jumping up and starting toward the door. "She will lunch with us. I'll see to it."

Basheshwar Nath put a restraining hand on his arm.

"Is she a Muslim?" Daddyji asked, taken aback. "Are you keeping her in purdah?"

"No, it's not that," Basheshwar Nath said. "When we left our hotel, we were both coming to lunch with you. I thought I would give you the surprise of your life, but on the way *she* gave *me* a surprise! I was checking your address, and she said to me, 'Is he the same Dr. Mehta who was municipal health officer at Rawalpindi?' I said yes, and she said, 'I don't want to see this friend of yours,' and became very quiet."

"How could someone I've never seen or met take exception to me?"

"She wouldn't explain," Basheshwar Nath said. "She just had a sad look on her face."

"Let me at least try to talk to her," Daddyji said.

A beautiful young Punjabi woman in starched pajama trousers and a loose coat, her head covered by an orange veil, was sitting stiffly in a taxi pulled up in Gower Street. Daddyji walked up to her and folded his hands and bowed respectfully in greeting. "Won't you please join us for a little lunch?"

"No, thank you," the young woman said curtly. "I'm not well. I've got a headache."

Daddyji felt challenged. "They serve very good Indian food here, and there are turmeric balls in yogurt on the menu today. I'm sure you can't resist that dish, or you are not a true Punjabi."

She shook her head emphatically.

"I didn't tell you, but she's in the family way," Basheshwar Nath whispered in Daddyji's ear. "I had really better take her back to the hotel."

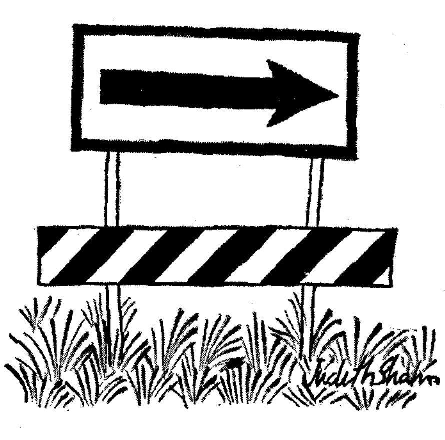
(When Mamaji heard this story, she was aghast that a Punjabi woman who was pregnant could be in England loafing about.)

"But then the yogurt dish is just the thing," Daddyji said.

To his astonishment, Mrs. Khanna thereupon got out of the car and came in for lunch.

Over the yogurt dish, she confided that she had had morning sickness and hadn't been able to eat anything all day, and that she was starving. But she did not explain why she had made such a fuss about lunching with him. Soon after lunch, the couple left.

The next morning, Basheshwar Nath rang Daddyji up and said he and his wife were eager to see the sights of London. Soon the three were sauntering down to Trafalgar Square and over to Piccadilly Circus. They took a taxi to the Natural History Museum, in Kensington, and from there a cab to Madame Tussaud's, where Mrs. Khanna was amused to discover that the English immortalized kings and robbers, the living and the dead alike. Daddyji showed her Napoleon. She took a step back.



"It's just wax, Mrs. Khanna," Daddyji said.

"Call her Sheila," Basheshwar Nath said.

"Yes, yes, please," she said.

Basheshwar Nath and Sheila asked Daddyji to come back to their hotel and have dinner with them in their room. Sheila didn't feel like eating much, so Daddyji ate most of her dinner. Sitting in their warm, comfortable hotel room and sharing Sheila's food made Daddyji feel somehow closer to them both—as if they were all members of a family sticking together in a foreign country. Yet now and again he could feel Sheila turning suddenly cold toward him.

The couple decided to prolong their stay in England and rented a house in Swiss Cottage. One day, Daddyji called on them there and found Sheila sitting on the lawn drying her hair. Daddyji discreetly tried to withdraw, but she saw him and, motioning toward a wicker chair next to her, called out, "He'll be back soon. Anyway, sit down. We're old friends."

She had long, thick black hair, which was loose and still quite wet. It glistened in the sun. Except for his mother and sister, Daddyji had seldom seen an Indian woman he knew with her head uncovered—certainly not with her hair loose and wet. And Sheila was so pretty. She was small—only about five feet tall. She had the healthy wheat-colored complexion of a Punjabi, and dimples appeared when she smiled. Though her voice was a little high-pitched and childlike, her manner was forthright and easygoing. It was the first time he had been alone with her, and he asked her why she had been so reluctant to meet him.

She started examining the ends of her hair. "Didn't you recognize me from Rawalpindi?"

"How could I recognize you when I had never met you?"

"Tell me, didn't you wear a salt-and-pepper worsted English suit in Rawalpindi?"

"It is a favorite of mine. It was tailored in Bond Street. Why do you ask?"

"Don't you know Dr. Sehgal, of Jullundur?"

"Of course, very well."

"Then don't you remember making

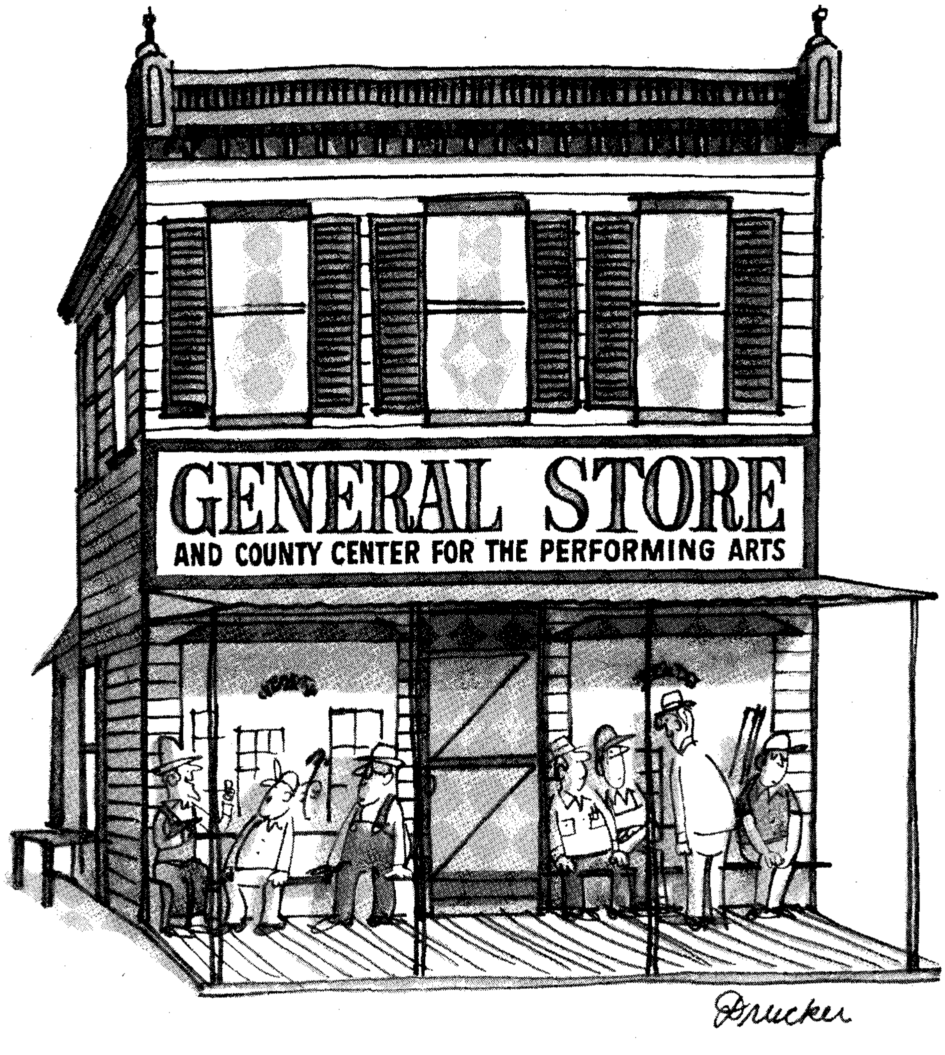
an appointment with Mr. Chopra in Rawalpindi to meet us all at the cinema?"

It finally dawned on him that she was Mrs. Sehgal's cousin, the girl he had been invited to see at the cinema.

She served him some Ceylon tea with biscuits and chocolate cake, pouring a little milk in the teacup before she poured the tea. For a moment, he permitted himself to wonder what sort of wife she would have made him.

BACK in India after two years abroad, Daddyji was playing tennis at the Engineering Club in Lahore one autumn day in 1925, and as he was leaving the court he was stopped by Bakshi Ram Rattan and Principal Sain Das, who (as he told Mamaji) were two of the oldest friends of the Mehta family. Bakshi Ram Rattan had been the principal of the Dayanand Anglo-Vedic (D.A.V.) School, where three of Daddyji's younger brothers had studied. Principal Sain Das had known Daddyji's paternal uncle Bhaji Ganga Ram from the time the two of them were students at D.A.V. College. Sain Das had gone on to become principal of D.A.V. College and had held that post for so long that "Principal" had come to seem part of his name. The two old family friends now told Daddyji that Durga Das Mehra, the famous advocate of Lahore, was interested in Daddyji for his eldest daughter, Shanti Devi, and that they had come with his formal proposal. They had known the Mehras almost as long and as well as they had known the Mehtas, they said, and they strongly urged the alliance. "We can't imagine a union of two better families," Bakshi Ram Rattan said.

Daddyji required just three things in a wife: that she be educated (that is, essentially, be fluent in English); that she be able to sing; and that she be pretty. Lately, he had been too busy with his work to give much thought to marriage. (That spring, there had been an outbreak of cholera in Kashmir, and Daddyji had been appointed health officer in Murree to keep the disease from spreading to the plains. And then, at the end of the summer, he had been posted to Montgomery, a place that was completely new to him.) Yet, because he was a gazetted, and therefore permanent, officer, twice England-returned, parents constantly sought him out as a prized piece of property that would guarantee lifelong security for their daughters. Principal Sain Das tapped his walking stick impatiently for Daddyji's answer, but Daddyji pleaded for time to consult his family about the proposal.


GENERAL STORE
AND COUNTY CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS
Drucker

Daddyji went home and told Bhabiji and his sister, Bibi Parmeshwari Devi, about the proposal, and then he went over and told Sheila. (She was back in Lahore and had a baby boy.) Within a few days, the three women got dressed in their best clothes and took a tonga to the Shahalmi Gate house to look the girl over and speak to Babuji. The door was opened for them by Mamaji herself. She said, a little abruptly, "Who are you? What brings you here?" (She thought they had come with a proposal for Bhagwan Das, and she assumed that tone because she fancied that matrimonial bargaining required it.) Bhabiji, Bibi Parmeshwari Devi, and Sheila pretended they hadn't heard her, because they didn't want to embarrass her by telling her that she was probably the girl they had come to see. Turning away, she said, almost to herself, as she led them to Babuji in the courtyard, "Coming to offer daughters and putting on airs."

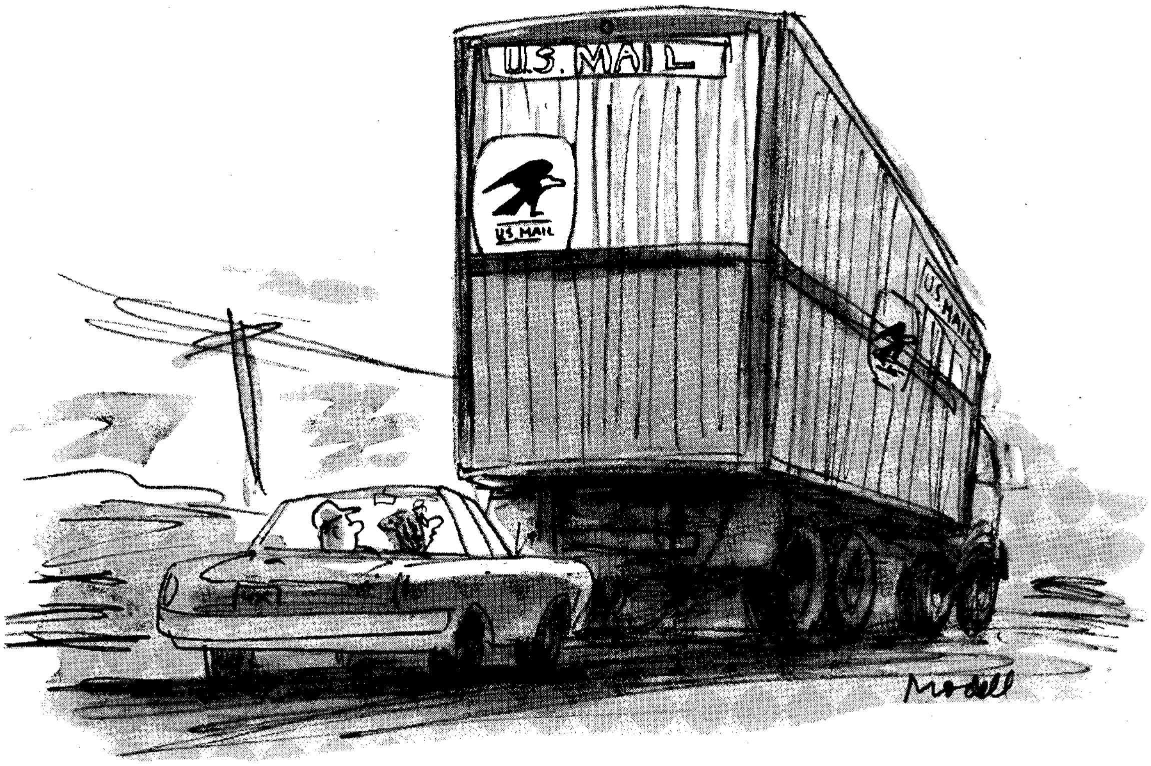
They glanced at each other, taking note that the girl had a sharp tongue. Bhabiji and Bibi Parmeshwari Devi, who were used to village reticence, were taken aback. But Sheila thought that the girl was spirited and had city manners. By the end of their meeting with Babuji, Bhabiji had given her consent. They went home with the engagement sealed and the date of the wedding fixed for the seventh of December—six weeks later.

Daddyji returned to Montgomery very happy. He didn't worry about the choice of the girl, even though one day, back in the Engineering Club in Lahore, he happened to meet Des Raj, who, like Bakshi Ram Rattan and Principal Sain Das, was an old family friend (he had been a neighbor of Lalaji's from the time the family lived near Phoos Kothi), and who was now working as a librarian in the Punjab High Court, where he had frequent business with Babuji—and who said, "I don't know about the daughter, but if you happen to see the father's face, you will have such bad luck that you won't be able to find food for the rest of the day." Daddyji shrugged off Des Raj's remark as the idle chatter of an envious man.

Marriage

THE morning after the wedding night, Mamaji, dressed in her *salma* suit, went to call on Bhabiji in her room.

Bhabiji greeted her new daughter-



"I wonder if there's a letter in there from the children."

• •

in-law by putting a gold chain around her neck and putting a sweetmeat in her mouth to sweeten it. "You have brought so many clothes in your dowry," Bhabiji said a bit later, sitting down at her spinning wheel. (She had been spinning cotton yarn when Mamaji came in.) "Maybe you can give the *salma* suit back to us. It will come in handy for my next daughter-in-law. There are four more daughters-in-law to come."

It happened that Daulat Ram, the brother next in age to Daddyji, had got married a few months before, ahead of his older brother; and his wife, Subhdran, was now standing in Bhabiji's room. She couldn't take her eyes off Mamaji, who was glittering from head to foot; Mamaji, for her first visit to her mother-in-law, had put on practically all her jewelry. "Maybe you can give back the gold bracelets, too," Subhdran said.

Mamaji immediately sent the *salma* suit back to Bhabiji, but she couldn't bring herself to part with the gold bracelets. If she did, she thought, the only token she would have left from her in-laws would be the gold chain that Bhabiji had put around her neck. Some time later, though, she did send the gold bracelets to Subhdran, and later still she sent the gold chain back to Bhabiji, in lieu of some of the money that Daddyji used to contribute monthly toward the upkeep of the family. Then Mamaji would often say to herself that the only token she had left from her in-laws was Daddyji.

WHEN Mamaji was a bride of just a week or so, Daddyji drove her in the Chevrolet to the Anarkali bazaar, gave her some rupees, and took her into a shop. Although she was over seventeen, she had never seen the inside of a shop. When she had needed shoes or clothes, the *munshi* had brought to the house a suitcase full of sandals and high-heeled shoes, or saris and borders, and she had tried them on in the privacy of the *chaubara* and kept whatever she wanted. The *munshi* had packed up the rest in the suitcase and returned them. The haggling and payment had been left to the *munshi*, to Babuji, or to Bulaki Ram.

Now, in the shop, a strange man took hold of her foot and looked at it. He traced its outline on a piece of coarse brown paper, and then brought out shoe after shoe, sandal after sandal, and tried them on her.

"How do they feel?" Daddyji asked at one point.

She stared first at one foot, in an unfamiliar new walking shoe, plain, black, and ungainly, and then at the other foot, in a delicate new gold sandal. She said she liked the sandal very much but she was uncertain about the walking shoe.

Daddyji commanded the stranger to put the second walking shoe on her, and then he made her walk, clapping encouragement.

Mamaji stumbled around the shop, and they both laughed over the way she walked in those shoes. She bought the sandals, and he insisted that she buy the walking shoes, too.

By the end of the morning, with Daddyji prompting her, she had also bought two plain, workaday cotton saris, two plain, workaday woollen shawls, and a purse for her rupees.

She thought she was going to enjoy being married.

THE first time that Mamaji and Daddyji dined out after their marriage, it was with Basheshwar Nath and Sheila, at their house near Lawrence Gardens. Mamaji felt a little like the Punjabi rustic in her school skit who had arrived at the governor's house. All around her were bold, bright lights, mirrors, and shimmering curtains. There was no place to hide or retreat. And the men and the women, who did not belong to the same family, were in one room—the women sitting down, and the men milling about like kites flying above the rooftops of Shahalmi Gate.

After a while, Daddyji put his arm around her and escorted her into a whole room devoted to eating. She couldn't take her eyes off the table. The china was soft white with blue, green, and gold flowers painted on it, as if on a sari. The cutlery looked like many silver rupees laid end to end. And the water glasses threw rainbows on the tablecloth. All the guests sat down at a single table, and they ate as dexterously with the cutlery as with their fingers, and handled the china and glasses as if they were brass.

Mamaji watched Daddyji across the table and tried to eat with the cutlery as he did, all the while holding down a cough that kept rising in her chest. She had started sneezing in the December chill under the wedding canopy, and the sneezing had developed into a cough and a cold.

After dinner, when Sheila saw Mamaji coughing, she handed her a glass of golden liquid. It looked like thin honey but had an off-putting strong smell, like a cough mixture.

"It's medicine. Drink it up," Sheila said, patting her on the back.

Mamaji held her breath and gulped it down.

Daddyji, a confirmed teetotaller, saw this from a distance. He rushed over and caught her by the shoulder, and said, "Hardly a week-old bride and you are already drinking brandy! Do you want to become a drunkard?"

She fainted.

MONTGOMERY was a barren town—a sort of desert station, in the most arid part of the Punjab plain. Named after Sir Robert Montgomery, who was the lieutenant governor of the Punjab when the station was established, in 1865, it was essentially an administrative outpost. No one had a good word to say for it. The authoritative *Imperial Gazetteer* described it as "almost unequalled for dust, heat, and general dreariness." The station was situated on a tract between the River Ravi and the River Sutlej, and the British had recently started work on a network of canals to irrigate the region. When Mamaji arrived there, as a bride of a few weeks, Montgomery seemed to her to be a foreign country.

In Montgomery, Daddyji was provided with a commodious government bungalow of brick, with its own compound, beside a canal. It had once served as a dak bungalow (a house for travellers at a postal station), and travelling officers must have held court there, sitting in capacious wood-and-cane armchairs and dispensing justice, favors, and cold water to all comers. The bungalow had a wide veranda along all four sides, and it had particularly large rooms, large windows, and high ceilings.

All around the compound was open, empty space, with neither a wall nor a gate, neither a neighbor nor a friend. There were no hawkers or peddlers shouting up from the street; indeed, there was no street, no *gulli*, no staircase. From inside the house, one stepped onto the veranda as if into a public garden. Pigeons and doves were constantly flying in and out of the veranda as if they couldn't tell the difference between outside and inside. The house really seemed to have no walls, and reminded Mamaji of her wedding canopy; when she was standing inside the bungalow, she often felt as if she were standing outside. The silence of the compound—especially in the dark, when the birds were asleep—hummed in her ears like the "sha-ah-ahn, sha-ah-ahn" in a conch that a schoolmate had once held against her ear.

Now and again, a cloud would seem to fall on the horizon, and a dust storm would rise up and rush toward her. If she bolted the windows and doors against it, it would rattle and shake them, and sometimes it would fling them open, sweeping through the house as if it would carry her and the house along with it.

ONE of their first days in Montgomery, Daddyji asked Mamaji to bring out the harmonium and sing. She looked at his expectant face and thought that he wanted to test her voice to find out whether it was worth training. She sat down on the floor and timidly pulled the harmonium toward her. She pumped the bellows as he looked encouragingly at her from an armchair, but, having never been trained in music, she did not know what to do next, so the only sound she was able to produce on the instrument was the hissing of air being forced out between the unpressed keys.

He said from the armchair, "Why aren't you playing the notes? Why aren't you singing? What is there to be shy about?"

She pressed down one key and made a brave attempt at singing, but felt short of breath and stopped.

It was obvious that she knew no music. For some days afterward, he tried to teach her, but it became clear that she had no aptitude. At last, in a fit of impatience, he kicked the harmonium aside. (In later years, the incident was so embellished in the retelling that in one version he flung the harmonium—a substantial instrument, weighing perhaps thirty pounds—right across the room, making it crash against the wall, and in another version it sailed through a glass window.)

She was frightened, yet relieved. Well, she thought, if he doesn't think I have a voice worth training, that's all right; if he doesn't want me to learn music, I certainly don't want to. She wouldn't have been surprised to receive a good thrashing on the spot. She felt that it would help exorcise the demon that all men had inside them. But he did nothing—just looked angry.

Daddyji had discovered on their wedding night that Mamaji was more or less uneducated, that she knew only Mrs. Humphrey's English. He had consoled himself with the thought that though she might not be able to talk to his European friends in good English, she would at least be able to entertain them with authentic classical Indian music, for he had assumed that, like most daughters of well-to-do Lahoris, she had had music lessons. "How I had looked forward to my house being filled with the sweet sounds of your songs!" he now said sadly. "I never thought I would be disappointed in my wife."

She recalled that one of her school friends had been returned to her parents the morning after her marriage because when the husband's sister and mother examined the bed sheet they hadn't found any blood on it. She feared that she might meet a similar fate, even though her fault was only that she couldn't sing.

"Do with me what you like," she said, "but don't turn me out, don't send me back to Babuji." She started sobbing.

Daddyji patted her. "What is there to be frightened of? This is your house as much as mine."

"No, you are the provider," she sobbed. "What are wives? They are like shoes. A man slips out of one and into another. I've heard that all the Mehtas are headstrong people. I've heard that you all get possessed by *bhoots* [demons] and become unmanageable."

"What nonsense you talk," he said. "It's Shahalmi Gate nonsense. You talk like a *shehran* [city woman]. I was born in a village. We *paindus* [villagers] don't think like that. You *shehrans* show the effects of your inbreeding."

Mamaji remembered now, as she often did, Tirath Ram's first wife; she could see the woman's face and hear her words. Tirath Ram was Babuji's colleague and neighbor—their houses had a common wall. He was a rich advocate, and yet after he had cast off his first wife to take a second one he would give the first wife only a *guzara* (pittance)—just a few rupees to ward off destitution. Even so, she would have to come and beg him for it. Every month, the poor woman would have to wait to get her *guzara;* she would often sit and wait with the women at Babuji's house, her face swollen with tears. "You know what a huge amount of money he makes," she would cry, "and yet he gives his poor wife only six rupees a month for bread and water, for clothes and washing, for kerosene to put in the lamps. For six rupees you can't even keep a cow in hay!"

"Sister, you were born unlucky," the women would say. "Unlucky women deserve nothing good, but that doesn't stop their tears."

Mamaji could never forget that *she* was born unlucky.

Daddyji took her in his arms and gently rocked her back and forth.

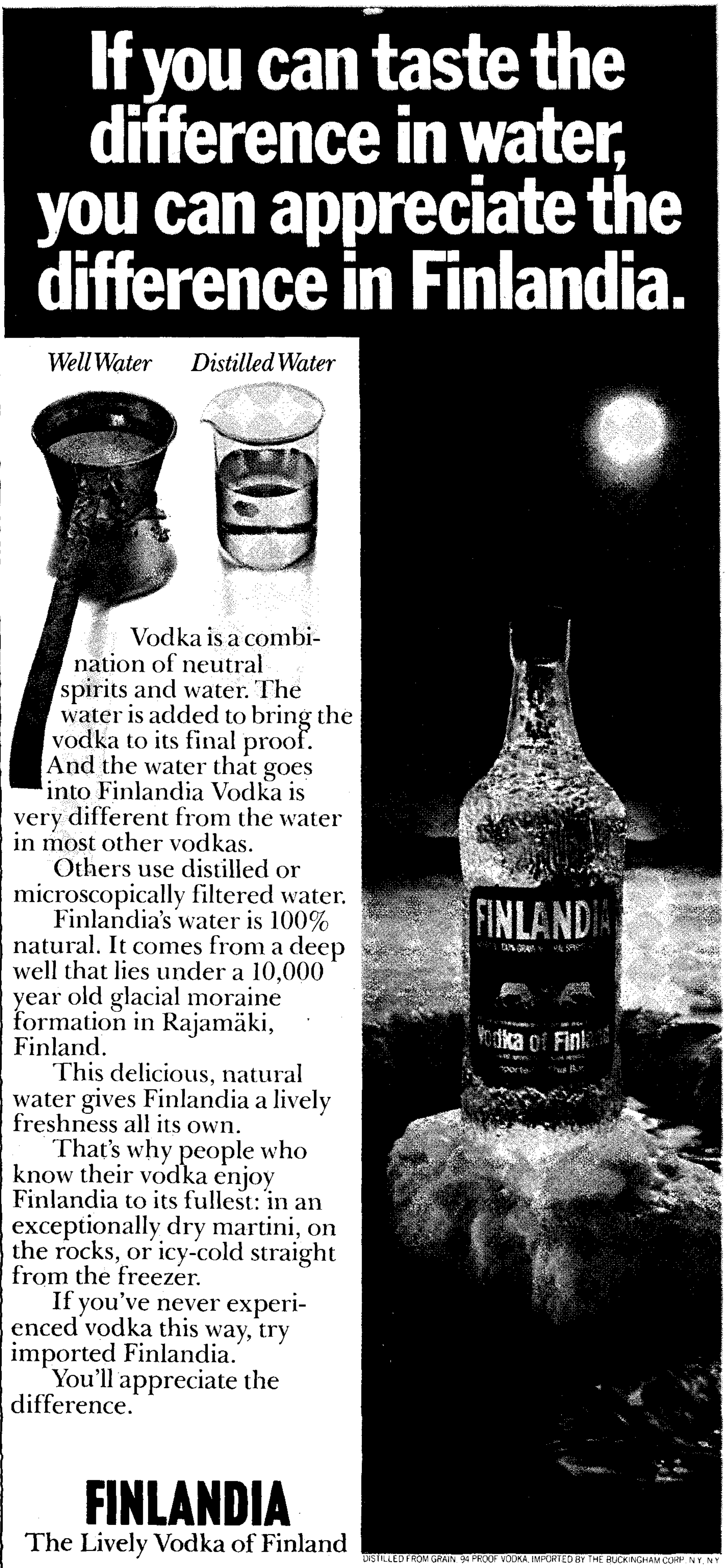
DADDYJI would often mention his regret that Mamaji's education had stopped with the fifth standard—that she hadn't gone to college. She would bow her head and say that she couldn't count herself among either the lettered or the unlettered. He could do with her what he liked, she would say, but she begged him, with her forehead on his feet, not to send her back to Babuji. She had been told from childhood, "Remember, when a Hindu girl gets married, she must die in her husband's house."

He would rail against Babuji for hypocrisy as an Arya Samajist who was an educationist with strangers' daughters but an orthodox reactionary with his own. "What about Lala Duni Chand?" he cried one night when they were in bed. "He's a neighbor of Babuji's and a barrister! He sent his daughter to a convent school and to college! If he could appreciate the importance of an education in English, why couldn't Babuji?" He added despairingly, "And so recently I was calling Babuji 'Father'!"

She cowered under the sheet, trying to take as little space in the bed as she could. In her mind, she was saying, "I didn't study. I failed. It was my fault. You studied. You are a doctor-sahib. What has my father to do with it? What has your father to do with it?" But the tongue in her mouth was numb—as if, with all her other faults, she must now also be mute.

He looked at her childlike face, which was quivering with tension. She was swallowing hard, trying not to cry. His face softened. "I'm sorry—I shouldn't have talked to you angrily," he said. "I put my foot on the stone, and there is no going back." He assured her that their feet were joined on the stone until death, and that Mrs. Humphrey's English was good enough for him.

MAMAJI and Daddyji had been married only a few weeks, and they were in Lahore on a short vis-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it. Over dinner, Babuji said to Daddyji, "Bhagwan Das lacks self-confidence. He needs to get out of this house and prove himself. Can you help him to get a start in the District Court in Montgomery? I got my start in the District Court here in Lahore."

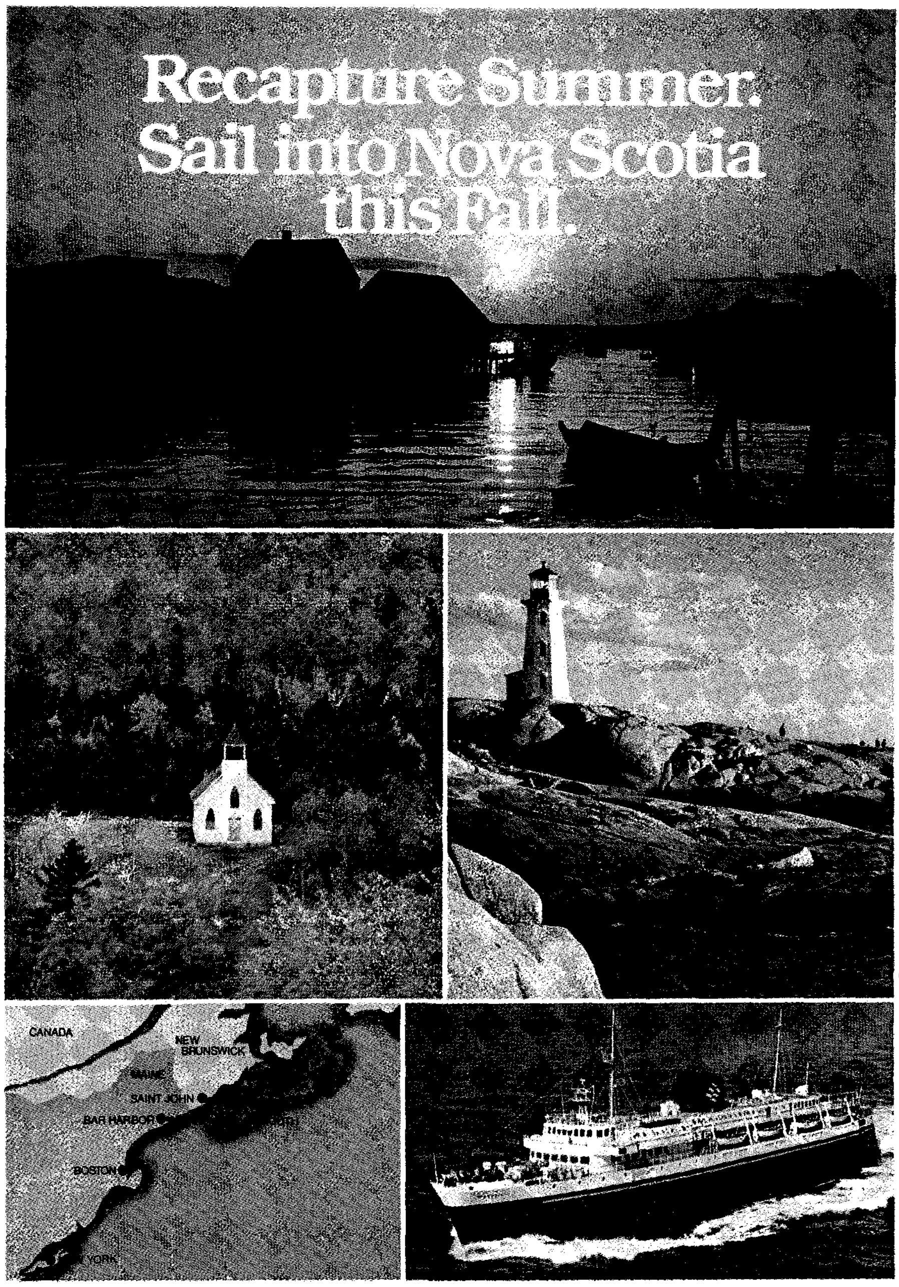
Mamaji had looked forward to her marriage as a means of escaping Bhagwan Das, and now, sitting between Babuji and Daddyji at dinner, she was sure that Bhagwan Das would soon be following her into her new home. But she felt she could say nothing about it. "A practice for my brother-in-law is no problem," Daddyji was saying. "All the magistrates in Montgomery are my friends."

In Montgomery, Daddyji took Bhagwan Das first to his friend Vidyadhar and then to his friend Balwant Singh; both of them were magistrates, and they immediately promised Bhagwan Das their help.

Bhagwan Das had been in Montgomery scarcely three days when Mamaji handed Daddyji a letter that she had folded and refolded many times. The letter was from Mataji. "What are you doing?" she had written to Mamaji. "You've taken him into your house, and this will lead to a great disturbance. You are a married woman—don't let him touch your happiness."

Daddyji demanded to know everything—what Mataji was talking about, how Mamaji's own brother could touch their happiness. He learned for the first time that Bhagwan Das was not her full brother but her half brother, and that Mamaji, though eight years younger than Bhagwan Das, was closest in age to him. She explained how he had lost his mother, his brother, and his sister, how he would beg for pity and sympathy, and how she and Mataji nevertheless hated to be in the house with him, because he terrorized them. She recalled how he would often follow her up to the roof and bar her way down the stairs, confiding in her even as he yanked her braid. She said that she couldn't run to Babuji, because of her *hauwa* of him, and that she couldn't count on her mother or her grandmother to protect her, because neither had had any *pichhchha*, or backing, since her grandmother was left a widow.

The more Daddyji learned about her past, the angrier he grew, at one point attributing Bhagwan Das's antics to the degrading *gulli* ways of the city. "In the village, even the touching of hands between full brothers and sisters was not permitted," he told her.



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"*Paindus* believe that girl and boy together are like ghi and fire."

"Among the *shehris*, men and women sometimes embrace when they meet," Mamaji said meekly.

"Yes, and in the West they kiss each other," Daddyji said angrily. "But for us Hindus a simple '*Namaste*' ["I greet you in the name of God"] from a distance is best."

The next day, Daddyji came home and saw Bhagwan Das barring Mamaji's way to the veranda. Daddyji came up behind Bhagwan Das, put his strong tennis arm around the young man's neck, and pulled him out of the doorway. He ordered him to pack up, stood over him as he gathered his few things together, and marched him to the railway station.

For many days afterward, Mamaji feared that Bhagwan Das would wreak vengeance on her. But Daddyji told her that she now had *pichhchha*, and had nothing to fear.

After the Montgomery incident, Daddyji didn't see much of Bhagwan Das, who got married that April and, thanks to Babuji's friendship with the Chief Justice, Sir Shadi Lal, was soon appointed a sub-judge in Lahore.

ONCE, while Daddyji was lying back in bed propped up on two pillows and Mamaji was at the dressing table fidgeting with a heart-shaped silver flask of kohl, he said suddenly that he hadn't known what tragedy was until the death of Lalaji.

How different he was from her, she thought. She couldn't remember a year when she hadn't seen someone—often a brother or a sister—committed to water or fire, the body, in her imagination, staring at her from river or pyre as if she were to blame in some way; she couldn't remember a year when she hadn't sat with Mataji and the other women up in the *chaubara* surreptitiously mourning the one who had died—crying softly and beating her breast quietly, fearful of being found out by Babuji and the Arya Samaj. Whenever she happened to see a child climbing up onto a table or sucking a sweet, she would think of her baby brother Pali, who had stuffed his mouth with chocolate-covered quinine tablets and had died while she and Mataji were holding him.

Since the wedding, Mamaji and Daddyji had formed certain theories about each other's background and family. He would tell her that the Mehras were submissive and resigned—why should they be so frightened of life and prone to nervousness? (In later years, he would joke that no sooner was one of the Mehra boys required to sit for an examination than he would come down with a stomach ache.) He insisted that even Babuji's rigidity was an attempt to hide nervousness.

Although she didn't say so, she felt that the Mehtas all boasted a lot. To hear him talk, they were always captains and never players, always the kind of people who got what they wanted, even if they had to cross oceans for it. He never seemed to tire of quoting Lalaji's favorite saying: "If you shoot an arrow to the sky, it will at least clear the top of the trees."

He would say, "The difference between the Mehras and the Mehtas is really the difference between most *shehris* and most *paindus*." He would point out that the Mehtas, in spite of having left the village, had retained the easygoing but proud natures and rustic values associated with *paindus*, but the Mehras, in spite of having left the old city, had retained the brooding nature and shifting values associated with *shehris*. "There is a choice of just two ways to approach life—fight or flight," he would say. "We Mehtas stay and fight. You Mehras take flight."

He would often talk about his early childhood in the village, describing the fresh air, the beehives, the animals, and telling her how he would cut down a tree early in the morning, when the dew was still on the ground, and drag a branch home to his father's mud hut, later to chop it up for firewood or fashion it into a hockey stick. He had liked the freedom of running about and thinking up simple games and simple sports. He and his brothers would climb acacia trees and get pricked by the thorns. The moment it rained, they would run out into the field in just their drawers. To him, there was something exciting about the very precariousness of village existence: one would start praying for the monsoon rains a year ahead, and when the rains came they would be either too early or too late, too much or too little. Everyone was always looking up at the sky and saying, "Brother, if there are good rains this year, there will be a good harvest and we will all eat well." It was like gambling with the gods. Once the crop matured, in March and April, everyone would begin praying for continuous sunshine. Daddyji would say that in the city even the sky was divided up by rooftops. But all around the village there were only endless fields and open sky. He had grown up thinking that only the sky was the limit to his wishes and desires. He said that most *shehris* were out to get what they could for themselves, without giving a thought to the community, and so there were people without homes or food. Most *paindus*, by contrast, had to look out for each other, because they were like a family, each doing something that the others could not get along without, and each having his own function and his own place.

Listening to him, she felt he was a dreamer who ignored what was under his nose to look at something in the far distance. He talked as if the only people who starved lived in the *gullis*, when she knew perfectly well that it was starving villagers who came to the *gullis* for food. Besides, he had grown up in a mud hut, but she had grown up in a house with a courtyard and a staircase. And she was a Dha-ee-ghar. As she was handed into the victoria on her wedding day, a woman had muttered to herself, just loud enough for Mamaji to hear, "A brick of a tower has been put in the drain." Indeed, for centuries the Dha-ee-ghars had been the most exclusive of the Lahori Kshatriya subcastes, living mostly in the ancient cities and marrying mostly among their four family groups. (The family names had certain variations; for instance, some Mehras called themselves Mehrotra, others Malhotra, and so on.) Lately, however, because of Arya Samaj and economic pressures, they had been forced to marry into less exclusive Kshatriya subcastes, from the villages—like the Bunjahis ("Fifty-two Houses"), a subcaste consisting of a hundred family groups, the Mehtas among them. The woman's dark tower-and-drain remark had made Mamaji feel that perhaps she was marrying beneath her.

When he learned that she had been so terrified by getting her first monthly period at school, because she didn't know anything about sex—as a child, she had believed that babies arrived in a trunk on the midwife's back—he told her that in the village every child grew up seeing dogs mounting bitches. He himself had led Lalaji's cow to a neighboring village for mating with a prized bull, and had ridden Lalaji's mare to a stud. When he was barely six years old, he had stood by as a calf was dropped, and had picked up an egg and held it in his hand as a chick pecked its way out.

She was not impressed. That was just the way men talked. Whatever he said, she felt she would rather have the life of her mother than that of his, for she could never forget what he had told her about Bhabiji: that whenever he thought of her he saw her—as he did every day of his childhood—bent over a smoking coal fire, taking deep breaths and blowing on it, her cheeks flushed from the strain. It made Bhabiji cough and rub her eyes, yet she was so used to blowing on the fire to keep it going that even when a bamboo fan was put in her hand she would rather trust to her breath than to her arm, which in any case was tired from lifting caldrons of food or stirring lentils. He would join Bhabiji at the fire, adding his breath to hers, coughing, his eyes smarting. He remembered telling Bhabiji that when he had a wife he was going to get her a big bellows—the kind he had seen blacksmiths use—or else go without food.

Daddyji said that Mamaji, as a *shehran*, had lived a compartmentalized life and dwelt on people's social positions and on caste distinctions. Her view of the world—through no fault of her own—stopped at the next wall, or, at most, the next *gulli*. She didn't even know whether potatoes grew in the ground or on trees. People were shut in and everything was cooked and overcooked, yet there was sickness—no wonder people were constantly preoccupied with their digestion and with home remedies. Children were forever being told, "Don't go out—you'll be run over by a tonga or a bicycle." They grew up afraid of life. Most *shehris* were always thinking of money, saving it up, hoarding it, using it to build things. They kept shop, so they knew exactly what one paid for one's merchandise, and what one could expect to get for it. They could even get along without women, for there were shops where one could eat. That was why Mamaji felt that a woman was a shoe that a man could wear and discard.

But she thought that Daddyji didn't know her side of it. He was such a simple villager that he hadn't even known for the first couple of months of his marriage that Babuji was a *dohaju*.

WHEN Mamaji had been married only two months, she started worrying about being sterile. Daddyji took her to a hospital in Lahore, to consult an eminent woman doctor. "Your wife has an infantile uterus," the doctor said, in Mamaji's presence, and added something in technical language she couldn't understand. Suddenly, everything went dark for her. When she opened her eyes, her teeth were clenched and she couldn't open her mouth. Daddyji was sitting by her, massaging her temples with his enveloping hand.

"Sometimes a classmate of mine used to faint," he was saying softly. "If you massaged here"—he pressed on her brow—"he would recover. Do you feel pain there? You see how you took a deep breath? That clears your head. You see, your supraorbital nerve is here." He pressed on her brow again. As he pressed, her jaw relaxed. He gave her some water.

"Women are like shoes," she sobbed.

"What rubbish you talk," he said. "For us Arya Samajists, women are goddesses and an integral part of us. Look at my uncle Bhaji Ganga Ram. You know that his wife, Chhoti Bhabiji, is childless—she's had thirteen miscarriages—but has she been turned out, has she been shown the door?"

He might be able to bring her out of her hysterical fit, but there was no bringing her tears under control. Her weeping finally stopped only after he had taken her to a second gynecologist, who said that all her condition required was some knee-elbow exercises. Even so, she didn't go back with Daddyji to Montgomery that day or that week. She spent days in the *chaubara* with Mataji, who would massage the area around her navel for hours at a time, and feed her *suji halwah*, in order to align something she called the "childbearing nerve" with the navel. The childbearing nerve was elusive. Sometimes it seemed to be on the left, sometimes on the right. In any case, it was hard to feel. Mother and daughter worked on it until, one morning, Mataji announced that the childbearing nerve was finally in place and Mamaji should go home to her husband.

Within the next two months, Mamaji conceived. She had never been happier. (Twenty-five years later, Mamaji's third daughter, Urmila, had trouble conceiving, and Mamaji tried Mataji's cure on her, with equally good results.)

SHE wanted to cook for him, but in Montgomery the kitchen was a separate building, some distance from the bungalow and near the servants' quarters. Anyway, he had a cook and a bearer, and they considered her mere appearance at the kitchen door a reprimand. For them she was the "memsahib," whose place was inside the house and whose only function was to give orders. One or the other of them made it a point to be within earshot night and day. She wanted to wash his clothes, but there was a resident *dhobi* (washerman). One day, she started rewashing his sleeping suit in sweet-smelling Sunlight soap. He saw her and said, laughing, "If you wash clothes, the *dhobi* will die of hunger." So, once she had adjusted to the place, she mostly ate and slept and went on long walks with him—in her walking shoes—along the canal, each time as incredulous as she had been when she was first told that the canal was not God's creation but something the British had thought up and brought there.

One day, she went out for a walk with the wife of his friend Vidyadhar. As she and Mrs. Vidyadhar were strolling back toward the house, plucking marigolds along the way and sticking them in each other's hair, she was stunned to see him standing on the veranda, looking at her as if a *bhoot* had got inside him. She had been reaching up to make sure the flower behind her ear was in place, and her hand stopped in midair. Before she knew it, Mrs. Vidyadhar had slipped away, and he had come down the steps and was standing over her. He looked at her so severely that her earring fell off. (The earring may not have been fastened properly, or she may have loosened it while she was arranging flowers in her hair, but she felt certain that his look had yanked it off her ear.) "Why weren't you here to receive me?" he demanded. "I've been here half an hour, and, for all I knew, you might have fallen into the canal or been run over by a lorry. I just sent the bearer on a bicycle to look for you!"

He had not been expected for another hour. He had told her to be independent, to make friends, to get fresh air. He was always telling her not to be so housebound, not to be so timid. But she said nothing in her own defense, simply waited patiently for his rage to spend itself—as she knew it soon would—reflecting that he wanted her to be independent as long as she stayed by his side.

It seemed to her that he didn't want to let her out of his sight. If he went on tours of inspection, he took her along in the car, at first having her hold the steering wheel while he worked the pedals, then having her sit behind the wheel. Rolling along the road with her hands on the wheel, she would feel self-confident, but when the time came to stop the car she would get flustered, and he would have to throw his leg over hers and slam down the brake. If he went to the club to play tennis, as he did practically every day, he would sit her down in a chair next to the court and would keep coming over to her to explain the game. If he stayed on at the club—or went to a friend's house—to play bridge, as he often did, she would wait for him with the other wives, many of whom were older and treated her like the group's mascot.

Sometimes, he would go to the club alone at four o'clock, play some tennis, and then settle down to a game of cards. He would come home late, and she would heat up his dinner for him and listen to him tell about his winnings and losses, his good hands and silly mistakes. She would listen to him with complete concentration, liking the fact that he couldn't keep anything to himself—in the Punjabi idiom, "in his stomach"—when *she* could keep the sorrows of the whole world inside her. She thought that perhaps it was because he was afraid of nothing that he never worried about saying anything to anyone, while she was always afraid of consequences if she didn't keep everything to herself.

SHE loved to eat, especially *maltas* (oranges)—pulpy but juicy, red, and sweet. Sometimes they would go over to the place of a friend who was famous for growing *maltas*. They would walk around his groves, testing oranges from each of the trees, and when they found a tree whose oranges they particularly liked, Daddyji would pay the gardener five rupees and ask him to give them two or three dozen oranges from that particular tree. As they waited for the gardener to pick the fruit, they would sit under a tree, and Daddyji would sing to Mamaji a

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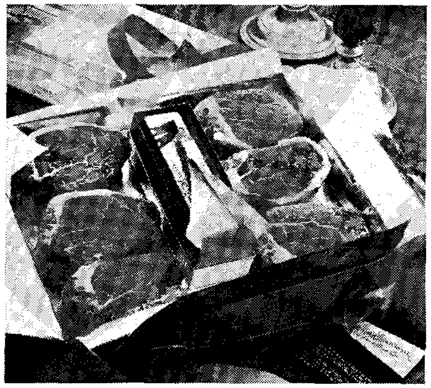

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childhood song, in a voice that was little more trained than hers:

> Take the wisdom from the Tree,
>   O man,
> Take the wisdom from the Tree,
>   O man.
>
> Whoever throws a stone at you
> Give him fruit, O man.
> Take the wisdom from the Tree.
>
> Summer or winter,
> Whatever the hardships, endure.
> Never cry in woe.
> Take the wisdom from the Tree.

When they got home, he would cut the oranges open with his Rodgers Sheffield pocketknife—"made in England"—and watch her suck them while he ate with her, until most of the oranges were gone.

ONCE, in exasperation, he cried, "Whatever I say, you just say yes!" He must have immediately repented of his outburst, because he then tried to make a joke of his remark, touching her hair and saying, "If it is nightfall and I say, 'The day is risen outside,' you are to say, 'Yes, the day is risen and the sun is shining.' "

"Yes, sir!" she said, in English, with a laugh.

In the beginning, she had felt that everything he said and did was right, and that everything she said and did was wrong. To an extent, she still felt that, and, indeed, never contradicted him. In front of him, she was as submissive as Mataji was in front of Babuji, but when he was out of the house (when, as she thought of it, his back was turned), she would rush about the house self-importantly, issuing orders to the servants, and would pray to the gods to protect her from his anger even while she was sabotaging him in little ways: spending only four rupees for vegetables and fruit when he had given her five, and hiding the extra rupee for the day when she was turned out of the house, like Tirath Ram's first wife.

Once, Daddyji happened to return home unexpectedly from the office for a file he had forgotten. He caught Mamaji sitting on the bed cradling a clay idol of Durga Mata and singing to it. He could hardly have heard more than a few notes, because she stopped her singing the moment she saw him; even so, he looked at her sadly. "Such superstitions don't become you," he said. "You're the daughter of an Arya Samajist and the wife of an Arya Samajist."

After that, she kept her prayers private, like the secrets of the *chaubara*. At the same time, she redoubled her efforts to become a student of his moods. She extracted information about him from her in-laws. She discovered that what he called her "vein of superstition" had in fact been the lifeblood of his own family, and after this she would now and again quietly remind him that as children Lalaji and his brother Haru Ram, and Bhabiji and her brother Gulab Mal, too, had all worn heavy gold hoops in their ears, believing them to be lucky links in "the chain of life." Or she would get him to tell her how Bhabiji used to sprinkle holy Ganges water on him whenever he had been accidentally touched by a Muslim or an Untouchable, and then she would ask innocently, "How did she keep the bottle refilled? How often were there pilgrims going from your village to the Ganges? Didn't they have their own bottles to fill?"

Or she would say, "Just like you, we all believed that the earth was balanced on the horns of the Great White Bull. We used to say that whenever the bull moved his head—you know, whenever he twitched or turned—he shifted the weight of his burden and caused an earthquake."

Or she would ask, when she and Daddyji were settling down to sleep on the veranda on a moonlit night, "What was that prayer that Bhabiji and her mother used to say to Chanda Mama [Moon Uncle] when they saw it rising? How did it go?"

Although he must have heard the prayer a hundred times, he couldn't repeat it. But her question was rhetorical, since she had grown up hearing the same prayer:

> Blessed thou, O moon, bring us
> happiness,
> Give us peace and blessings to
> all.

He had told her that Bhabiji and her mother would stay inside on the evening of the fourth day of the new moon, because they thought that seeing the moon on that day brought bad luck.

She reflected that, however much he might scold her for being superstitious, she had something in common with his mother and his grandmother.

SHE had always seen Mataji going around with a big ring of keys clipped to the waist of her sari—keys that constantly rattled and jangled as Mataji did her housework. Now she had a ring on her own sari, with a key to the storeroom, to her Singer sewing machine, to her cupboard. As she went about the house, a jingling sound accompanied her, like the sound of ankle bells she had once heard on a dancer in Shahalmi Gate. Although the keys made her feel secure, her bunch of keys still seemed far smaller than Mataji's, and partly, she felt, that was Daddyji's fault.

"In this house, you are never to lock a door," he once told her.

At the time, she was sitting with a little notebook in her lap and adding up with a pencil the prices of her morning purchases of fruits and vegetables, just as she remembered seeing Bulaki Ram do. But when she heard Daddyji's words she put aside her notebook and pencil.

"You need never keep accounts, either," he was saying. "I want to keep an open house, without either locks or accounts."

She put her keys and her notebook away in her chest of drawers.

For many weeks, she did not go near the notebook. Then she realized that there were many things he did not approve of and yet did not object to if she did them in private, in his absence—for when he found her out, he would only laugh at her feminine ways. For the time being, she left her keys in their drawer, but she resumed her household accounts.

At the beginning of August, when Mamaji was five months pregnant, Daddyji's family came from Lahore to stay with them in Montgomery for a month. It was the first time that Bhabiji had come to stay with Mamaji, and Mamaji was apprehensive about having to look after her mother-in-law, but she welcomed the chance to take the measure of Daddyji's brothers, most of whom he—as the oldest son and an earning member of the family—had been supporting with monthly contributions. Except for Daulat Ram, who now had a job in Lahore and couldn't come, they were all students and were all there on holiday: gullible Balwant, twenty-seven; truculent Raj Kanwar, twenty-five; studious Romesh, twenty-two; and handsome Krishan, eleven—the baby of the family, whom Daddyji had more or less adopted. Bibi Parmeshwari Devi's oldest son, Dharam Bir, seventeen, whom Daddyji was bringing up like one of his brothers, had also come.

When they had been in Montgomery only two days, Bhabiji said to Mamaji, "Daughter, have you seen my gold shirt studs?" Mamaji remembered picking up the gold studs from the chest of drawers and tying them up in the end of her veil for safekeeping before going to sleep. The end of the veil where she remembered tying the knot was puckered and wrinkled, but the studs were gone. She had lost her mother-in-law's studs! In a panic, she turned the house upside down looking for them, but they were nowhere to be found. Next morning, Mamaji reached into her jewelry box for her diamond earrings. They were missing. Then she couldn't find the gold brooch fashioned in the shape of a chinar leaf which she habitually pinned on her sari. Then Balwant complained that he couldn't find his pocketknife, and Romesh that he couldn't find his fountain pen.

When Raj Kanwar heard of the missing property, he confronted Mamaji accusingly and said, "Who is it? Who has the gall to steal Bhabiji's studs when I am living in the house?" He considered everyone in the house a suspect, and undertook an investigation, beginning with perhaps the most defenseless person of all, the fan-puller.

The fan-puller was a skinny eleven-year-old boy whom Mamaji had noticed hanging around the club looking for a position and had brought home. She had taken him in hand. She had made him a pajama and kurta of white muslin, and got him a cap to keep his hair from falling into his eyes. She had taught him to stand up straight, to look alert and neat, to speak properly. He had become so attached to Mamaji that he would follow her around the house, stopping whenever she stopped, looking at whatever she looked at. Every time she sat down on the veranda, he was at his station, pulling and letting go the rope of the fan so rhythmically that she was lulled into fancying that it creaked and swung automatically.

Raj Kanwar now picked up the double-barrelled gun that Daddyji, in the English manner, kept in the house, and aimed it at the fan-puller, who was at his post on the veranda, as if he were a hardened dacoit caught in a robbery, rather than an eleven-year-old waif.

"Where are the studs? Where is the brooch? Where is the fountain pen?" he shouted.

"Which studs, Sahib, which studs?" the fan-puller cried.

"You see these two barrels? Look at them!" Raj Kanwar thundered.

The boy at first tried to hold his ground, but then hid behind Mamaji, who was almost as frightened as he was. He looked at Raj Kanwar's fierce frown and at the black gun, and then, suddenly becoming very cool and worldly, said to Raj Kanwar, "Put down the gun, Sahib, and follow me."

By now, Raj Kanwar's brothers had gathered, and they all trooped, incredulous, behind the fan-puller, who took them to his quarters, jumped up on his cot, and brought from behind a rafter studs and cufflinks, brooches and bangles—all the things they had noticed were missing and some they might never have missed.

Raj Kanwar was ready to march the boy down to the local police station at gunpoint, but Daddyji wouldn't hear of it. The little boy continued to pull Mamaji's fan and to get instruction. Now, however, he also had to clean out and dust the rafters of his quarters daily, with Mamaji watching from the door.

Early in September, Daddyji's family returned to Lahore, and Mamaji's family arrived to visit and then to take her back with them for her confinement.

One night, when Mamaji was in bed on the veranda—it was still too warm to sleep inside—she thought of getting up and bolting the back door, but she was afraid that Daddyji would scold her. She dropped off to sleep.

Suddenly, she sat up in bed. All around, servants were shouting, "Thieves! Thieves!"

Everyone rushed into the house. All Mamaji's saris and Daddyji's suits were heaped up on the floor. Daddyji's dress trousers had been used as a torch, and the house stank of burned wool. The whole floor was streaked with telltale ashes and muddy footprints, and there were drops of candle tallow.

Mamaji thanked Ram that after the fan-puller incident she had put all her jewelry in a bank locker. And she was triumphant. "You see, we should have locked the house," she said to Daddyji.

"But we are missing only three things," he said, having completed the inventory. "Mataji's trunk, which was locked, and your Singer sewing machine, which you had locked, along with my cricket bag, which they probably didn't know how to open. They were clearly looking for your jewelry."

"You are always right," she said, with a smile. But she took out her keys and clipped them to her waist. Afterward, she was never seen without them.

SOME fifty years after Mamaji and Daddyji were married, they were in the bedroom of a little house they had built in New Delhi. It was during the winter holidays, and many of their seven children—including me—and fourteen grandchildren were gathered around them. One of the children was slumped in an armchair, another was stretched out on the floor, a third was half asleep across the foot of the bed; in fact, almost every available sitting or lying space in the room seemed to be occupied. Some of the youngest grandchildren were running about playing tag or riding a big Alsatian dog named Caesar. The subject of Montgomery and the birth of the oldest child, Promila, came up, and Daddyji realized that the day of their golden anniversary had almost slipped past them. Mamaji, who was straightening her saris in the cupboard, laughed, and brought out a packet of letters from the first year or so of their marriage, when they had sometimes been apart.

In those days, Mamaji had looked upon Montgomery as a forlorn place, where she was camping out with an all-powerful man. She had difficulty pronouncing the British name Montgomery, so she called it "the new place," "that place," "the station," in much the way she referred to him—whom custom forbade her to call by name, even out of his presence—by such epithets as "the dear," "the long-lived," and "thee." Moreover, in those early days of marriage she had often been homesick and unwell. She missed Mataji, so whenever she could she went to her in Lahore; the city was only a few hours from Montgomery by his Chevrolet or the Karachi Mail. Moreover, at the time of Mamaji's first confinement, in the winter of 1926, she was away from Daddyji for about three months, including the traditional forty-day lying-in period after delivery. During these intervals of separation, they wrote to each other almost daily. Through the years, she had been able to preserve some of his letters, in their envelopes, carrying them with her from place to place like her jewelry box. (Many of his other letters to her and all of her letters to him, along with Montgomery and Lahore and their home and practically everything else, had been lost to Pakistan at the time of Partition.) In her hesitant English, she now read out to the gathered children and grandchildren—to whoever would listen—Daddyji's few surviving letters to her. Both of them laughed so much over the letters that she could scarcely read and he could scarcely hear what was being read; and at times their eyes teared so much with their laughter that it was hard to tell whether they were laughing or crying.

We children, listening to the letters, joined in much of the laughter, and felt no embarrassment at being with our parents during such an intimate moment—perhaps because, among other things, the passage of time and the recent history of India had turned Montgomery into a remote memory.

Mgy
JULY 12, 26

MY SWEETEST LOVE,

I am glad to learn that you have reached Lahore safely.

I remember you very very much and your child-like talk. You are really a baby and I love you, your talks and everything of yours.

In December next I will have two babies, one you, and the other little one.

Take care of yourself and do not jump or run. Take complete rest if tired and you must not faint.

With love and thousand kisses,

Your own darling,
AMOLAK

Montgomery
July 26th, 26

MY OWN, MY DARLING, MY LOVE,

I read your sweet letter over and over again, and felt very happy, all the feelings of being tired were gone.

The house looks so sad and lonely without you, that I did not like to stay and went out to Balwant Singh's where the bridge party had collected.

The lawn looks very green after the rains, and the trees seem washed green & beautiful. Birds are chirping this morning on all sides and the weather is pleasant but what use are all these without your smiling face, without your sweet talk, without your grace, without your company and without your child-like habits.

Really "no life without a wife" is true, and I am very anxious to get you back here.

It is 7 o'clock in the morning and I am sitting out in the lawn but all the time I am thinking of you and you alone. I want to go to the canal but I do not like to go without you.

If you were here, you and I would have gone on the canal to the falls and would have brought some lemons and together we would have prepared the lemon squash. Now who would give me lemon squash?

I will go to Dipalpore tomorrow and then hope to come to Lahore next Sunday.

Hoping you are keeping good health and that the "baby" is doing well.

With love and thousands of fond kisses,

Your own loving
darling
AMOLAK

Montgomery
1 November 1926

DEARER THAN MY DEAREST HOPES, SHANTI, I GREET YOU IN THE NAME OF GOD,

I have received your letter full of love. It made me feel very happy. I will now go to Calcutta in January or February—the order has come not to go to Calcutta in November—so now I will be able to show you and the "baby" the city. It's my intention to take ten days leave then and show you and the "baby" Delhi, Benares, Agra, and Lucknow—all these cities.

Perhaps I'll come to Lahore on Divali day. If I come, whether you come back with me to Montgomery or not will be up to you. My own wish is that you come back with me. Without you, my heart is absolutely not in the place. But, of course, all will depend on your health.

Tomorrow I will have to go on tour, again.

The chicks are really quite fetching. Five of them are black and one is white. All day long, they cheep, cheep, cheep. They seem very good-hearted.

You don't know English, and I don't know Hindi, how can I write a long letter in Hindi? [This particular letter is in elementary Hindi, but the rest of the letters in the packet are in English.]

With love and kisses,

Your own,
Darling

Montgomery
Dec. 3rd, 26

My Sweetest Love, My Own,

I received your loving letter today. I am glad you saw Mrs. Shave [an obstetrician]. I think Mrs. Bonner [a private nurse] is very expensive and I will ask the Lady Health visitor to attend to you for a week or so. You may send for all the things from Juggat Singh & Sons [chemists], and I will settle about the price myself.

You have written that Babuji gave me some money and that I did not tell you.

Babuji did *not* give me any money but that morning he promised to send me Rs 500 & he has sent me a cheque for Rs 500. I have also received your Rs 200. I am collecting all this money do you know for what?

It is a secret. I will tell you in February 1927. I am *not* collecting this money to go to England, you don't wish me to go to England, do you?

I will bring two canisters of Ghee when I come.

I do not know why I wake up every morning at 4 or 5 A.M. & then I am hungry of love and food. I want you every minute, now I sleep inside where we used to sleep last winter & I take my meals in bed with *razai* [quilt] over my knees. How last year we used to eat together! I am longing to get you here. Your storeroom is now complete & a door has been put into it also.

The hen & her chickens are growing, they play about amongst the flowers all day and are very pretty.

The vegetable garden is all green & nice, parrots & birds chirp all day, & the weather is very nice indeed, but all this does not look nice to me without you. "No life without a wife." I am not getting good food. Milkhi is gone on 10 days' leave & I have a new cook.

With love, kisses & kindest regards,

Your most affectionate,
Amolak

P.S. I can't wait to tell you the secret, dearest Shanti. I am building you and the "baby" a bungalow.

Montgomery
[Undated]

My Dear Loved One, Shanti, Namaste,

During the nights here, it is very cold these days, and I feel even colder sleeping alone. If you were near me, how much better I would sleep! And yet, I'll have to bear two months like this, and these months will prove very difficult.

The house is being white-washed all over, just now. If you want a room done up in any special color, do write. Otherwise, I will have the rooms done in off-white as before.

The white sofa and armchair have arrived. The white looks very nice in the room.

Today the Governor is here. Tomorrow he goes to Okara. And the day after, Dipalpore. I will go along with him just to keep him company.

Khawja-Sahib went back to Lahore by the Mail yesterday, and I too long to come to Lahore.

With love, kisses and kisses,
Your loving husband,
Amolak

Montgomery
Dec. 8th, 1926

My Dearest, My Own, My Darling,

I have received your loving letter of yesterday. You have written that the "baby" has taken a lower position, this means that it will be about two or three weeks after that the delivery will take place. The pains also are not important because the pain in the back is a sign—and not ordinary pains.

Therefore, I think it will be about the 25th Dec. and I will be there on the 18th Dec.

I am going to Okara tomorrow & will arrange with the Lady Doctor.

You should do as you like with your gold bangles, I have no objection.

When you get pains in front and in the back let me know.

Keep yourself happy and cheerful, and do not worry, everything will be all right.

With love & kisses,
Your most affectionate own,
Amolak

Montgomery
Dec. 17th, 1926

My Dearest & Sweetest,

I will leave Montgomery tomorrow at about 3 P.M. & reach Lahore at about 7 or 8 P.M. Milkhi has come back but is still ill and yet, the food arrangements are quite good.

I have received your loving letter of yesterday. Anxiously waiting to meet & kiss you & embrace you.

Do not worry about English. Hindi is good & I like it.

With love and kisses,

Your own darling,
Amolak

Montgomery
Dec. 31st, 1926

My Dearest & Sweetest Love,

I arrived here quite safely yesterday and everything is in order. The bungalow is progressing nicely and now one can make out the limits of each room. We shall have five big rooms, three bathrooms, two small rooms, and there shall be a veranda in front and behind. If I have any money later on I will also make a kitchen, a garage & servants' quarters but that will be seen.

Lt. Col. Sodhi & Mrs Sodhi the father and mother of Mrs. Puri are here & I dined last night at their place and played bridge. I won Rs15.

Write to me all about the little darling girl. [Mamaji had been delivered of a baby girl on December 22nd.] How many times do you feed her? Does she get up at night? How is she growing? Don't forget to write every detail.

Kiss her for me & give her my love.

With love & thousand kisses, get these from the baby,

I am,
Your own darling,
Amolak

Montgomery
Jan. 4th, 1927

My Dearest & Sweetest Love,

I hope you & the baby are doing splendidly. I received your loving letter but though your letters are welcome, I want to receive you & the baby, and when I come I will bring you back with me. You must be prepared to come. I am so lonely and I want you so very much.

The canal is going to close on the 6th inst. & the work at the bungalow will have to stop. We will finish it after I come back from Calcutta. So far no orders have come for Calcutta. Munshi has come back. I did not pay the tonga-wallah. I took him at 8 A.M. I left him at 8:30 when I just caught the Karachi mail, pay him -/10/- [annas] for one hour.

I hope the baby does not trouble you much at night. Who sleeps in your room at night? Write to me fully.

With love & kisses to you & the baby,

Your affectionate & loving,
Amolak

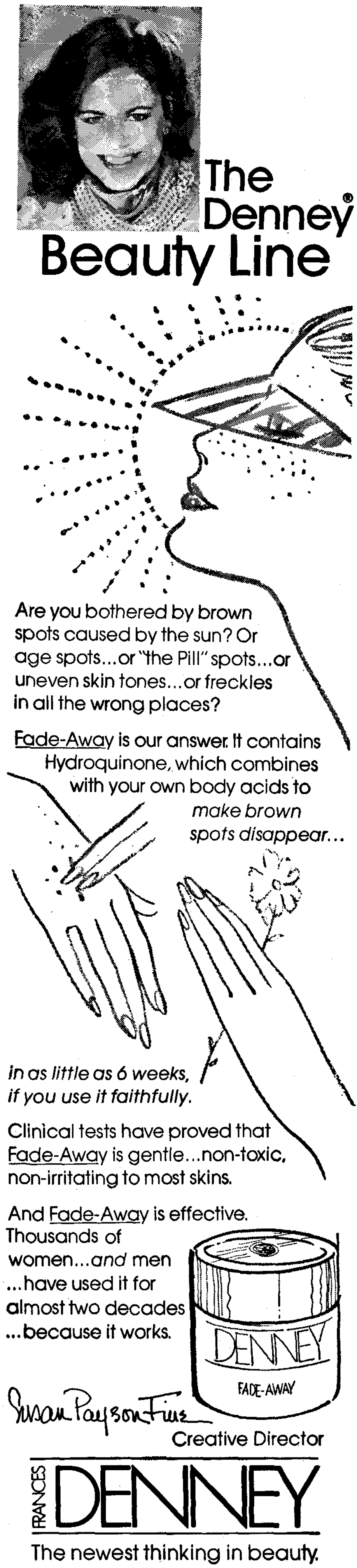
Montgomery
January 12th, 1927

My Dearest & Sweetest Loving Shanti,

I have again come back without you. I thought I would bring you back but your mother I could not refuse, she was so kind and I did not like to disappoint her.

I have got all your loving letters and thank you for the same.

The little "dolly" I want to bring here



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and play with. I love both the mother and daughter. Of course I love the mother the most; and mother loves her baby most.

I have not received any orders about Calcutta so far. The work at the building has not been stopped and the progress is very good indeed. The steel beams have arrived from Karachi and will be put up when the walls are ready.

Write to me soon and a long long letter & write all about yourself and the "dolly."

With love & kisses,
Most affectionately yours,
AMOLAK

AT first, the dolly—or Promila, as they named her—did not urinate, and Mamaji feared for her life. After twenty-four hours, she finally did urinate. Mamaji experienced her first feelings of relief and tranquillity since going into labor. She felt that her main goal in life had been attained, for she had grown up hearing Mataji say, "Once you have a man's child, he is tied to you by a silken thread. For that reason, it's much more important to be a mother than just a wife."

Mamaji now had a new routine, defined by watching over the baby—nursing her, putting her to sleep, washing her clothes. Daddyji, who hated to go away from her or Promila, even on short tours, would lecture her about everything: how to hold the baby; how to burp her; how to put the diaper on her so that it was loose and gave her the most freedom to kick. If Mamaji even hinted at disagreement, she would only prolong the lecture. She began to console herself by thinking that if he had married an educated woman, who could speak English and sing, that woman wouldn't have lasted in his household for ten days. She would have waved her hand, said "Ta-ta," and walked out. Maybe he was lucky to have someone who didn't talk back and was always prepared to do what he told her—in front of him.

After Promila's birth, Mamaji felt confident that she could have children, but now she became anxious about bringing forth only daughters. That silken thread, she feared, might break unless she had his son.

AS Daddyji was driving Mamaji back to Montgomery after her confinement in Lahore—Promila was then forty days old—he said to her, "You remember that surprise I wrote to you about?"

" 'Making a new house with bare feet,' " she said shyly, quoting a Punjabi saying. She knew that he had almost no savings, and that his responsibility for educating his brothers would go on for years—Krishan was just in third standard. How could he think of building a house? She had, of course, thought of marriage in terms of having a house of her own, but she had long since decided that her husband was a strange man who seemed to have no interest in holding on to possessions. And now he had built a house as a surprise. (I have recorded in my biographical portrait of my father, "Daddyji," that he and Mamaji jointly planned and built the house. That is how Daddyji remembered it at the time I was writing, probably because by that period of his married life he could scarcely imagine building a house without having her at his side.)

He was telling her that he had completed the Montgomery house in just two months. He had been able to get all his supplies very quickly: bricks and cement had been freely available; then he had had the good luck to get, for roofing, some old wooden railway sleepers (sleepers were the ties used to keep railway tracks aligned) that had been lying rotting in the stables of one Colonel Cole. "The Colonel is so busy breeding horses that he didn't know what treasures he had lying in his stables," Daddyji said. "He was delighted to get rid of the sleepers. He even provided me with a lorry to carry them away! I had the sleepers sawed through, painted to protect them from white ants, and placed end to end on a steel girder. I covered them with cement, and I covered the cement with five inches of mud, and I covered the mud with tiles. There was the roof."

She listened to him keenly, thinking all the time that the laborers must have robbed him blind. They must have put too much sand in the cement, or sat around smoking a hookah when they should have been working. She wished she had been there to supervise them.

"The whole house cost me only ten thousand rupees," he was saying. "I raised the money easily—with our little savings, with a loan from Basheshwar Nath, and with a mortgage from the Punjab National Bank. Look, there is our house!"

She has never forgotten her first view of the house. The orange light of evening gave the whole building the warmth of burnished brass. On one side, in the distance, was the canal; on the other was the compound of the deputy commissioner. In front was a big tennis court, as if he had built himself his own small club.

She stepped onto the veranda, with Promila asleep on her shoulder.

"The veranda goes all around the

house," he said. "It is so wide that we can put up as many of our relatives as we like, and we can all sleep out here through rains and storms. Sleeping here is like sleeping outside, except that you are sheltered."

She followed him inside. He showed her the drawing room, the dining room, the two bedrooms, all quite cavernous and all quite forlorn. The house smelled of whitewash, and it felt open and empty—there seemed to be no cozy corner. She missed the pervasive smell of ghi and incense and the constant sound of children running and squabbling—things that she had from childhood associated with a home. But then at the back of the house she came upon a plot of land for an orchard and a vegetable garden, lying fallow, waiting for her hand. She could picture it full of rosebushes and fruit trees—of lemons, mangoes, and *maltas*. Beyond the garden were the chimneys of the kitchen and the servants' quarters.

"Whom will I talk to? Whom will Promila play with?" she asked herself. In the distance, she heard crickets and frogs, chirping and croaking, in the heavy Montgomery silence, which she had still not got used to. It seemed to her that she and they were all trapped in the "sha-ah-ahn, sha-ah-ahn" of an inland ocean.

Promila woke up and started crying for milk.

"NOW that we have Promila," he said to her as they were bumping along in the car to the club one day, "we need a car that will ride smoother. We've had this Chevrolet only two years and it's already falling apart."

She shifted the sleeping Promila, who was now nearly a year old, to her other arm. The car jolted, and Promila woke with a start and began to cry.

"We really must get a new car," he said.

The car was part of her dowry—almost as dear to her as her wedding jewelry and her saris—and for a moment she wondered whether, if the car went, she could be far behind. But then she cradled Promila in her arms and felt better.

He had often complained to her about the car, saying, "I'm sure Babuji must have tried to pinch pennies, or else why would he have bought a year-old model—and a demonstration one at that?"

She had tried to intimate to him in a roundabout way that Babuji was knowledgeable about victorias, which were all that Lahoris needed in order to get around, but not about cars, which were only new toys for the England-returned. Anyway, the fault might not be with the car at all but with the Montgomery roads, which he had often complained were full of bumps and pits.

A few days later, he came home and announced that he had got permission from the deputy commissioner to raffle off the old car. As he explained what a raffle was, she reflected on one more difference between the Mehtas and the Mehras: the Mehtas, from a large subcaste, were always trying something new and outlandish, as if to proclaim to the world their individuality, their distinctiveness, while the Mehras, from a small subcaste, held to the old and ordinary ways, as if to announce to the world their inbred indifference to it.

In spite of herself, she was soon engulfed, like Daddyji, in the excitement of the raffle. He was one of the kings of the district, and all the people under him—the sanitary inspectors, the sweepers, the village leaders—were busy selling raffle tickets at a rupee each. Many people who didn't even own a cow bought a ticket for the Doctor-Sahib's motorcar. After all, having a car was even better than having a Singer sewing machine. A car moved by itself, without the need even of tracks.

Daddyji collected, altogether, fifteen hundred rupees.

On the appointed evening, a little band of officers gathered at the club, Daddyji dropped the counterfoils into his felt hat and took the hat over to the deputy commissioner. The deputy commissioner shut his eyes, fished out a counterfoil, and, reading off the piece of paper in his hand, announced, "One, one, one, two."

The officers looked at the tickets in their hands, crumpled them, and tossed them on the floor, laughing, once it was clear that none of them had won the car.

The winning number was traced to a rich landlord who lived in Okara, twenty-three miles away. He arrived the next morning in a Ford with a driver, and, as Mamaji looked on from the steps of the veranda, he jumped into the Chevrolet, bouncing on the seat and slamming the door as if it were a hard-wearing lorry, and not her father's fragile gift. He drove away without even pausing to look back at her.

FIVE months after the birth of Promila, Mamaji became pregnant for the second time, and in the course of

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her pregnancy she was again often in Lahore. The separation from Daddyji again prompted many letters back and forth, but again only a few of Daddyji's survive:

27-7-27

MY DEAREST SHANTI,

I am sorry Promila is giving you trouble but after all she is a child and loves you very much.

I dined with Col. and Mrs Forster last night and came back at 11.30 P.M. It was raining and for the first time I took *Rickshaw*.

I do not like to sit in the Rickshaws. [He didn't like the idea of coolies working like animals.]

I have been very busy and have not played any Tennis or Bridge except yesterday.

You may go to Kasauli with your parents. What about your warm clothes? You can send Jagtu [a servant] to Montgomery to bring your clothes etc.

If you go to Kasauli you must be very careful and follow the advice of Mrs Shave.

Let me know what things you want me to bring for you or Promila.

With love and kisses,

Your affectionate
AMOLAK

On February 19, 1928, Mamaji was delivered of a second daughter, who was named Nirmila. Daddyji was in Lahore for her birth, but had to rush back to his work in Montgomery immediately.

Montgomery
March 7th.28

MY DEAREST AND SWEETEST LOVE,

I arrived here safely but I can not tell you how lonely I feel.

You are probably not so sad as I am because you have Promila and the little baby to play with. I have no body, not even to talk to.

I will stay here for three more days and will then go out on tour and remain out till the 25th inst.

I have agreed to rent the bungalow to Patel Cotton Co. from 1st September at Rs 110/-/- per mensem. Thus we can spend summer here and will see what happens in winter.

I went out for tennis today and we could not make four for bridge so I am home early and doing office work.

I hope your temperature is normal in the evenings. Babuji has not sent me a card about you.

If you can not write ask him to write to me.

With love and *thousand* kisses to you and *one* kiss to Promila & one to the baby.

Your Loving Husband,
AMOLAK

About this time, Daddyji was told that in the winter he would probably be transferred to Lahore as its district health officer. —VED MEHTA

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

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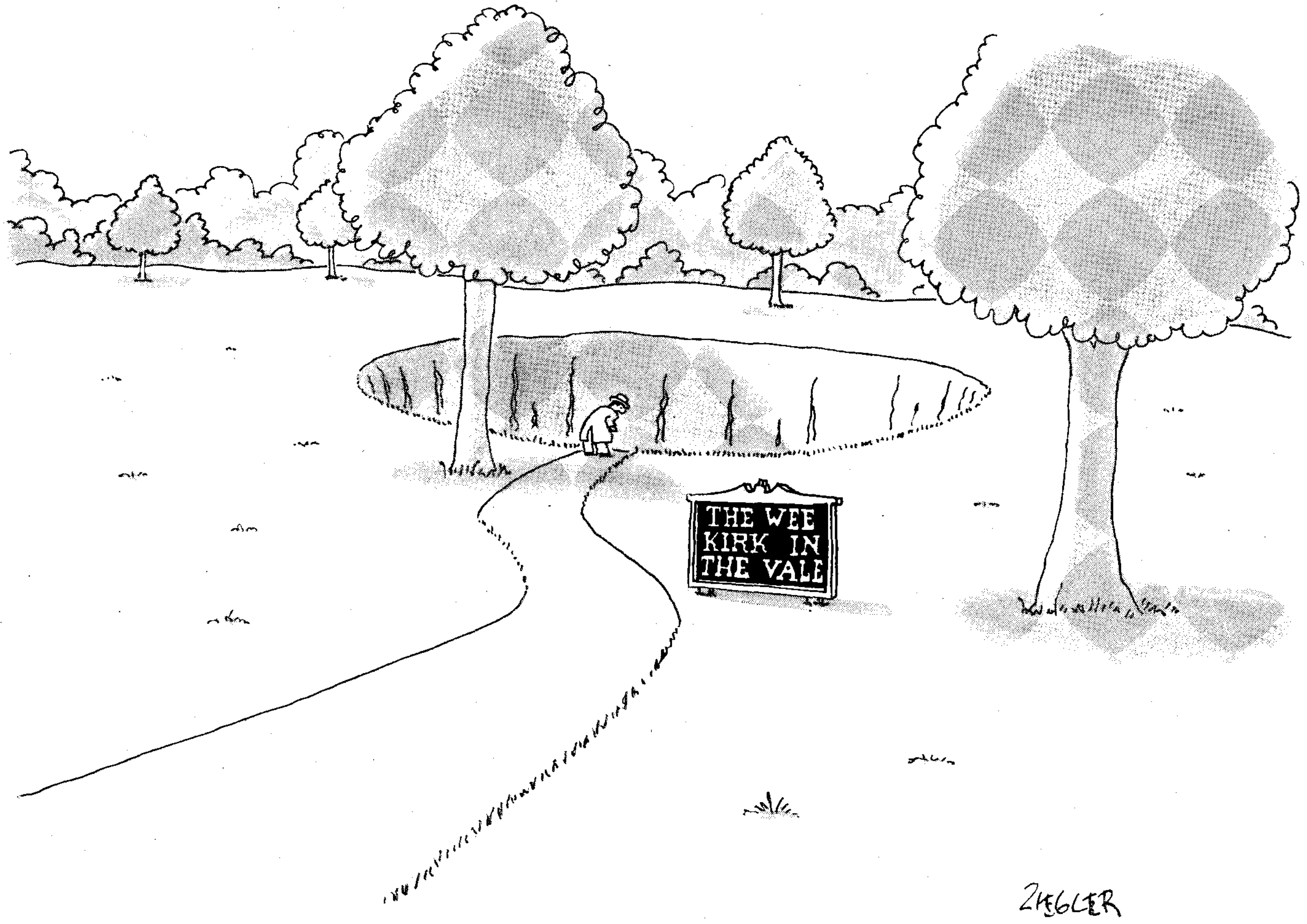
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

IN the opening scene of Ntozake Shange's "Spell #7," at the Public, the mercurial Larry Marshall refers to "the miracle we always pray for." Coming after her "For Colored Girls . . ." and "A Photograph," the play shows Miss Shange's passion and wit and fiery talent to be unbanked, and even replenished, as transmitted by her remarkable director, Oz Scott, and a fine company. It *can* be considered a kind of miracle, at that. At the opening, Mr. Marshall—top hat and cane—comes out and announces himself to be a magician, the son of a magician who gave up the profession when a friend of his demanded to be made white on the spot. He is shortly followed by members of the cast in Al Jolson-blackface masks, singing and shuffling to their own accompaniment of cymbals, harmonica, and washboard—an old joke but funny all the same. Off with the masks. We are in a bar where actors hang out and discuss casting and auditions and being turned down for parts, and other dubious delights of the trade—especially being black in the trade. As the evening progresses, they play scenes together, and dance and sing together, and then, one by one, withdraw into other characterizations—into monologues and dialogues of fantasies and dreams and reminiscences. The invaluable Mary Alice first appears as a Brooklyn housewife—falsetto-voiced, a nice woman bound for Manhattan and a good time—with the invaluable Reyno as a sympathetic cabdriver who takes her to the bar. Laurie Carlos is a young woman who brushes and brushes her hair while she does her housework or stands in line for unemployment compensation, brushing all her fantasies out—of a house with the little girl from the Castro Convertible commercial, of lavender hair on a blue satin pillow. In a harrowing recitation, La Tanya Richardson plays a low and crazy woman who wants a baby ("Never a family, never a man—a baby boy who would wet and cry and suckle and sleep") and manages to have one. Mary Alice, again, is an intellectual young woman, with a copy of Nietzsche tucked under her arm, on a bus bound for Princeton, who comes to realize that the compliment "Oh, baby, you're so pretty," delivered by an undergraduate (Reyno), just won't do anymore.

The play is seemingly loosely constructed, yet it is held together by the dynamic presence of Mr. Marshall, who functions as a kind of compere throughout, and by a dramatic tension that builds to a powerful climax in a monologue in which Mary Alice, with all her considerable dramatic resourcefulness, becomes Shange herself, pouring all Shange's humor, her originality, her depth of feeling, her astonishing imagery into the thoughts about race and other matters which fill the mind of a little black girl growing into a poet. Ellis Williams is fine as the bartender (among other characterizations), and so is Avery Brooks as a young actor (among other characterizations). Dyane Harvey and Beth Shorter do well, too, in smaller roles. The dances, by Dianne McIntyre, and the music—jazz and blues—written by Butch Morris and David Murray, in every way enhance the glowing words. Good setting, costumes, and lighting by Robert Yodice, Grace Williams, and Victor En Yu Tan, respectively. At one point, Mr. Marshall does refer to Spell #7, but I've forgotten the context; the title is the only thing about the show that could be improved. —EDITH OLIVER


THE WEE KIRK IN THE VALE
ZIEGLER

JAZZ

Newport News

FRIDAY, June 22nd: The twenty-fifth Newport Jazz Festival got under way late this afternoon at Carnegie Recital Hall with a solo performance by the pianist Al Haig. In the mid-forties, Haig, then in his early twenties, became one of the first white musicians to grasp the teachings of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. He appeared with them on Fifty-second Street and on some of their earliest and best recordings, and he was a model for such pianists as Hank Jones and Tommy Flanagan. It was the high point of his musical life. Hearing him this afternoon was like walking through an old house: there was evidence everywhere of the people who had passed through. Haig's billowy, indistinct attack, mostly in ad-lib tempos, was full of Art Tatum arpeggios and harmonies, Teddy Wilson tenths, and Nat Cole glisses. Yet there was no sign of Parker or Gillespie; nor was there any full-blown improvising. Some of the dozen numbers that went by, stooped and vague, were "Yesterdays," "Prelude to a Kiss," "'Round Midnight," and a multi-noted affair, with an ostinato bass, that sounded like a cross between the "Bolero" and "In a Little Spanish Town."

At eight o'clock, Dizzy Gillespie gave a bravura concert in Carnegie Hall, in which he was accompanied by seven drummers and three percussionists. (His own quartet backed him for one selection.) The percussionists—Luis Peralta, Tito Puente, and Potato Valdez—formed the spine of the accompaniment, and the drummers included Grady Tate, Roy Haynes, Max Roach, Jo Jones, Bernard Purdie, J. C. Heard, and Art Blakey. Each drummer played a solo, accompanied Gillespie (along with the percussionists), and gave way to the next. Tate was inconclusive. Haynes was jumpy, using rims and tomtoms and dense snare-drum figures. Roach was electrifying in a series of exchanges with Jones, who was coy. Purdie tried to wow us. Heard exhaled a long, rustling cymbal passage that recalled Big Sid Catlett. And Blakey also summoned Catlett, by dipping again and again into the Master's famous "Steak Face" solo, recorded in Symphony Hall in Boston in 1947, when he was with Louis Armstrong. In fact, three of Catlett's disciples were at the concert (Roach, Heard, and Blakey), and one highly appreciative contemporary (Jones); and although Catlett was never mentioned (Roach presented Jones with a you-are-the-king award), he dominated the evening. Gillespie's playing was limited to blueslike cadenzas, some open and some muted, and at least half were flashing. The rest of the time, he leaned on his clichés—clichés still far more original than most of the inventions of his descendants. At the end of the evening, all the drummers assembled and Gillespie conducted them, now shushing Haynes, now elevating Blakey, now calming Purdie, and it was as civilized as any gathering of megalomaniacs can be. It should be mentioned that the audience had to swim through the lighting, which was predominantly pale lime. At one point, Gillespie, dressed in an ankle-length dashiki, was purple from his head to his hips and forest green below that.

SATURDAY: Betty Carter has taken jazz singing—singing in which the voice is used for hornlike improvisation rather than as a conveyor of melody and lyrics—as far as it can go without becoming abstract. Unlike most jazz singers, whose vocal equipment barely meets their needs, she has a handsome voice, particularly in the contralto range, and she uses it unerringly. At first hearing, her choice of notes seems quirky. But the original melodic shape she draws out of her songs demands "wrong" notes, and she chooses them with daring and intelligence. She will hold an off note evenly for four to six bars and, as the harmony slides away beneath, allow it to resolve the instant she runs out of breath. She likes to tip a note suddenly and let it fall an octave and a half, then slide halfway up to where she began and break off. Her phrases are often short and are shaped into lovely fragments, each blessed with a following silence and each an inversion of part of the original melody. She has a steady, classy sense of dynamics: her whispers brush the ear, and her occasional shouts are belling. There is little resemblance to Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie (with whom she came up) or John Coltrane or Ornette Coleman. Transposed to a trumpet or saxophone, her creations would probably herald a new school. Music should be heard and barely seen, but Betty Carter has evolved a set of motions—flowing hands, slightly bent knees, a way of swaying irregularly to the right or left, as if she were dodging her own notes—that continually enhance her singing. Tonight, at Carnegie Hall, she did a handsome slow "What's New?," a "Trolley Song" that began fast and dissolved into a medium rock, an "Every-

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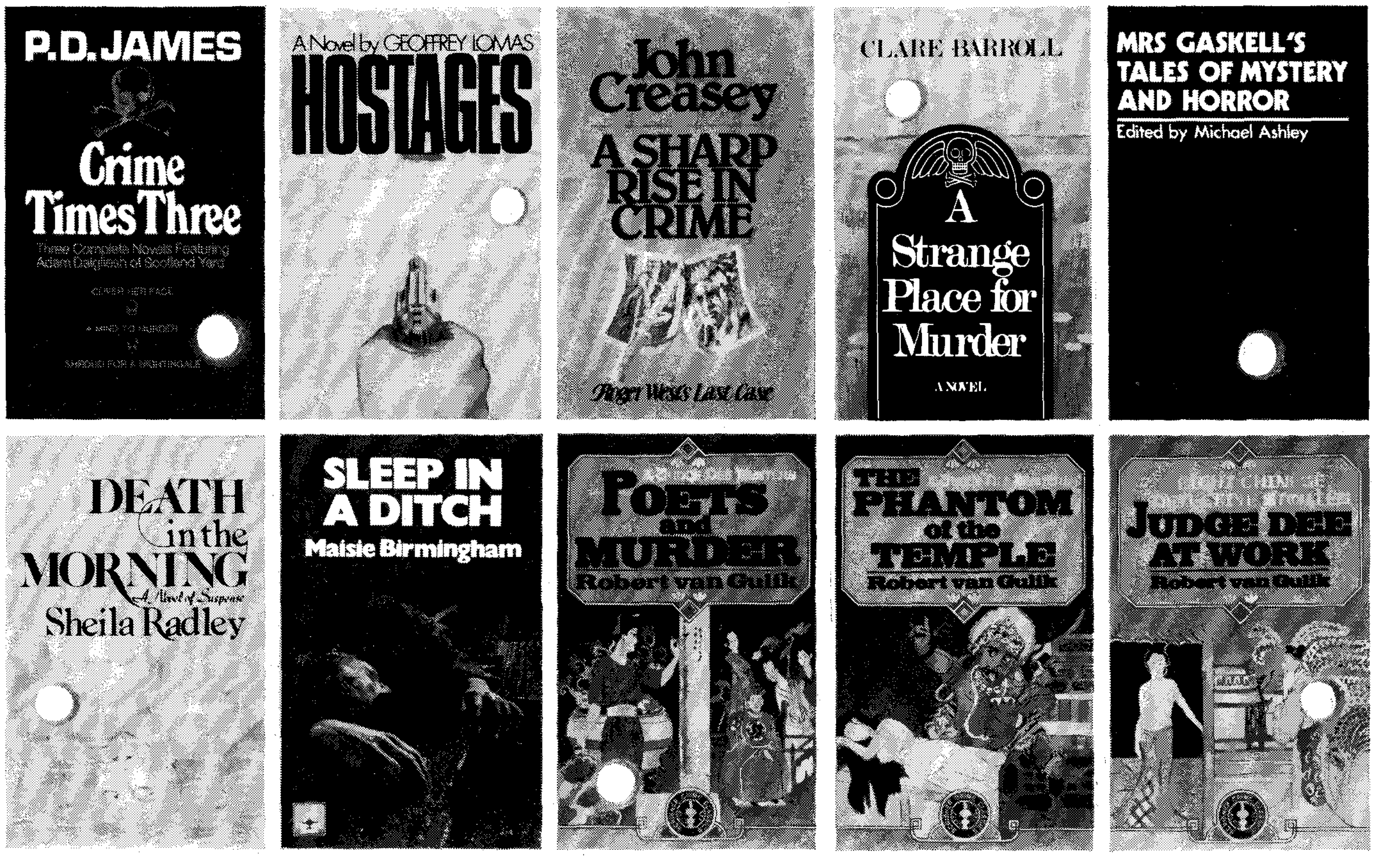
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thing I Have Is Yours," and a fast scat-sung "Swing, Brother, Swing." The great scat singer Leo Watson made his wild songs out of funny, ultra-hip streams of consciousness. Betty Carter, no less original—and avoiding the boop-boop-a-doop syllables of most scat singers—makes hers out of melodic flags that snap precisely and gracefully by.

Betty Carter was preceded by the dazzling pianist Dorothy Donegan, who played bits and pieces of "For the Rest of Your Life," the "One-Note Samba," "The Man I Love," "Memories of You," "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Misty," "Rhapsody in Blue," and boogie-woogie, all the while making prune faces, rocking her head demonically back and forth, and whapping the piano with the flat of her hand, to say nothing of playing with a nutty virtuosity that enabled her to perform a complex bass by making the fingers of her left hand literally walk up the keyboard. The trouble with this improbable genius, who likes to arrive at the piano in see-through clothes, bracelets, and high heels, is that she is unfocussed as a clown, as a pianist, and as an improviser. If she were to burnish one facet of herself, she would be a champion.

SUNDAY: Unfortunately, few of the black entertainers who have managed to work their way into the Broadway musical theatre during the past fifty or sixty years have been first-rate. With the exception of such as Bert Williams, Ethel Waters, Florence Mills, Bill Robinson, John W. Bubbles, and Fats Waller, they have often relied on their beauty, their personality, and/or the novelty of their color. (Consider black entertainers who have made their way not on Broadway but in night clubs, vaudeville, dance halls, movies, and television: Duke Ellington, Moms Mabley, Billie Holiday, Baby Laurence, Mabel Mercer, Bill Cosby, Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Ray Charles, Lena Horne, Bobby Short, Nipsey Russell.) The revue held in Avery Fisher Hall tonight and called "Black Broadway" was put together by Robert Kimball, who has helped assemble books on Cole Porter and Eubie Blake, and—ironically—by Bobby Short, who read Kimball's narration and sang. Short was in good, resilient voice, and he did "Under the Bamboo Tree" (1902), "Broadway in Dahomey" (1902), "Wouldn't It Be a Dream" (1905), "The Unbeliever" (1920), and "As Long As I Live" (1934). Nell Carter, of the show "Ain't Misbehavin'," sang the title song and "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling," in her high, brassy voice. The tap-dancer Honi Coles recalled Robinson's performance of "Doin' the New Low Down" in "Blackbirds of 1928," and did a dance of his own. Eubie Blake sang his anthems—"I'm Just Wild About Harry," "Memories of You," and "Love Will Find a Way." John Bubbles, his voice still largely intact, did "It Ain't Necessarily So," and Herb Jeffries did "Flamingo" and "The Brown-Skin Gal in the Calico Gown." The evening had two expected sensations: Adelaide Hall, who moved to England forty years ago, appeared in a shimmering white gown and white fur wrap and sang "I Must Have That Man," "Diga Diga Do," and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" in a fine, delicate voice and with considerable charm, and Edith Wilson, who is of the same vintage, did resolute, almost swinging versions of "Black and Blue," "Yankee Doodle Blues," and "He May Be Your Man." Diahann Carroll was chosen to applaud Ethel Waters, and she went through brief versions of "Am I Blue," "Taking a Chance on Love," "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe," "After You've Gone," and "Supper Time." The evening, barely watertight, all but foundered on her. Moving low and long-legged about the stage in a slinky black gown, she sang without taste and without understanding of the songs.

MONDAY: Twenty pieces of jazz film were shown tonight at the Society for Ethical Culture by the collector David Chertok. We saw Sidney Bechet wrapping up an intense white French band in the early fifties, and Duke Ellington tossing off a "Caravan" with his 1952 band—Ray Nance on the violin, and mugging. Joe Turner, his voice like a canyon, sang a blues accompanied by a terrierlike group that included Bud Freeman, Max Kaminsky, and Cutty Cutshall. Erroll Garner, shot mostly in soft focus, played his "Gaslight," and Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie did an all too brief "Hot House." (Parker, who skirted most of civilization, was rarely filmed.) Six pieces about women musicians were valuable for a fine Mary Osborne guitar solo on "The Man I Love" and for a 1945 duet by Dorothy Donegan and the pianist Gene Rodgers. Donegan had already assembled her dervish selves. There was a long, apathetic sequence showing Miles Davis playing "The Duke," "Blues for Pablo," and "New Rumba" with Gil Evans' band, and a long, frenetic one showing John Coltrane with McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones, and Jimmy Garrison. Chertok's last reel began with Benny Goodman, Harry James, and Lou McGarity in the fifties, and Shelly Manne with Conte Candoli and Richie Kamuca in the sixties, and went on to a stirring "I Can't Get Started" by Roy Eldridge, backed by Johnny Guarnieri and Osie Johnson. Next came a superb "Chelsea Bridge" by Ben Webster, whose single straight-melody chorus was played with such authority it sounded like a full-scale, multi-chorus improvisation. The last bit of film was a flying, dancing duet on "This Can't Be Love" by Buck Clayton and the brilliant, undervalued Charlie Shavers. Most of Chertok's material appeared to be taken from television films, whose very existence is surprising. But television has always been better than it lets on.

This afternoon, Roland Hanna gave the second of the half-dozen or so solo piano concerts to be offered during the festival at Carnegie Recital Hall. The word "recital" weighed as heavily on him as it had on Al Haig. He played six études of his own, and they had titles such as "View from an Island," "Afterglow," and "Mediterranean Seascape." They were, from this sprightly, cheerful pianist, rhapsodic, chordal, and solemn. The final number, "Silence," was by the bassist Charlie Haden. It had a lot of heavy chords, often spaced only a half tone apart, and it was bitter and unrelieved.

TUESDAY: None of the new, nearly epidemic improviser-composer pianists are more accomplished than Muhal Richard Abrams, the founder and doyen of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Unlike many avant-garde players, Abrams has a thorough knowledge of the pianists who preceded him. His originality is, in Harold Rosenberg's phrase, "emblazoned with the authority of the past." Abrams' style moves easily between Cecil Taylor and Keith Jarrett, avoiding Taylor's pianistic binges and Jarrett's penny emotionalism. The content of his solos is of a high order: he establishes the plane he will move on

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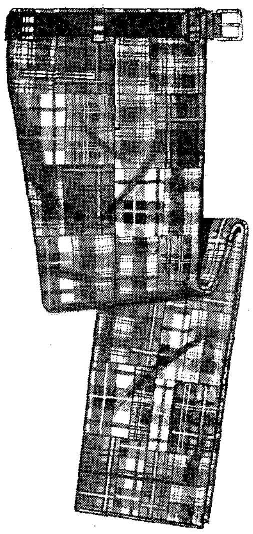

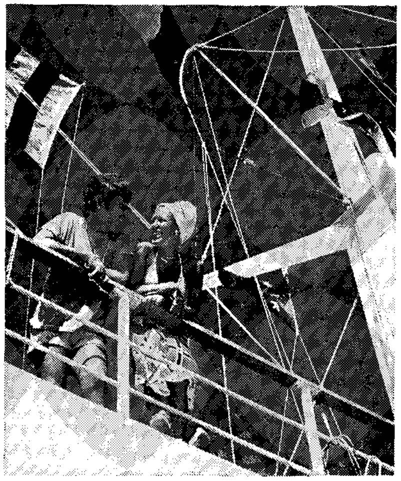

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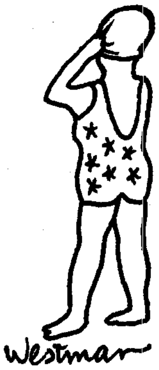
in his first eight bars, and he never leaves it. Abrams gave the third Carnegie Recital Hall concert this afternoon, and he played one nameless piece that lasted forty-eight minutes. Nothing sagged, toppled over from exhaustion, exploded, or ran off the road. Some of his most persuasive inventions involved a heavy ostinato bass note against which he pitted slow, descending chords that resembled a laggard wandering downhill; cascades of erratic, zigzagging single notes, which emphasized that Abrams' music is high-speed not because of its tempo, which doesn't exist, but because of the rich, logical rapidity of its images; two melodic lines fashioned out of chordal arpeggios and going at once, like a super George Shearing (one also heard echoes, however muted, of Meade Lux Lewis, Thelonious Monk, Stravinsky, Taylor, and Teddy Wilson); several soft pools of single notes; a mountain of dissonances that sounded as if all the notes on the keyboard were being struck at once; and a sudden, quiet, poetic final phrase—a garland of five ascending notes—that was gone the second it was uttered.

Count Basie, joined by his big band and by various alumni, gave his annual Newport concert at Carnegie Hall tonight, and his incomparable playing—a series of lucent, perfect aphorisms—was intact.

At midday, five plaques honoring musicians who worked in the clubs on Fifty-second Street in the forties were unveiled outside the CBS Building, at the west end of the block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. The intent is to line the sidewalks with plaques on both sides of the block, which now has signs reading "Swing Street" affixed to the lampposts at either end. The first honorees are Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and Lester Young. It is hard to know how such scarred, asocial creatures as Parker and Young and Holiday (dead at thirty-four, forty-nine, and forty-four) would react to such middle-class doings. Would they laugh or dance or sit down and weep?



WEDNESDAY: What an odd, pale evening we were offered at Carnegie Hall tonight! It was a celebration for Hoagy Carmichael, who, a sly, spidery, supercharged seventy-nine, was there every time you turned around (he didn't sing, though), and it consisted of mechanical renditions of three dozen of his songs, among them "Skylark," "Lazy River," "I Get Along Without You Very Well," "How Little We Know," "Georgia on My Mind," "Baltimore Oriole," "Rockin' Chair," "Lazybones," "The Nearness of You," and "Two Sleepy People." Jackie Cain, Dave Frishberg, Max Morath, Marty Grosz, and Kay Starr sang, and a ten-piece band, conducted by Bob Crosby and made up of Bob Wilber, Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, Michael Moore, Eddie Miller, and Vic Dickenson, filled in the chinks. Carmichael's songs are often about country things, but, compared to Willard Robison's, they have a smooth, almost suburban flavor. They also have a built-in swing (he used to hang around jazz musicians a good deal)—a readiness, with the slightest push, to take off and go. Witness "Georgia on My Mind" and "Lazy River" and "Lazybones," and the uncommon number of classic recordings that have been built on his songs. So tonight was a puzzle. Jackie Cain's (purposely) flattish long notes didn't fit Carmichael's short, steadily stepping melodic lines. Morath was empty, Grosz was adequate, and Kay Starr's lavish vibrato homogenized her songs. But Frishberg was excellent, and there were instrumental inspirations: Dickenson sneaking his way through "Lazybones;" a short, clarion Moore solo on "Baltimore Oriole;" and an elbowing duet by Butterfield and Lawson. Crosby lightened the evening with a story about the trumpeter Sterling Bose, who, when he had had too much to drink one night, attempted to solo by blowing into the bell of his horn. Getting no sound, he turned to Yank Lawson and said, "Take it, Yank. My lip is shot."

Blandness also afflicted the ten numbers the pianist Barry Harris played at Carnegie Recital Hall this afternoon. He did "We'll Be Together Again," a long slow blues, a couple of Bud Powell exercises, a Thelonious Monk medley, and "Someone to Watch Over Me." Every one of the notes had the same value, whether it stood by itself, went by in an arpeggio, was the keystone of a phrase, or ended a song. Harris was like a perfectly laid fire that refused to catch.

THURSDAY: The pianist Patti Bown is a New York ghost. She turns up every few years—at a Newport festival for one number, at a Lexington Avenue pub for a night or two, at Bradley's for a week. But each time she leaves enough of her brilliance behind to last until she turns up again. She has a reputation for being skittish and ungovernable, and her performance at Carnegie Recital Hall today suggested why. Much of the time, she sat at the keyboard and talked about her childhood (she was born in 1931, in Seattle), about her father's father, about her mother, about the music she heard and didn't hear when she was a child, and on and on. In between these monologues, delivered in a soft, laughing way, she demonstrated a blues an elderly relative had played in a queer ragtime style (few rags have pure blues in them), a looser, windborne blues her mother had sung, a song she had written for Billie Holiday when she was eight, a gospel song, a fast jazz tune, John Coltrane's "Giant Steps," and a Swahili love song. Her style is dense and idiosyncratic. She pushes the rhythm around with hard left-hand offbeats and jagged right-hand figures. She likes to give the impression she has several voices going at once—one in the left hand and at least two in the right, where her restless chords seem to move side by side with her eccentric runs and connective figures. But her sense of dynamics rules the spectacular muscle in her playing, and shouldering chords are offset by delicate single-note figures. Her "Giant Steps" was an eight-minute lesson in how to make a piece of improvisation so tight and complex it would supply a dozen soloists for a week. After the Swahili love song, which was gentle and longing, Patti Bown played a blues with an exotic time signature and was gone again.

The only past that jazz musicians ever hanker after is the funny past. Nostalgia escapes them, and so do resurrectional exercises such as the one held in Carnegie Hall tonight and called "We Remember Billie." Three pickup bands made up of musicians associated with Billie—Jimmy Rowles, Teddy Wilson, Harry Edison, Jo Jones, Buck Clayton, and Vic Dickenson, plus such ringers as Zoot Sims, Ruby Braff, and Lionel Hampton—played songs associated with her, and very little happened except for Dickenson, who excelled. There were also three film clips. One showed her with Basie in 1950; one was made with the guitarist Mary Osborne not long before Billie died; and one was her famous and invariably affecting sequence from the 1957 CBS "Sound of Jazz" show. The evening was closed by Carmen McRae, who spent a lot of time

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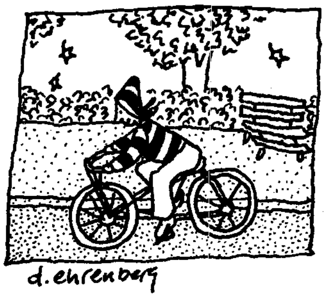
at Billie's knee as a young woman, but whose arch, synthetic style almost seems to repudiate her.

FRIDAY: Last February, the avant-garde trumpeter Lester Bowie, who is a founding member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, put together a sixty-piece avant-garde band, the Sho'Nuff Orchestra, which gave a pair of concerts at the Symphony Space theatre. Most of the important members of the American avant-garde were there, and absorbed into the band were such groups as the A.E.C., Air, and the World Saxophone Quartet, along with members of Sun Ra's band. Anthony Braxton turned up, and so did the wizard trombonist George Lewis. It was a genial, cacophonic affair, in which the orchestra played some blues, a gospel piece, and "I Got Rhythm," sometimes in unison, sometimes in harmony, and sometimes free. At one point, the band marched around the theatre and then broke up into choirs, which played in the balconies, achieving a nice Berlioz effect. There were sumptuous sounds: a flute solo riding over a deep organ chord played by twenty reedmen; five drummers and two percussionists going at once; Bowie playing against two arco basses and several rolling snare drums. The Sho'Nuff Orchestra was the avant-garde's New York blimp, and although it didn't get the attention Bowie had hoped, it worked very well.

The Art Ensemble of Chicago and the World Saxophone Quartet were on hand at the Symphony Space tonight as themselves, but the evening was opened by the Yosuke Yamashita Trio, from Japan. Made up of piano, drums, and alto saxophone, the group offered deadly-serious elaborations of Cecil Taylor, Eric Dolphy, and Elvin Jones, played with a startling ferocity. The World Saxophone Quartet, composed of the alto saxophonists Oliver Lake and Julius Hemphill, the tenor saxophonist David Murray, and the baritone saxophonist Hamiet Bluiett, was an immediate antidote. It works in the parodic tradition established more than fifteen years ago by Charles Mingus and Archie Shepp, who used to twit Ellington and marching bands and Guy Lombardo and whatever else came into their ken. The W.S.Q. imitated the Ellington reed section, using a syrupy vibrato, and they played a fast, smeary staccato riff number that called forth Jimmy Giuffre's "Four Brothers." They also did some Stepin Fetchit pantomime in which they shuffled around the stage sideways and took about an hour to pick up their instruments for their next number. They played some smart collective passages, and their solos were sharp and to the point. (The opening section of their set, wherein each man appears by himself for a meandering solo, should be dispensed with. The group's strength is collective.) They swung hard, and it was only at the end of their performance that one realized they didn't have (or need) a rhythm section.



The Art Ensemble of Chicago first came together in 1968, and it is still made up of Lester Bowie, Joseph Jarman (reeds and percussion), Roscoe Mitchell (reeds), Famoudou Don Moye (drums and percussion), and Malachi Favors Magoustous (bass). It is a musical-theatrical group, which dresses in Oriental costumes (Bowie wears a white medical coat), chants and recites verse, and moves about in a slow, boxlike, ritualistic way. The music is free and achieves its kaleidoscopic, mercurial effect not so much through improvisational skills as through the changing textures and timbres brought about by the musicians' doubling on the arsenal of instruments they carry with them. When Bowie soloed at one point tonight, this is what happened. He began with rude blats, which gave way to dying-swan sounds, which dissolved into Rex Stewart half-valved effects. There was no accompaniment. Then Bowie made sudden roaring trumpet sounds right next to the microphone and drew a fusillade of rimshots. Jarman rattled some maracas, Moye inserted a snare-drum roll, and Favors played high, scratchy chicken notes next to the bridge of his bass. Bowie went through several descending four-note phrases, breaking off the last note violently each time, as if he were being bodily pulled away from his instrument. After another spray of Moye rimshots, Bowie gave off some piercing Roy Eldridge notes, and there was silence. Two beats passed, and the silence was filled with lyricism: Bowie played a thick melody and was joined by Jarman flute and Mitchell baritone-saxophone hums. Moye took up his wire brushes, and Favors started a steady 4/4 beat that Moye began to pick at with wild and irregular rimshots and tomtom strokes.

With the reeds now chanting and shouting, Bowie released an assemblage of blats and growls and yells. He slowly subsided and, finally sitting down at center stage, lowered his head while Jarman and Mitchell, on soprano and alto saxophones, worked their way into a gradually intensifying duet and Moye started exploding slowly on some gongs hung beside him. And so it went for an hour. It is not a music you simply sit and listen to. Your ears and brain turn into instruments, and before long are moving through the forest of sounds.

SATURDAY: The smooth, serene celebration of American song held at Carnegie Hall tonight was arranged and conducted and performed by Mel Tormé and Gerry Mulligan, who brought along Joya Sherrill, George Shearing, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, and a band including Harry Edison, Doc Cheatham, Vic Dickenson, Mulligan, Jimmy Rowles, George Duvivier, and Oliver Jackson. Joya Sherrill sang three Ellingtons and one Strayhorn, and left them unchanged but off pitch. Jackie and Roy did part of the streamlined, expert Sondheim show they put together at Michael's Pub last winter, and Shearing sang an avuncular "Lullaby of Birdland." The rest of the evening was taken up by Tormé, who did Jerome Kern ("Nobody Else but Me," "The Folks Who Live on the Hill," "All the Things You Are," "Pick Yourself Up," "The Song Is You"), by Mulligan, who sang and/or played Kurt Weill ("Mack the Knife," "Here I'll Stay," "Speak Low"), and by the band, which did "Jive at Five," "Undecided," and an "I Want a Little Girl" that had a folksy vocal duet by Cheatham and Dickenson. Last year, Tormé and Mulligan co-chaired a similar enterprise, and it was a swift and witty interlude that stays in the mind. Tonight has already taken flight. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

●

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

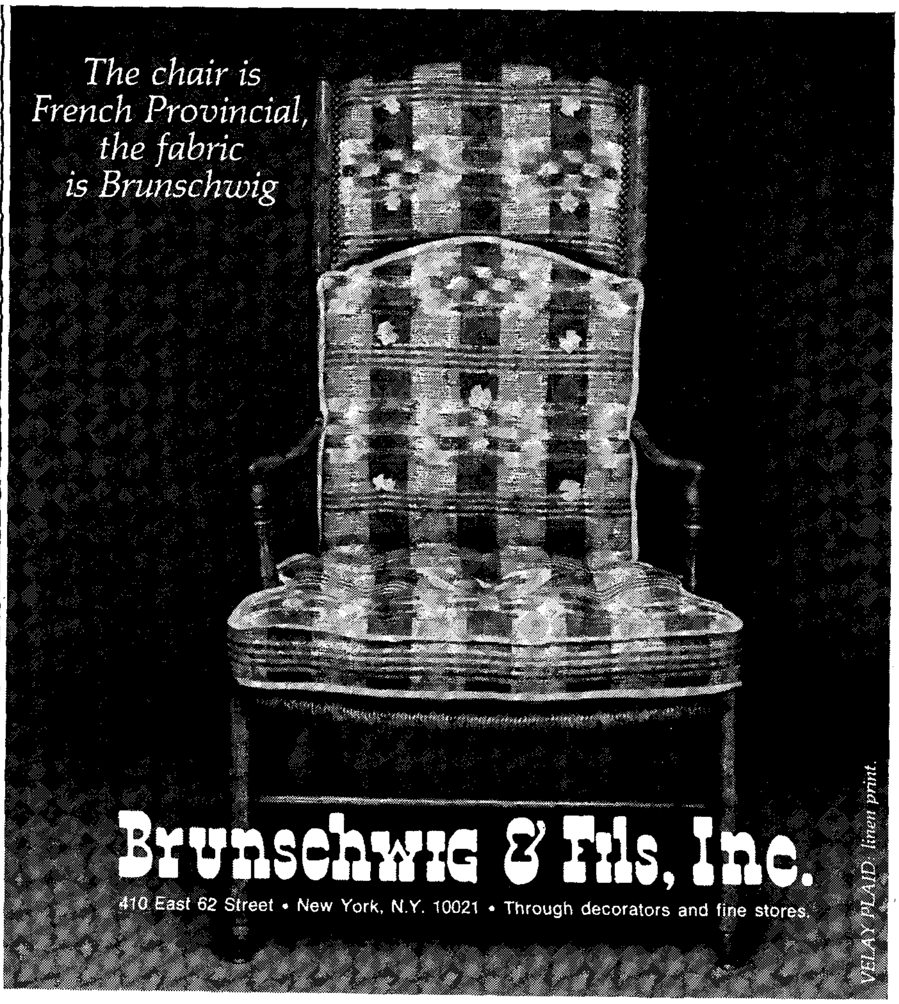
[*Geraldine Norman in the London Times*]

RHINOCEROS: In a report on July 7 a Louis XV clock mounted on a rhinoceros was described erroneously as being mounted on a hippopotamus, for which I apologize.

●

The fathers of the bride and bridegroom wore dark brown tuxedos with shirts and boutonnieres that matched the gowns of their mothers.—*Middlebury (Vt.) Addison County Independent.*

Lavender, we'll bet.


The chair is French Provincial, the fabric is Brunschwig

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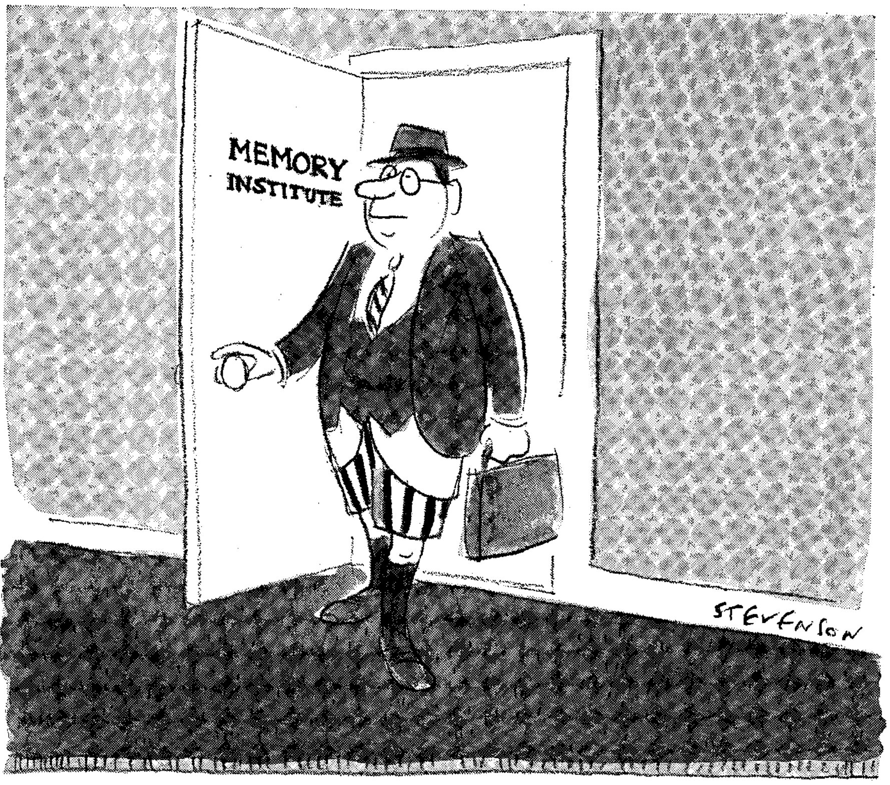

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

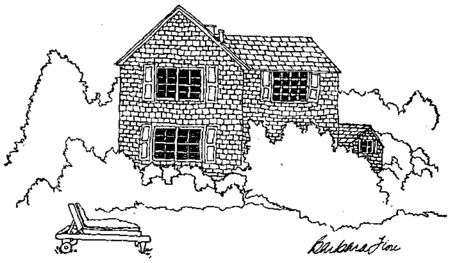
LIVE AND LET LIVE

I TALKED with Carol Terry one October afternoon in 1978 in her office at the Department of Energy, in Washington, D.C., where she had been employed for just over a year as an auditor. She said she felt well, and she looked it. Mrs. Terry—Mrs. Michael Terry—is an attractive young woman, small and slim, with thick brown hair and large dark hazel eyes and a somewhat lopsided smile. That—her crooked smile—and an occasional catch or hesitation in her speech seemed to be the only remaining signs of her dismaying experience. Later, when she stood up from her desk to see me to the door, I saw that she also had a slight limp, a favoring of her right leg. But that was all.

It is hard to say precisely when Mrs. Terry's trouble began. In one sense, and a very real one, it began at the moment of her birth. That was on June 23, 1946, in Los Angeles. Its first manifestations, however, came later, much later—in the summer of 1971, when she had just turned twenty-five. "It was strange," she told me. "Looking back, I would call it insidious. But at the time I didn't know that anything was even happening. I thought I was well and happy. I was an Army brat. I grew up all over the country. But now I thought I was finally settled down. I'd been married for two years to a young Italian from Italy named Pasquale—Pat, I called him—and we had a nice apartment near L.A., in Monterey Park. Pat and I were both working, and I was taking fertility pills, because we wanted a baby. The beginning of it all must have been around the middle of July. I seemed to be getting kind of shaky, and sometimes my mouth felt a little tight. Then one day at work, right out of the blue, I fainted. My job was handling claims for an insurance company, and I suppose you could say it was a pressure job. But even so! They were very nice. They sent me home and told me to take a week off. I went to our neighborhood family doctor. He looked me over and said it was fatigue, and gave me a prescription for Valium. My parents were living in Salt Lake City then. I knew and liked Salt Lake City—I went to high school there—so it seemed like a good idea to spend my week off with them. No, I'm not a Mormon; I was raised a Catholic. Pat got some time off, and we drove up. I really felt very funny—shaky and very nervous. When I told my mother, she just laughed. She said I was simply growing up. She said she had been nervous all her life.

"We drove back to L.A. on Saturday, July 31st. On the way, Pat and I got into a fight. I can't remember what about. Maybe it was me. But we ended up not speaking for the entire seven hundred miles. We went to bed not speaking. I woke up at five o'clock on Sunday morning. I had this feeling that I had to do something. I can't explain it any better than that. I went into the bathroom and got down Pat's razor and took out the blade and began to slash my wrists—first one, then the other. Look! You can still see the little scars. I didn't want to die, especially. I just wanted to take some action. I don't know why. And I don't know why it took that form. Anyway, I was standing there at the sink with the water running and washing off the blood when Pat woke up and saw me and began to scream. I remember how he screamed. I must have been an awful sight. But he had the sense to get me dressed and rush me to the emergency room of the nearest hospital. They stitched me up—ten stitches—and gave Pat a sedative. I let them do what they wanted. I wasn't saying very much, but I had the feeling that a great weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I don't know why."

THERE was a pause. Mrs. Terry looked blankly down at her desk, then abruptly raised her head. "Two days later," she said, "I had my first psychiatric consultation." Her voice had an edge to it. "Pat had telephoned my parents, and they flew down and made the arrangements with our family doctor. I spent a month in a psychiatric hospital in the L.A. area. It wasn't until I was settled there that I began to realize what I had tried to do. I was so ashamed. I felt so guilty. I told you I was raised a Roman Catholic. And the thought of all the trouble I was causing was almost too much to bear. And I was depressed. I hardly said a word for three days. Then I began to feel a little better. I suppose my guilt began to wear off. So I was discharged. The psychiatrist thought it best that I not be alone, and it was decided that I'd go back to Salt Lake City with my parents. That meant a separation for Pat and me, but I don't think either of us really cared. He felt humiliated by what I had done. Our marriage was shakier than we had thought. And, of course, I had other things to worry about. The hospital psychiatrist referred me to a psychiatrist in Salt Lake City. He and the psychiatrist in L.A. are one and the same in my memory. I don't mean they looked alike. I only mean they had the same moves. I'd been on Thorazine in L.A. The Salt Lake City man started me on Tofranil, and when that didn't seem to work he put me back on Thorazine—six hundred milligrams a day. At our consultations, he expected me to talk. All he did was listen. Whenever I asked a question, he simply threw it back at me: 'Why do you ask me that?' He seemed to have made up his mind about me before I ever walked into his office. I realize now that I already had a permanent label, a category. And those people, the psychiatrists, deal entirely in labels. I was an attempted suicide. That translated into a case of hysteria. Everything I said was interpreted according to my category. Categories behave in such-and-such a way for such-and-such a reason. He went away for two weeks, and at our next meeting I said—just to be polite, just making small talk—'How was your vacation?' He gave me a smug look. 'Oh,' he said, 'you're angry because I went away and left you.' Actually, I *was* angry. But not for his smug reason. I was angry with him because something frightening was happening to me and it didn't bother him at all. I was having trouble with my hands—they felt shaky and clumsy. It was getting hard for me to do all kinds of manual things, like fixing my hair, or buttoning a blouse, or washing my face. I wanted to know why. He wouldn't, or couldn't, tell me anything. He would just nod and say I was angry with my husband. I remember asking, 'Why can't I make my hands stay still?' He said, 'Why do *you* think?' I got so sick of that kind of talk that I began to cancel my appointments.



"That was in early October. He interpreted my behavior as antagonistic and suggested that I might do better in a hospital environment. I let him admit me to the psychiatric ward of a hospital

“Nice touch, Jenkins. I like a man who salutes.”

• •

he was affiliated with. I think he was tired of me. He saw me there, but only occasionally, and then he only looked in. The treatment was more Thorazine, and group therapy. They put me to work making things—working with my hands. And I could hardly get a button through a buttonhole. I’ve always been a great reader, and I was spending most of my time trying to read. But I found I wasn’t really absorbing what I read. I couldn’t concentrate anymore. Oh—and also about that time I began to drool. That was almost the worst thing of all. And there was nothing I could do about it. I just sat there and drooled. The strange thing—although I didn’t know it then—was that the usual effect of Thorazine is dryness of the mouth. But nobody seemed to notice or care. I began to get the feeling that I couldn’t talk. I don’t know how to explain that. I knew I could talk, and yet I felt I couldn’t. I was so miserable. I began to feel I wanted to die. Really die. That whole period is a little blurred in my memory—partly, I suppose, because of all the Thorazine. But I remember certain moments vividly. I remember that just before Thanksgiving I had the feeling I was actually going to die that very night. My mother came to see me that afternoon, and I made her take my wedding ring and gold necklace. I was afraid one of the hospital people would steal them that night off my dead body. When I woke up the next morning and found I was still alive, I refused to believe it. I told everybody I was dead. I insisted. That’s all I remember of that episode. But around then they gave me a series of tests—physical tests. I don’t know why they did, or why they’d waited so long. They did various blood tests, a brain scan, and a liver-function test. They told me my liver was enlarged. The reason, they said, was all that Thorazine. So they took me off Thorazine, and put me into electroshock therapy. I suppose they talked to my parents and got their permission. I had three treatments, and there seemed to be some improvement. My psychiatrist said I was sufficiently improved to go home. But he was mistaken. I began to feel I was really off my rocker. Pat came up to see me, and we were driving somewhere, and I tried to jump out of the car. The psychiatrist decided they hadn’t gone far enough with my electroshock therapy. He put me back in the hospital for a full course. I had eight treatments. There really seemed to be some improvement this time. I felt less groggy, less dopey. I was discharged on January 1st, and went home to my parents again.

“My new routine was occasional psychiatric consultations, and group therapy. It was much the same as before. Everything was getting harder and harder for me—tying my shoes, opening jar lids, setting my hair, writing, even signing my name. But every time I tried to discuss it with the psychiatrist he simply shrugged and said what he had always said: This was my way of showing resentment toward my husband. Group therapy wasn’t any more satisfactory. I wrote an account of what I thought was wrong with the way the group was run. I typed it out—hunt and peck; it took forever—because nobody could read my handwriting anymore. I asked the psychiatrist if I might read my report to our group. He refused. That finished it for me. I had stayed with it all spring and summer, but now I was through. I was totally fed up with him and his methods. He was really just laying his own hangups on us. So I resigned. That was in September. I was at a loss. All of my symptoms were worsening, and some new ones were coming on. It was getting hard for me to chew and swallow. My right leg was acting funny—I was beginning to limp. My balance was off. I don’t know how many times I tipped over and fell down. I was covered with bruises. But, worst of all, I began to have trouble speaking. I couldn’t seem to articulate; everything came out slurred. Even my family had trouble understanding me. Pat couldn’t cope with it. First suicide, then psychiatry, now this. Maybe he felt that I was shaming him, that I reflected on him as a man. We both realized that our marriage was over—we were too different. We started divorce proceedings. At the same time, I had a desperate idea. The only part of me that seemed to be still functioning normally was my mind. I could still think. So maybe my trouble wasn’t emotional, psychological, functional. Maybe it was basically physical. I arranged to see a neurologist. We talked, and he examined me. He checked my reflexes and my walk and so on. I went to see him four times. Finally, he told me that my problem was entirely psychological. He said my physical problems were side effects of Thorazine. He put me on L-dopa, the drug they use to control the spasms in Parkinson’s disease, and referred me to a psychiatrist. Not the one I had been going to. A different one.

“Of course, there really wasn’t that much difference. In my experience, there never is. Psychiatrist No. 3 took me off L-dopa and put me on another tranquillizer—an antidepressant called Sinequan. He told me that the cause of all my troubles was my unhappy marriage. He said my shaking hands were an expression of a suppressed desire to hit my husband. At home, I spent most of my time lying down—I could speak better and swallow better in that position. About all I could do was look at television. I had practically stopped trying to read. I couldn't keep my hands steady enough to hold a book. I began to lose weight. It was difficult for me to swallow even water. My parents were about out of their minds. My mother was a real nervous wreck. My father got desperate enough to take me to a hypnotist. That was supposed to conjure me out of my tremor. For maybe half a minute after I was hypnotized my hands stopped shaking. That was in December. My divorce was granted the following month. But that didn't faze my new psychiatrist. He simply shifted his ground. My problem was no longer related to my marriage. The cause of all my trouble now was simply that I didn't want to go back to work—I didn't want to accept responsibility. By the beginning of February, I had lost twenty-five pounds. You can imagine what I looked like. And I was becoming dehydrated. That was really frightening. I wanted help, real help, and all I got from my third psychiatrist was the usual questions and a few textbook answers. I finally told him that I thought I should go into the hospital again, but a different hospital this time, the best in town—the University of Utah Medical Center. He nodded his head. What I really wanted, he told me, was attention. I just wanted to be waited on. Oh, he was a real winner. But I insisted. I think it bothered him that I wanted to go into the Medical Center, because he wasn't affiliated there. He had to get a colleague to make the arrangements. I never saw him again. About a year later, I wrote to him and brought him up to date on my case. I thought he would be interested. He never answered.”

MRS. TERRY was admitted to a psychiatric ward at the University of Utah Medical Center on February 17, 1973. She remained a patient there until February 28th, when, “due to discontinuation of her insurance in December and unavailability of welfare insurance,” she was discharged. Her “Discharge Summary,” which included a comprehensive review of her case, largely confirmed her own recollection of those many months of conventional counsel and inexorably failing health. It opened, “This is the 1st UUMC admission for this 26-year-old divorced white woman from Salt Lake City referred by Dr. ——. Chief complaint is given by the father, who reports her ‘becoming catatonic.’ ” It continued, “The patient has a psychiatric history going back several years. She was previously hospitalized at —— by Dr. ——, the first hospitalization occurring in August of 1971, following a ‘nervous breakdown’ in California. She was treated with electroshock therapy x 3 and was discharged in approximately 1 week, showing marked improvement. She continued with Dr. —— in therapy, but relapsed in December of 1971, receiving 8 electroshock treatments while hospitalized. Again she showed rapid improvement. Although the diagnosis of schizophrenia was never made, the patient did receive [Thorazine] treatment intermittently. The patient stopped seeing Dr. —— and was referred to a neurologist, Dr. ——, for evaluation of muscle tightening on her right side and drooling, which was felt at the time to be a reaction to Thorazine. She did make improvement, but then, under Dr. ——'s supervision, the patient began regressing, at which time the diagnosis of a Thorazine reaction was not felt to be accurate, and, without evidence of neurological disease, hysterical-conversion symptom was considered. At this time, the patient was referred to Dr. ——, who treated her with Valium 20 mg a day and Sinequan. The patient has had a very stormy marriage, which was recently ended by divorce, final January, 1973. Since that time, she has progressively gotten worse, with increasing signs of muscle stiffness, drooling, and difficulty in swallowing. Prior to admission, the patient was not eating or drinking fluids properly, and was becoming dehydrated. She was not able to communicate, because of her unformed words.”

The review of Mrs. Terry's medical history was followed by an evaluation of her mental status. It read, “Alert, oriented. Patient speaks in a high, squeaky, almost unintelligible voice, which makes questioning impossible. Speech is very slow, with short phrases. Follows commands readily. Psychomotor—rigid posturing of hands and fingers, hyperextended and stiff jaws. Patient moves in very mechanical fashion.” The results of a routine physical examination (pulse, blood pressure, temperature, eyes, chest, heart, abdomen) were noted as being essentially normal, including “no pathologic reflexes.” So, with one exception, were the results of certain laboratory tests: complete blood count, urinalysis. The exception was a test for serum glutamic-oxaloacetic transaminase (SGOT), which determines the concentration in the blood of an enzyme whose excessive presence there is indicative of liver-tissue damage. Normal is between forty and fifty units. Mrs. Terry's concentration was given as one hundred and ten.

The “Summary” then reviewed Mrs. Terry's stay in the hospital. “It became apparent,” its authors, a staff physician and a resident, noted, “that the patient did have some control over her movements, at times with a gross tremor in doing a task such as trying to tie her shoe, seeking attention and help; however, when the behavior was not attended to, the patient was able to manage adequately, at times with total cessation of her tremor. The patient improved with her food and fluid intake. Under hypnosis, the patient was able to totally relax, with entire control of all body tremors or movements. During sessions of behavior modification and shaping, her voice became very rapid; responding to socialization, it was easy to have the patient change her voice with the words becoming rapidly more distinct.”

It concluded, “Final Diagnosis: Hysterical neurosis, conversion type. Disposition: The patient is transferred to Granite Community Mental Health Center. The patient did not receive any medication during hospitalization nor on transfer. Prognosis: Fair.”

MRS. TERRY entered the Community Mental Health Center, as a welfare patient, the same day. There is no knowing how long she might have remained there—limping, drooling, trembling, mumbling—if chance had not intervened. Its instrument was a doctor on the Center staff named David Reiser. Something about Mrs. Terry's appearance prompted him to take a second look at her file. The history of her case only quickened a suspicion he had formed. Since the Mental Health Center's diagnostic facilities were not up to proving his theory, he sent her to John Shields, an internist at a neighboring clinic that was equipped to do more elaborate tests—

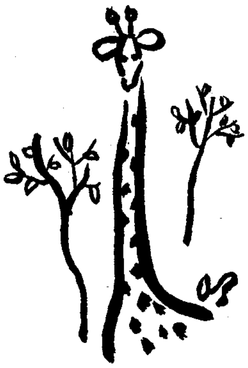
a liver-function test, a ceruloplasmin test, a serum-copper evaluation, as well as a slit-lamp examination of the corneas of her eyes.

"It was then I knew that something important had happened," Mrs. Terry told me. "I could tell from the way Dr. Shields and the ophthalmologist stood there looking at each other and nodding. I waited, and finally Dr. Shields turned to me. He wasn't exactly smiling, but he certainly looked pleased. He said they thought they knew what was wrong with me. He said they thought my trouble was basically not psychiatric. He said they thought I had a disease called Wilson's disease. He said he understood that it was treatable. And also, he said, it so happened that one of the leading authorities on Wilson's disease was here in Salt Lake City. His name was Dr. Cartwright, and he was the head of the Department of Medicine at the University of Utah College of Medicine. I heard what Dr. Shields was telling me. I drank in every wonderful word of it. But the thing that mattered most—the thing that put me up in seventh heaven—was that I had a real disease. I wasn't a psychiatric case. I wasn't crazy."

WILSON'S disease, though something of a rarity, is only too real a disease. It is also a peculiar one. It has its origin in a genetically structured derangement of copper metabolism, and is inherited through the coincidental presence of a certain morbidly aberrant chromosome in both the mother and the father of the victim. The parents themselves, to the best of current medical knowledge, are unaffected by their possession of this baleful trait. Nor—even more baleful—is there any practical way to predetermine their carrier state.

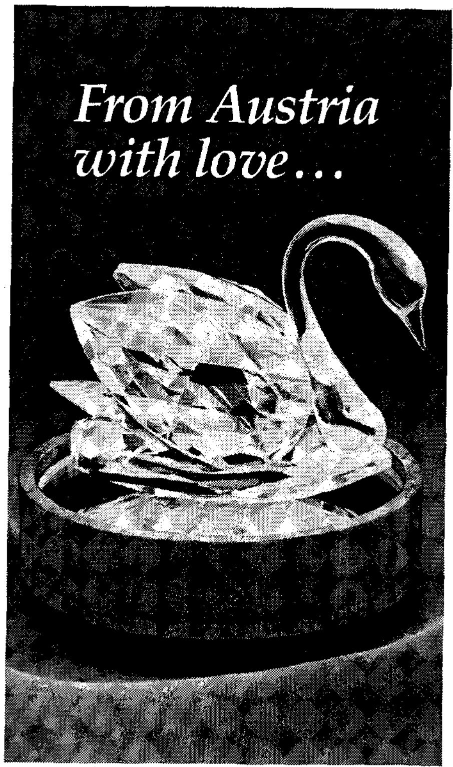
Wilson's disease takes its name from an early-twentieth-century British neurologist, S. A. Kinnier Wilson. His classic monograph, "Progressive Lenticular Degeneration: A Familial Nervous Disease Associated with Cirrhosis of the Liver," published in 1912, is generally accepted as the first more or less comprehensive description of the disease, and it contains an impressively accurate postulation: "There is evidence to show that the disease is toxic in origin." Copper, as mid-twentieth-century nutrition importantly established, is one of the several elements essential in minute quantities to the normal functioning of the human body (it makes possible the assimilation of iron), but, like some other members of this company (most notably iron), its impact in large quantities, as has long been known, can be toxic. Wilson's disease is essentially a chronic copper poisoning. In it, the natural balance between copper ingestion and copper excretion is disturbed (perhaps through an impairment of the excretionary powers of the biliary fluids), and the copper thus retained is stored in certain organs. The liver is its first and chief repository. In time, as the storage capacity of the liver is exhausted, the continuing accumulation passes from the liver into the bloodstream and is carried to the other organs with which copper has a grim affinity. These are most conspicuously the brain and the cornea of the eye. The relentless retention of copper begins at birth, but so efficient is the liver in its protective role that years, many years—ten, twenty, even thirty years—may elapse before the first intimations of morbidity are felt.

The liver, understandably, is the first of the susceptible organs to suffer damage. This damage, however, may not immediately be clinically apparent. When it is, the manifestations are often mistaken for chronic active hepatitis. Many cases of Wilson's disease (at least sixty per cent) are at this stage asymptomatic, and the first forceful indications of disease appear only when the accumulation of copper in the brain has reached a bruising concentration. These indications embrace a sweeping range of neurological disturbances—slurred speech, failing voice, excessive salivation, difficulty in swallowing, tremor (hands, head, trunk), incoördination, spasticity, muscular rigidity, progressing to bedridden helplessness. They may also mysteriously appear as an adolescent adjustment problem, as anxiety neurosis, as depression, even as schizophrenia. The gravitation of copper to the eye has an equally curious impact. It produces a phenomenon known to medicine (in celebration of two German investigators who were its pioneer observers) as the Kayser-Fleischer ring. A Kayser-Fleischer ring consists of a more or less complete ring of rusty-brown pigmentation—a literal implantation of copper—around the rim of the cornea. It is not known just how the copper is deposited there. The apparition, however, is at once a harmless peculiarity and a signal of the utmost clinical significance. Both the liver damage that occurs in Wilson's disease and its subsequent neurological disruptions may perhaps be misunderstood by the indifferent diagnostician, but only ignorance can see and ignore the Kayser-Fleischer ring. The Kayser-Fleischer rings are pathognomonic—are definitive—signals of Wilson's disease, and failure to comprehend their meaning is a fateful diagnostic error. For unless Wilson's disease is opportunely recognized and promptly and appropriately treated, it is invariably, and agonizingly, fatal.



I TALKED with Dr. Cartwright—Dr. George E. Cartwright—in his office at the hilltop Utah Medical Center, a big, sunny room with a view of Salt Lake City spread distantly out below. Dr. Cartwright, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, is a sparkling, white-haired man in his late middle years, small and wiry, with three passionate enthusiasms—backpacking, skiing, and Wilson's disease. Indeed, as Dr. Shields was aware, he is generally considered (along with Irmin Sternlieb and I. Herbert Scheinberg, both of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, in New York, and J. M. Walshe, of Cambridge University) to be among the most eminent contemporary students of the disease.

"Of course I remember Carol Terry," he told me. "Carol is one of my best successes. But it was a very near thing. Dr. Reiser caught her just in time. He had seen a case of Wilson's disease in medical school, and remembered what it looked like. I've somehow happened to see a lot of Wilson's disease—relatively a lot, I should say. We estimate the total number of cases in the United States at only around a thousand. I've seen thirty or so. Carol was in many ways a classic case. I appreciate that Wilson's disease is not an easy disease to diagnose. Not every doctor has it prominently in mind. And I appreciate that Carol's eyes are not blue or gray or green—she has dark eyes, hazel eyes, which made her Kayser-Fleischer rings a little hard to notice at a glance. But—my Lord! I remember the first time I saw her. Dr. Shields had called me and told me about Dr. Reiser's providential memory, and I arranged to have her admitted here as a research patient. I'll never forget the look of her. She *looked* like Wilson's disease. She had the typical masklike face and the fixed and



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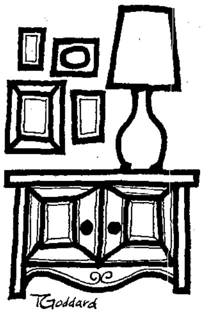
twisted smile. She had what we call the wing-flapping tremor in her arms. Her fingers were constantly moving in what we call a pill-rolling tremor. She was drooling. I thought her Kayser-Fleischer rings were grossly visible. When I said hello to her, she answered me in that distinctive slurred speech, and in that typically squeaky voice. And then she gave that laugh they have. It's the damnedest laugh—it doesn't come in the usual way, it comes on inhalation. It was all there. She was practically a textbook presentation. I think my secretaries could have made the diagnosis.



"But we ran the standard laboratory tests anyway. They confirmed Dr. Reiser's suspicion and the evidence of my own eyes. The tragic thing is that her liver involvement had been noted in all of her hospital stays. Noted, but either ignored or misinterpreted. The trouble is, of course, that cases like Carol's, which present both psychological and neurological symptoms, are almost always diagnosed as psychiatric problems. At least fifty per cent of the cases I've seen or know something about were first diagnosed as functional. And a psychiatric diagnosis tends to stick. I fault psychiatry on that. The psychiatrist should not assume that every patient who seems to be in need of psychiatric help is actually a psychiatric patient. He should stop and consider the possibility of somatic illness. And in a referral, he shouldn't simply accept the previous diagnosis. He should see for himself. I'll go further. I would suggest that all individuals admitted to psychiatric wards who are between the ages of six and thirty-two—the period when the disease most commonly manifests itself—be screened for Wilson's disease with a ceruloplasmin test. It's a simple test—all you need is a blood sample. That would save a lot of misery, even lives.

"Wilson's disease has always been a rare disease. I'm sure it always will be. But it is even rarer in another respect. It's not only treatable but also preventable. That sets it apart from the great majority of diseases. By 'preventable,' I mean this: If the disease is diagnosed early enough—if treatment is started in good time—then its terrible progression of symptoms can be stopped before they start. That's the point of routine ceruloplasmin testing. Treatment isn't to be confused with cure. There is as yet no cure for Wilson's disease, and none in prospect. It is difficult even to conceive of one. It would require some extraordinary genetic manipulation. The treatment of Wilson's disease is basically very simple and straightforward. The idea is to remove the toxic concentration of copper in the body and prevent its reaccumulation. The first relatively effective therapy was initiated by a group of British investigators in 1948. That was the same year in which the role of copper in the disease was firmly established. The investigators used a chemical called dimercaprol. Dimercaprol is more generally known as British anti-lewisite, or BAL. BAL was developed at Oxford during the Second World War as an antidote to an arsenical war gas called lewisite. It was later found to be effective against other heavy metals, of which copper, of course, is one. BAL was of use in Wilson's disease. I used it for some years. Unfortunately, it has its drawbacks. It is administered by injection, and they are very disagreeable injections—long and painful. Also, BAL has frequent severe side effects. The treatment now in use was developed by J. M. Walshe at Cambridge in 1956. His paper 'Penicillamine: A New Oral Therapy for Wilson's Disease' is a classic. Penicillamine is a derivative of penicillin, but it's not an antibiotic. It's what we call a chelator. It has the ability to combine with—to bind—a metal. In Wilson's disease, it mobilizes copper from the tissue and excretes it in the urine.

"Penicillamine is truly a lifesaving drug. The results can be dramatic. I'm not talking about overnight improvement. But unless the patient has suffered irreparable destruction the damage can be repaired. Little by little, the liver returns to normal, the Kayser-Fleischer rings fade away, and the neurological manifestations disappear. The standard regimen combines penicillamine and potassium sulfide. Potassium sulfide acts to prevent the absorption of copper by forming an unabsorbable copper sulfide in the gut. Since penicillamine is a treatment rather than a cure, it is continued for the lifetime of the patient. Potassium sulfide is usually discontinued within six months or a year. We started Carol on therapy in early April—twenty milligrams of potassium sulfide three times a day, and one gram daily of oral D-penicillamine in three equal doses. She responded well. The first notable change was the disappearance of her so-called psychiatric symptoms. They departed as soon as she learned the true nature of her trouble. In less than a month, she was doing well enough to continue her convalescence at home, and I discharged her on May 8th. I saw her as an outpatient at intervals through the rest of 1973. I readmitted her for a week of thorough evaluation on December 2nd. She had continued to progress satisfactorily, and I discharged her. Here's what I mean by 'satisfactorily.' I'll read you a few lines from her discharge summary: 'Patient is currently without specific complaint referable to disease, and she has improved dramatically since April, when her disease was discovered and she was placed on penicillamine therapy. Her only residual of the disease is a limp on the right and some mild dysarthria and an occasional tremor, usually brought on by anxiety states.' Dysarthria means slurred speech. Her recovery was really impressive.

"I was also impressed by her emotional recovery—her character. Carol had had two years of college in California before her first marriage. She went back to school in September of 1974. She enrolled at the University of Utah here. Not only that. She had already begun doing volunteer work at the hospital, and while studying she took a part-time job as a file clerk with the Bureau of Land Management of the Department of the Interior. She met Michael Terry there, and they were married in June of 1976, and in December she got her degree. And moved to Washington. I see her once a year, though. She was here just a few months ago, visiting her parents. I'm not sure that her walk and her speech will ever be entirely normal. We'll just have to wait and see. But when I remember the way she looked the first time I saw her . . ."

"WELL, yes," Mrs. Terry told me the last time we talked. "I've thought about a malpractice suit. I'm told I have a good case. Those psychiatrists—I wouldn't wish them on my worst enemy. But then—I don't know. I guess they're only human. So I think I'll live and let live."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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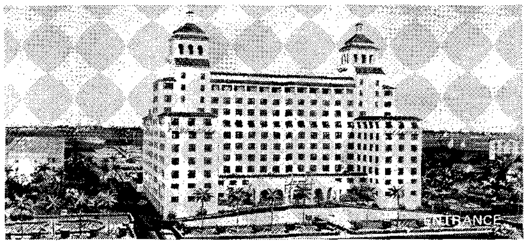

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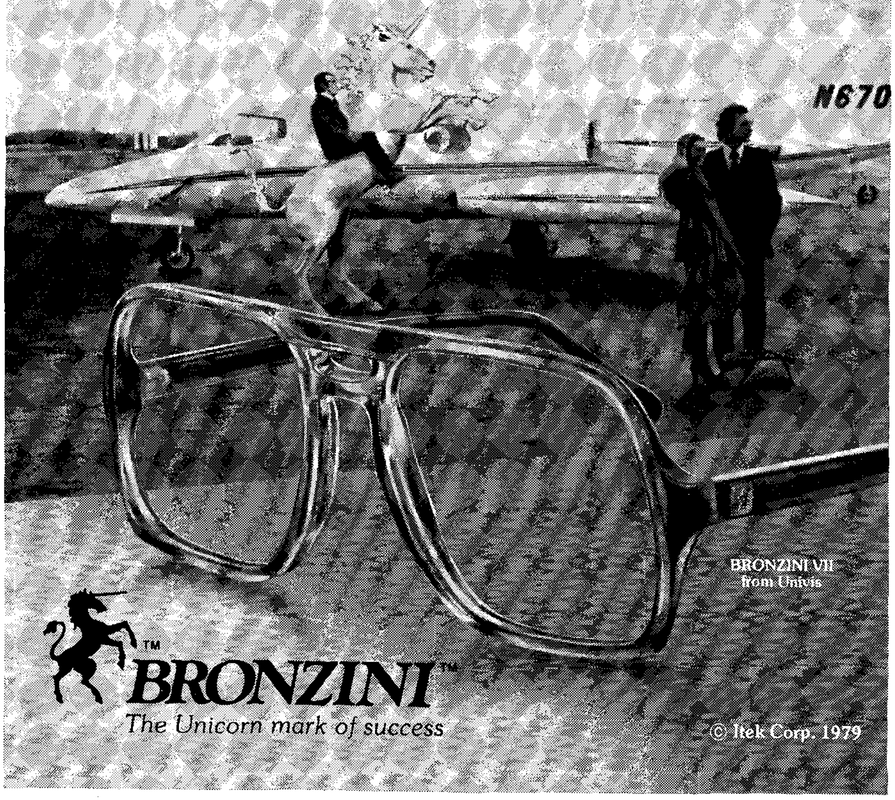

THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Ideal

TRYING to make sense of "The Frisco Kid," I felt like the travellers passing through Grand Central Terminal one night last week who sought guidance at the local-geography section of the main information booth only to be confronted by a deserted microphone and a hand-lettered sign that read:

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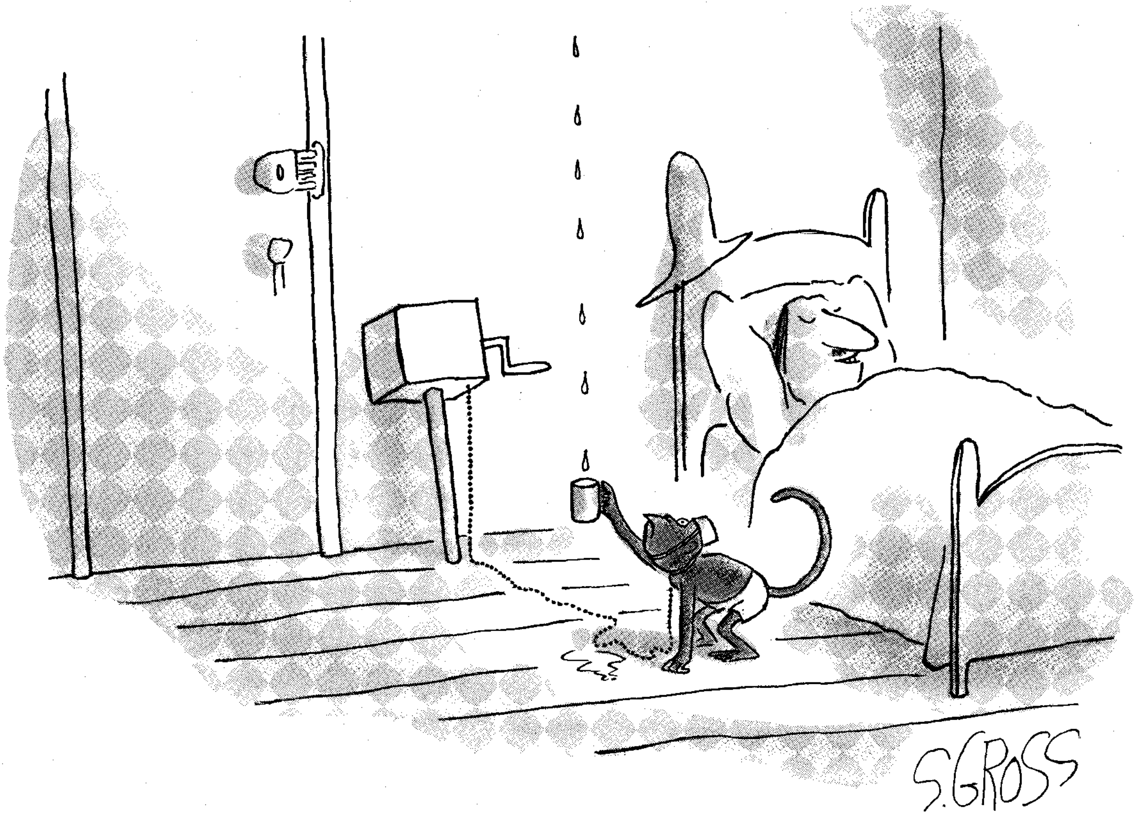
In the movie, Gene Wilder, as a rabbi, says that the Talmud says "Find thyself a teacher." "Find thyself a script," I felt like saying. Trying to work my way out of the state of confusion I had stumbled into at Cinema I, I conjured up a vision in which someone (could it be Executive Producer Howard W. Koch, Jr.? Or one of the writers, Michael Elias and Frank Shaw?)—*someone* just happens to bump into Gene Wilder, the star, and Robert Aldrich, the director, as they are walking (not together) across some Hollywood back lot where Hopalong Cassidy once roamed, and says, "Polish rabbi in the Wild West, 1850. On your mark, get set, go!" And, in this vision of mine, Wilder and Aldrich are overwhelmed by the beauty of the idea. Having nothing better to do at the moment, they improvise, each in his fashion, the hundred-and-twenty-two-minute picture that has recently been released by Warner Brothers, to the likely perplexity of the viewing public.

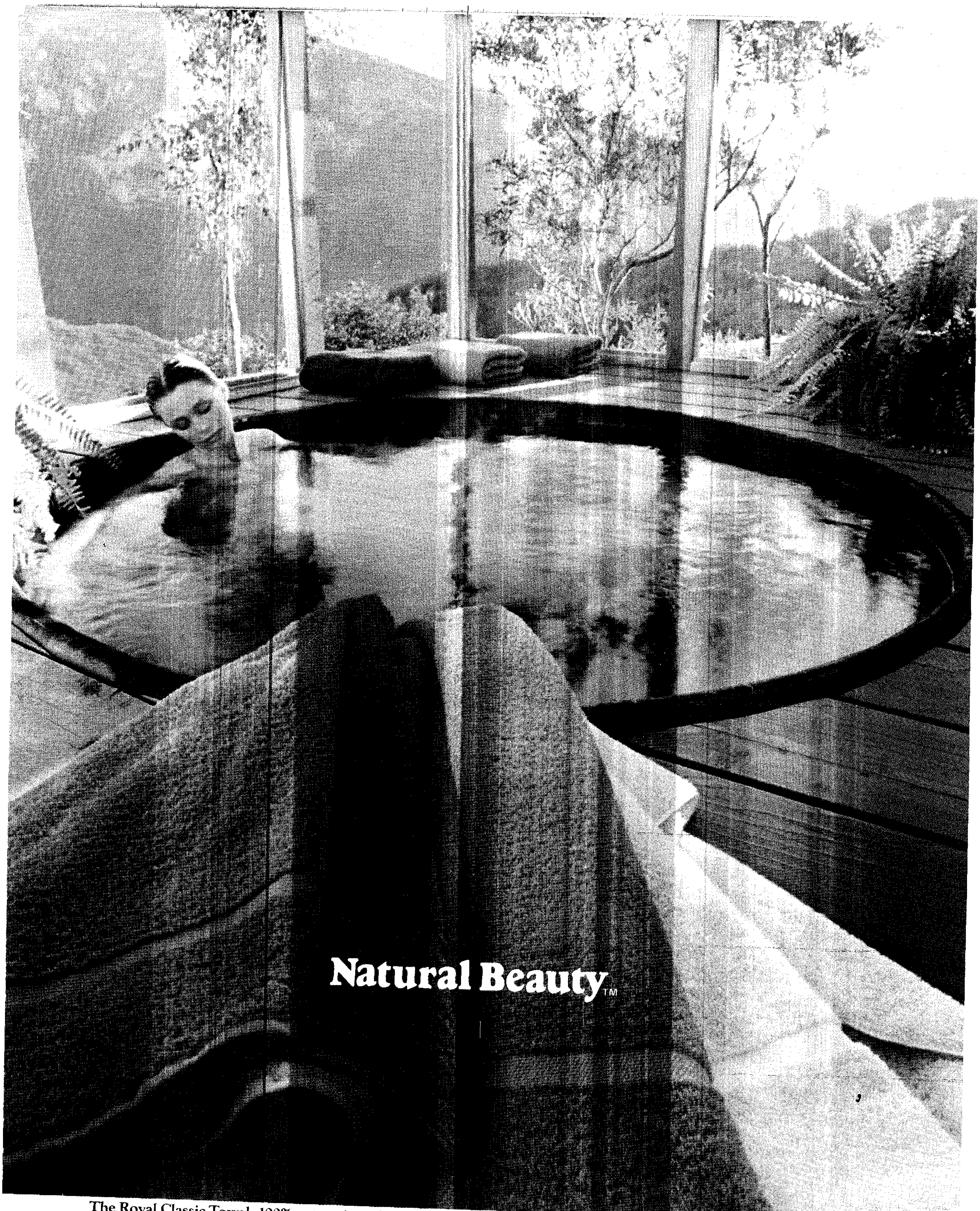
Wilder, with his angelic blond hair and blue eyes, impersonates a character of such strength of virtue and unfailing good humor that it seemed rude to complain about "The Frisco Kid" for about ten minutes after it ended. Nevertheless, it's a clumsy and irresolute creation, marked by abrupt shifts of tone, generally away from comedy toward unfounded pathos, and by uncalculated surprises, all in the category of anticlimax. As the rabbi, en route from Poland to a congregation in San Francisco, Wilder seems to be groping for a character he can make his own and floundering each time he gropes, for lack of a script, or even a notion of what would make such a character interesting. He is fleeced by two sharpies in Philadelphia, he ogles a woman's breasts, he has a heartwarming encounter with an Amish family whom he at first takes to be Jews, a raccoon eats his food. He prefers "Oy vey!" to commoner cowboy curses, he refuses to ride a horse on the Sabbath even when he is hotly pursued by a posse, and he charms hostile Indians with his devotion to the Torah. He says "Go, horsie" and "Wait, horsie, take it easy;" he rolls his eyes.

There is no doubt that Wilder is charming, and he has often shown that he can be funny. In "The Frisco Kid," though, he must have trudged through his minimal paces in the hope that Mel Brooks would come riding to the rescue over the next mesa, and surely Robert Aldrich must be more at home steering Lee Marvin and Burt Reynolds around battlefields and prison yards than conducting a nubile rabbi across the country. Some of the dead weight of the picture is assumed by Harrison Ford, a young actor with a frowning charm of his own, in the part of a bank robber who becomes the rabbi's sidekick. I liked one joke, which had to do with the route to San Francisco from somewhere in the middle of the desert: "North for five or six weeks, then turn left . . ." But—as the rabbi might have said, though I don't think he did—a real *rachmones*.

"MEATBALLS" is, I venture to say, a bid to win the favor of those who made a hit of the film "National Lampoon's Animal House," which was a college burlesque that featured John Belushi, the top banana on "Saturday Night Live." "Meatballs" is a summer-camp burlesque featuring the comparatively underripe banana Bill Murray, of the same TV show. Its cryptic title is the result of a competing batch of filmmakers' absconding with the title "Summer Camp," leaving the "Meatballs" group in possession of a venerable assortment of slapstick and a population of presumptive teen-age actors, who pass their abundant spare time smiling, as if auditioning for a real movie. The bubble-gum background music shapes itself occasionally into a sock-hop kind of song that made me want to reach for an "Archie" comic.

VETERANS of double-feature days (c. the seventy-five-cent ticket) shouldn't have too much trouble mastering the intricacies of "Bloodline," a high-budget melodrama that evoked for me those overstimulating afternoons at Loew's Sheridan, at the intersection of Seventh and Greenwich Avenues, now a flower bed. The characters, mostly relatives of a





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"Before, I used to have to wrestle with a beached whale. No wonder I felt tired all the time."

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murdered pharmaceutical tycoon, say things like "The brakes have been tampered with," "It's a cruel world," ". . . as big as General Motors," and "We have learned how to retard the aging process." I hadn't thought of myself before as prone to nostalgia, but when Ben Gazzara agreed to marry Audrey Hepburn strictly for the sake of preserving family ownership of Roffe Industries, I noticed that my heart leaped up in anticipation of the true romance that always used to lie in wait for such a couple of convenience. There has been nothing in my recent cinematic experience to encourage this atavistic yearning, and "Bloodline" itself provided many reasons to reconsider my heartbeat: the international cast, for one—a standard feature of costly productions these days—and the profusion of authentic locations, in New York, Paris, London, Sardinia, etc. Above all, there was the series of scenes depicting the making of pornographic "snuff" films, a gesture to modern times that was irrelevant to the main plot, which I won't go into except to say that, because there were approximately half a dozen subplots, not counting the flashbacks to the Roffe family's lowly origins in Poland, it was not always easy to keep track of the fact that Audrey Hepburn, having inherited control of the business, was in constant danger of being murdered by one desperate relative or another, not excluding her husband-in-name-only, who was once a coal miner.

"Bloodline," which was directed by Terence Young, is a thin movie based on a portly novel by Sidney Sheldon, and it is a credit to its makers for being no more diffuse than a two-hour film clinging to a four-hundred-and-forty-four-page novel has a right to be. Among its virtues are Omar Sharif, unexpectedly playing for laughs, as a two-timing Italian husband with bloodshot eyes, and a moment when Hepburn, tottering on the burning roof of her Sardinian hideaway, has to decide whether to jump for her life in Gazzara's direction or into the arms of James Mason (a cousin).

—SUSAN LARDNER

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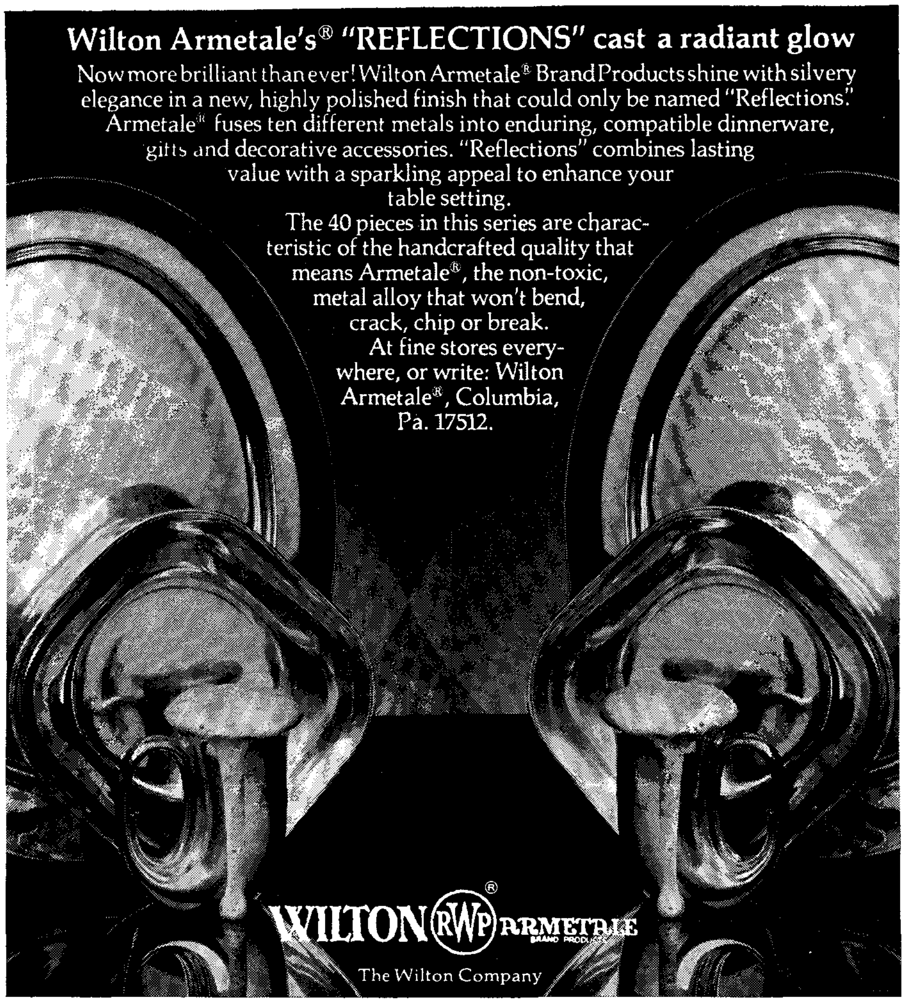
[*From the Lake County (Ohio) News-Herald*]

IndividuALLs-East, a non-sectarian singles group, will meet at 8 p.m. Friday at Hope Ridge United Methodist Church, Route 84 (between Route 615 and 44), Concord Twp. The group is open to single persons whether divorced, single or widowed by choice.



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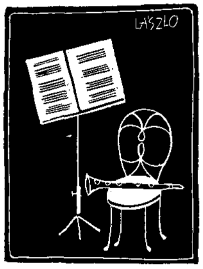
MUSICAL EVENTS

Unfinished or Unfinishable?

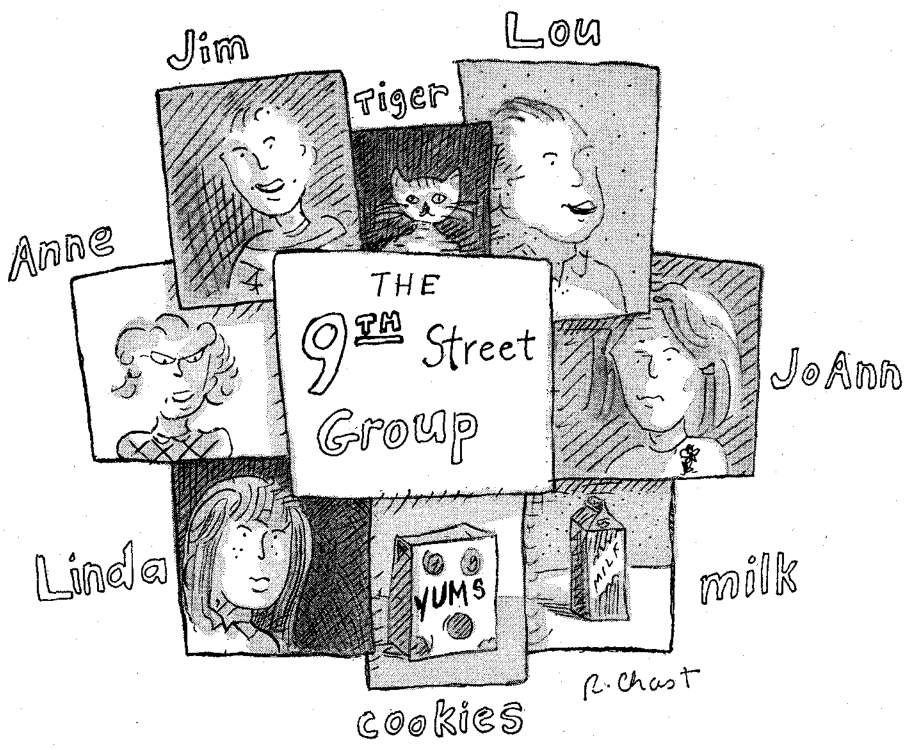
IN Boston this season, Deryck Cooke's revised "performing version of the draft for the Tenth Symphony" of Gustav Mahler—Cooke was scrupulous not to call it a "completion" of the symphony—had its East Coast première, from the Boston Symphony under Niklaus Wyss. In Paris, Alban Berg's three-act opera "Lulu," with its comparatively few missing notes supplied by Friedrich Cerha, had its world première. The Metropolitan Opera began its new production of "Don Carlos" with a Prélude et Introduction that Verdi had discarded. The Welsh National Opera produced "Madama Butterfly" in Puccini's original, emotionally harsher, two-act version, not the three-act revision that everyone knows. In St. Louis, Mahler's completion of Weber's three-act opera "Die Drei Pintos," of which Weber had drafted (in musical shorthand) only an act and a bit, had its American première. At Caramoor, Respighi's "Lucrezia," with some bars orchestrated by his widow, had its American première. Juan Allende-Blin's assemblage and scoring of scattered Debussy fragments for a "Fall of the House of Usher" opera was published by Jobert and is to be staged in Berlin in October. And the Schubert sesquicentennial observances brought "world première" performances of his unfinished Seventh Symphony, of the scherzo of his Eighth Symphony (*the* "Unfinished"), and of the B-minor adagio of his last unfinished symphony (D. 936A in the revised Deutsch catalogue). The Schubert events were "premières" in being new—although not the first—essays in giving life under the fingers and on the breaths of living players to musical ideas that Schubert had conceived and set down in draft but not worked out in full.



Such essays and reconstructions are commonly received in two contradictory ways: with, on the one hand, gratitude on the part of music lovers for the chance of hearing, even if in imperfect form, valuable and beautiful music by a master; with, on the other, a kind of indignation that anyone should have dared to prefer a master's first thoughts to his second, or have dared to speculate on instrumentation, harmony, and further notes that a master might have written, and then to bring those speculations to performance. Often it seems to be treated as a *moral* issue. The Boston program book for Mahler's Tenth mentioned a paper by Susan Filler entitled "Artistic Morality vs. Musical Reality—The Case for a Performing Version of Mahler's Tenth Symphony." (Since the paper is unpublished, I don't know which side won the case.) In the November, 1978, issue of *19th Century Music*, there is a curiously unfriendly review, by Richard Swift, of Cooke's performing version, concerned chiefly with pointing out what Cooke had already spelled out in his preface: that "Mahler himself, in bringing [the symphony] to its final form, would have revised the draft . . . have expanded, contracted, redisposed, added, or cancelled." The controversy about the completion of "Lulu" is fresh. F. X. Süssmayr's completion of Mozart's Requiem and Franco Alfano's of Puccini's "Turandot" are still controversial, and if Busoni's "Doktor Faust" were performed as often as it deserved we should no doubt hear more about the presumption of his pupil Philipp Jarnach in bringing the great opera to completion.

Each work of restoration, reconstruction, or "realization" is a special case. One can try to define a few categories: operas where the composer's original ideas were compromised by singers' demands (or inadequacies), by censorship, by impresarios with one eye on the box office and the other on a stopwatch; music abandoned by its composer, such as Beethoven's opera "Vestas Feuer," Schubert's Seventh Symphony, and the scherzo of his Eighth; and compositions cut short by death, such as Mozart's Requiem, Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Mahler's Tenth, "Doktor Faust," "Turandot," "Lulu," Falla's "Atlántida." But within those categories there is no consistency. In the first: anyone preparing a performance of "Idomeneo," "Carmen," "Don Carlos," "Boris Godunov," "War and Peace," or Kurt Weill's "Mahagonny"—works for which there are no definitive scores—must decide if the bewildering alternatives were forced on the composer by external circumstance against his will, and which, if any, of them he may have embraced as being positive improvements. In the second: Beethoven abandoned "Vestas Feuer" after the first scene, but Schubert wrote out his Seventh Symphony from beginning to end, although only a hundred and ten of its thirteen hundred and forty measures are fully scored. The reasons for the abandonment must in each case be weighed. Even in the last category, an almost mystical distinction between *das Unvollendete* and *das Unvollendbare*—the Unfinished and the Unfinishable—is sometimes made. One can feel sure that if they had lived Mahler would have finished his Tenth Symphony and Berg would have finished "Lulu," but it seems likely that Debussy found "Usher," and Elgar found his Third Symphony, and Falla found at any rate Part II of "Atlántida" un*finishable*. Any "reconstruction" of those works will to some extent be a record of struggles, false starts, and alternative ideas and possibilities. Yet such a record may be not merely of interest for the light it throws on a composer's last years but also of inherent musical worth. Even in this confused and troubled field, a few simple generalizations are perhaps possible. Let me approach them by considering two Schubert completions so far unreviewed in these pages: the Seventh Symphony scored by Brian Newbould, which was given its first professional performance at the Cheltenham Festival last summer, by the BBC Symphony and David Atherton (a few months earlier, it had been played by the orchestra of Leeds University, where Newbould is a lecturer); and the scherzo of the "Unfinished" scored and completed by Stephen Casale, which was given its first performance by the orchestra of New York University (where Casale is a graduate student) under Dinu Ghezzo last December.

SCHUBERT's first six symphonies appeared at the rate of roughly one a year, between 1813 and 1818. Then in the canon there is a four-year gap, a missing number, and an astonishing stylistic stride to No. 8, the "Unfinished," of 1822. Another gap and another giant stride precede No. 9, the Great C-Major, of 1825-26. Finally, in 1828 there is the unfinished D-Major Symphony, D. 936A—as great an advance on its predecessors as the "Unfinished" had been on the Rossinian No. 6, the Little C-Major; so Peter Gülke, a Dresden scholar and conductor, claimed, speaking at the Detroit Schubert congress last year, and his orchestration of the astonishing, Mahlerian adagio of D. 936A confirmed it. (Breathtaking music! An answer in itself to those who declare that a master's not fully formulated last thoughts should be left in the obscurity of library shelves and facsimile reproduc-



tions.) The first gap marks the period during which, in the words of the Schubert biographer Maurice J. E. Brown, "in his instrumental music Schubert was trying to reconcile the thought of his mature genius with the youthful language which was no longer capable of expressing it." Up to the vivacious, confident Sixth Symphony, he brought most of his works to a successful conclusion, but now unfinished and abandoned compositions grow plentiful. There are three unfinished symphonies in the gap before the "Unfinished": sketches for two D-major movements in 1818 (D. 615); sketches for all four movements of a D-Major Symphony in 1821 (D. 708A); and the large-scale E-Major Symphony of 1821, D. 729, which is designated No. 8 in the autograph (perhaps in one of the D-major drafts Schubert thought he had a potential No. 7) but is usually known as the Seventh Symphony. The autograph passed from Schubert's brother to Mendelssohn, to Mendelssohn's brother Paul, to Sir George Grove, and from him to the Royal College of Music in London, in whose Parry Room it can now be studied. It is not a sketch or a draft but (after a thrilling slow introduction and a spacious exposition of the principal subject in full score) a "skeleton" full score of the kind Verdi scholars are familiar with: the final autograph pages arrested at a stage when only the salient features (the leading thematic lines, the start of countersubjects, accompaniment figures, and harmonies) have been filled in between the bar lines. The notes are rapidly and fluently written, with very few corrections, as if Schubert were working from a piano draft of the whole symphony. So far as I know, no other Schubert symphonic pages survive in this skeleton form, though pages of opera sketch do.

The invitation to take a copy of the piece and fill in the gaps is so attractive that it is surprising it has not been more often accepted. Mendelssohn and Sullivan contemplated completions, according to Grove. The first to achieve one was John Francis Barnett (Meyerbeer's second cousin once removed); his version was played at the Crystal Palace in 1883—the autograph was on display in the central transept—and published in piano reduction. Felix Weingartner brought out another version, in 1934; it has been both published and recorded. He scored with hindsight provided by the Great C-Major, and he "tightened" (de-Schubertized) the structure by striking out the second occurrence of parallel phrases or paragraphs. Now we have the Newbould version, which seems to me a very happy one. All Schubert's notes are there. The scoring is confident. (Some emphatic brass triplets added to the finale are surprising but convincing.) The harmonies are less richly chromatic than either Barnett's or Weingartner's. For the start of the slow movement, Schubert left only the melody, on first violins and then repeated on first flute. Newbould's very simple presentation strikes me as more Schubertian than those of Barnett and Weingartner; they filled in the pauses with moving inner parts and Franckian passing-notes. Some details may perhaps be questioned. Schubert employed the largest orchestra in any of his symphonies: double woodwinds, three trombones, and *four* horns. He wrote on fourteen-staff paper, began with the two flutes on separate staffs, and then made them share one when he brought all his horns into play at once and needed an extra staff for them. Now—or so it seems to me—when writing in just a first-flute line, Schubert consistently distinguished between implying the later addition of a second-flute part (by turning all the stems of the first flute up) and precluding one (by turning the first-flute stems down, leaving no room for a second part). Sometimes Newbould has added a second-flute line where there is no room for it in the autograph, and sometimes he has omitted one where Schubert seems deliberately to have left room for it. But no doubt he considered this and found less significance in the direction of the stems. For the rest, I wonder only whether the first two notes in measure 7 of the slow movement (which Newbould respects) are a slip of Schubert's pen, a first thought amended at each subsequent occurrence of the melody, or an inspired inconsistency.

The Schubert-Newbould Seventh is a score deserving a place in the repertory that includes Schubert's first six symphonies. (Zubin Mehta could well have included it in his Schubert symphonic survey this season.) The next year, Schubert began the "Unfinished." In the light of that masterpiece, one can understand why he left its predecessor unscored, although a few hours' work could have brought it to completion. The Seventh is an attempt to create on a new, grander, deeper symphonic scale, both structurally and instrumentally, with material that is sometimes insufficient to the purpose. The E-minor introduction is both a magnificent piece of music in its own right and a climax in Schubert's long, well-documented struggle to come to terms—his own terms—with Beethoven's genius. The main theme of the allegro, which is somewhere between Rossini and Mendelssohn in tone (and therefore wholly Schubertian), cannot quite carry the weight it is asked to. The main theme of the finale is Beethoven's "Prometheus" or "Eroica" theme as it might have been composed in extended and buoyant form by Rossini. It was not until the Great C-Major that Schubert came to terms with both Beethoven and Rossini, but here the effortless, horizon-spanning adventures of the melody are already limit-

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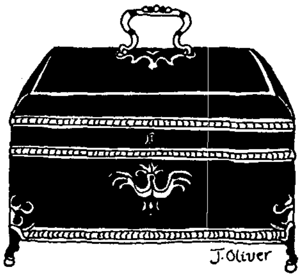
lessly exhilarating. The slow movement is beautiful. The weak movement is the scherzo and trio. Schubert experiments with phrases of irregular length, and the result limps, bumps, and stumbles. Barnett provided a crutch in the form of a strong bass counterpoint; Weingartner sustained the more awkward moments on a flow of ingenious inner parts. Newbould, probably with greater honesty, gives us Schubert's theme more or less unsupported. (There is a dissertation to be written on Schubert's slowly acquired mastery of scherzo-and-trio form.) I should add a colleague's contradictory opinion: that "the punchy scherzo . . . was splendid." I concur in the general opinion among those who heard the Cheltenham performance: that in this realization the Seventh Symphony of Schubert is well worth hearing.

OF his Eighth Symphony, Schubert drafted in piano score the first movement (presumably it began at the beginning, but the opening pages have been lost), the slow movement, the scherzo, and—melody line only—the first sixteen measures of a trio; the music peters out in mid-page. This draft (as L. Michael Griffel suggested in a *Musical Quarterly* article in 1977) may represent a *later* stage of one symphony than does the full score. The latter, in a beautifully neat hand, and with important differences from the piano-score draft, contains the first two movements and just twenty measures of the scherzo, breaking off before the last page is quite finished. This last page, detached from the rest, was identified only in 1969; before then, only nine measures of scored scherzo were known. There is no trace of a finale, unless one agrees with the suggestion that it became the B-minor entr'acte of the "Rosamunde" music—a proposition more persuasive on paper than it sounds to the ear in the concert context of an "Unfinished" thus finished. There have been at least three modern attempts to complete the scherzo-and-trio movement, and the three are so different in character as to constitute a warning against accepting *any* orchestration of a Schubert piano draft as more than "one possibility."



The conductor Denis Vaughan recorded his version in 1965 (in an RCA set of Schubert symphonies), before the final page of scored scherzo had turned up. Comparison of his orchestration of measures 10 to 20 with the original reveals both his skill and discernment and Schubert's greater skill. Vaughan's movement is fresh, very attractive, but in places too light, too thin to balance Schubert's grand fortissimo start. Gerald Abraham published another completion, in 1971. (It was recorded, with that "Rosamunde" entr'acte as finale, on an HMV record made by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic under Charles Groves.) This is a bigger and bolder affair. So is Casale's scherzo. He has audaciously strengthened one of Schubert's cadences and devised some other deft structural changes that make admirable sense. Completing the trio is harder: there is so little to go on. Vaughan and Abraham both found the second limb—E E, C C, E E, C—dull (so do I) and rewrote the melody, without, however, improving it. Casale in a first version of his score provided it with some interesting harmonies, but on second thought removed them. Abraham opens the trio with loud, full scoring, and ingeniously accompanies Schubert's tune with pizzicato rising scales (as if echoing in inversion the start of the slow movement). Vaughan and Casale favor a slighter, more pastoral approach. The latter's treatment, over a drone bass, recalls the trio of Schubert's Fifth Symphony. (The next person who tries his hand at the piece might like to follow that model even more closely, extending the drone device and adopting the octave-doubling of the melody.) The remainder of the trio has to be composed. Casale's version is melodically dull, harmonically shapely. Abraham's happy solution is to borrow Schubert's song "Der Leidende" (also used in the B-flat entr'acte of "Rosamunde")—a beautiful melody, and one whose syncopations break for a while the rhythmic monotony that is the movement's main weakness.

It is, Maurice Brown said, "a dubious theory which holds that Schubert abandoned his scherzo because he sensed its inferiority and was dissatisfied with it." In the Norton critical score of the "Unfinished," Martin Chusid proposes a more elegant and precise theory: that Schubert abandoned his movement because its dependence on the trio of Beethoven's Second Symphony was becoming obtrusively apparent. "It is impossible," said Brown, "to assess from these first jottings exactly what Schubert would finally have made of them" (adding, however, that "it is not easy to see how even his alchemical powers could have transmuted" the rhythmic "stodginess"). That is true. But the more one examines these varied and skillful attempts to fashion something sensitively Schubertian from the unpromising material, the less dubious that theory becomes.

CONCLUSIONS: That Schubert set down enough of his Seventh Symphony to warrant a reconstruction for public consumption and enjoyment, even though he abandoned it. That the "Unfinished" should probably be left unfinished most of the time, even though it is interesting to hear attempted completions on special occasions. And, generally, that reconstructions are worth attempting whenever a composer has set down but not, for whatever reason, brought to completion ideas that deserve to be heard. The world would be poorer without Cooke's presentation of Mahler's draft for his Tenth Symphony; is there any Mahlerian to whom those last, deep, moving thoughts have not come as a revelation? One may criticize the details of any particular working, propose a different harmony, scoring, accompaniment, even decipherment. One can be severe about immodest or false claims. No one can assemble "Elgar's Third Symphony." But "a performing version of some stretches of music which Elgar drafted for possible use in his Third Symphony" would be worth hearing. Although a restorer's aim is to make his own work indistinguishable from the original, somewhere in his edition he should tell what he has done and what he has used. Cooke's score, published by Associated Music and Faber, is a model in this respect, but the Jobert "La Chute de la Maison Usher" nowhere makes it plain that Allende-Blin has brought together two distinct stages of Debussy's elusive opera. Finally—and this is why any moral indignation seems to me misplaced—such restorations and reconstructions do not do permanent damage to, effect no lasting changes of, the originals. It is not as though a Canova or a Henry Moore were to take a finishing chisel to one of Michelangelo's Slaves. The autographs remain. —ANDREW PORTER

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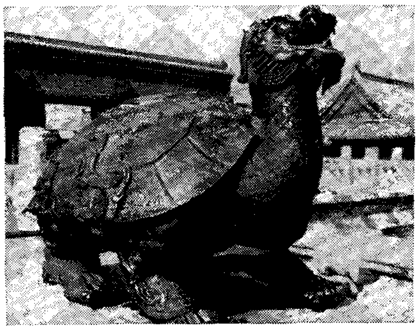

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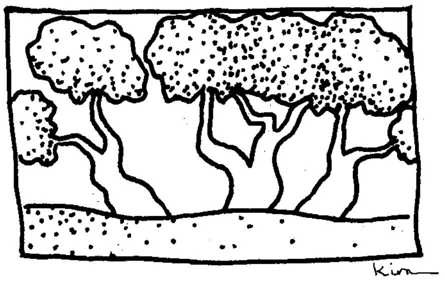
IN the half century that ended with the onset of the Cold War, in the late nineteen-forties, the American military establishment undertook some grandiose and presumptuous missions—the fulfillment of "manifest destiny," a war "to make the world safe for democracy," the nurturing in Europe and Asia of Franklin Roosevelt's Four Freedoms. In the last three decades, the stated aim has been the maintenance of "national security;" the agency that fashions policy to this end is the National Security Council, founded in 1947. On the surface, the term seems rather precise and the purpose fittingly modest. Unlike the slogans of the past, it carries no ideological freight and incorporates no illusion of omnipotence. Security, after all, is what every nation-state has always sought for itself, and the right—indeed, the obligation—to do so is acknowledged in every code of international law and every agreement between governments. In actuality, though, the term, as it is used in our unending controversies over foreign policy, is maddeningly imprecise. It has become, as Richard Barnet recently pointed out, a "modern incantation," a semantic refuge, a phrase that can be and has been invoked in support of almost any side of any argument. It has come to have something of the status of a plea of self-defense in criminal proceedings, legitimizing conduct that is otherwise proscribed. For example, the Arms Export Control Act requires that Congress be advised of every proposed arms export in excess of seven million dollars and be given thirty days in which to approve or disapprove of the transaction. However, the law has a clause allowing the President to proceed on his own if "an emergency exists which requires such sale in the national-security interests of the United States." Last March, when there were some border skirmishes between South Yemen and Yemen, Carter became the first President to declare such an emergency and announced that he had authorized a sale of more than fifty times the legal maximum to Yemen—which, within a week of the sale's being made public, agreed to a ceasefire and a negotiated settlement. Under Carter, the Justice Department and the Energy Department have claimed national-security grounds for imposing censorship on a magazine in Wisconsin and for closing a scientific library in New Mexico.

In the Senate hearings on the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT II), every witness can be counted upon to say that national security demands acceptance of his views. Supporters will argue that the treaty will bring "stability" to Soviet-American relations and head off an unrestrained and largely unmonitored arms race. Those opponents who are generally classified as conservatives will maintain that to accept the treaty is to accept—to establish as law—American "inferiority" and increased vulnerability. Still other opponents will hold that the very measures Carter is using to get the votes necessary for approval—especially the development and deployment of the land-based mobile missiles—will themselves undermine security. In reality, all such claims are spurious. No treaty, no matter how equitable its terms and no matter how effectively compliance with it can be verified, can assure "security"—defined in the American Heritage Dictionary as "freedom from risk or danger; safety." Almost as the term came into vogue, the concept was being made obsolescent by technology. In a world of rocketry and nuclear warheads, there can be no freedom from danger for us or anyone else. There is doubtless some deterrent value in maintaining a retaliatory power—"second-strike capability"—but there is no safety in it; like the response of a stricken beast, it is more punitive than defensive in nature. Historically, the prospect of great loss, and even defeat, has never been much of a deterrent. When Britain and France went to war in 1939, the odds were heavily against them, as the odds were against Germany when it invaded the Soviet Union two years later. The last two wars against Israel were provoked by Arab leaders who had little hope of winning. Yet there is reason to believe that nuclear weapons, with their exponentially increased destructiveness, have induced restraints of a magnitude that history has not previously known. The fact that there has been peace between the superpowers through more than thirty years of provocation and warmongering on both sides suggests that this is so. Nevertheless, as long as the weapons are in place there can be no security—no freedom from risk or danger—for either nation.

While SALT II, like SALT I, deals only with strategic weapons and delivery systems—their number, their size, their range, and their deployment—the controversy over it is less military than political. Senator Henry Jackson is probably as well informed on the strategic calculus as any SALT supporter in the Senate, but his opposition owes more to his reading of Soviet intentions than to his study of military realities. Those who, like Jackson, see Communism as essentially an ideological threat—in Asia, Africa, and Latin America—tend to oppose the treaty, while those who see the primary danger in the size and growth of armaments tend to favor approval, as a step toward our curbing proliferation. The fear of opponents and supporters alike is not that the weapons may be put to the use for which they were designed but that they may be used as instruments of "political blackmail"—another phrase that will echo through the hearing rooms this summer and autumn. That the Russians are capable of blackmail no one doubts; in this they are like all imperial powers. Despite their great muscle, though, they have shown themselves to be inept practitioners. Despite all the Russian missile-rattling and massing of troops on the Asian frontier, the Chinese remain defiant. Yugoslavia, deep within the grasp of the Warsaw Pact countries, has gone its own way since 1948. As it happens, the governments that have been the most successful extortionists—at least in American experience—have had neither nuclear arms nor Marxist ideology. Most, indeed, have shared our anti-Communism and have trumpeted it while ripping us off. In Asia, there have been Taiwan, South Korea, South Vietnam, and Pakistan; in the Middle East, Iran and a clutch of the other oil exporters; in Africa and Latin America, dictatorships from Ethiopia to Zaire, from Nicaragua to Chile. The cost of the nuclear-arms race aside, the tribute exacted by these mini-powers has been the costliest part of our anti-Communist policy, and the end (except for the eclipse of South Vietnam and the dissolution of the alliance with Taiwan) is not in sight.



THE domestic corollary of "national security" is "internal security," and it, too, has become a Cold War, anti-Communist term. Soviet arms threaten us from abroad; Soviet agents, their supervisors, their dupes

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
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threaten us from within. The guardians of our safety are the police, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and such watchdog agencies as the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which in its heyday, under James Eastland, of Mississippi, concerned itself with no peril other than that posed by enemies of the state; it took up where Joe McCarthy left off as the scourge of subversives, real and alleged, and of dissidents, who were often designated as "security risks." Despite a myopic view of "internal security" in Washington, the phrase has a validity that "national security" has not had since the end of the Second World War. There have always been clear and present dangers to the stability of our institutions, to democratic processes, to the rule of law and the maintenance of a semblance of order. Not all the dangers are internal in origin. The energy crisis is only partly of our making and cannot be effectively dealt with by executive or legislative authority: the oil exporters have it within their power to exacerbate inflation, which is at present the most conspicuous of destabilizing forces. But there are other threats to security, against which defenses can be and have been built. A decade ago, racial injustice seemed quite as large a menace as inflation does today—larger, in terms of breeding disaffection and violence—and the threat was much reduced by the incorporation of civil-rights laws in the social contract. Earlier defenses—contributions to internal security—were anti-trust laws, unemployment insurance, and governmental protection and encouragement of collective bargaining.

It is going too far to say—as some have said—that our military programs and the national-security bureaucracy that supports and administers them constitute a major threat to internal security. There is very little public opposition to or criticism of the programs, and there are millions of people—workers in the arms industry and those who provide services for them—who depend on the programs for what measure of economic security they enjoy. No surveys of opinion show anything but support for high levels of military spending. When bases and shipyards are closed, when there are cancellations of orders in aircraft factories, there are no expressions of public approval; rather, there are demonstrations of protest by the workers whose jobs have been lost. Opponents of nuclear energy have had success in slowing, and in some cases stopping, the construction of power plants, but so far they have spent little effort in opposing the Pentagon's nuclear enterprises. Though appropriations for armaments—indeed, for all military procurement and services—are inherently inflationary, and thus a cause of insecurity, there seems little awareness of this, or, at any rate, little concern over it. And if no one in the Senate is likely to win reëlection merely because of a vote to approve SALT II, no opponent of the treaty is going to lose more than a handful of votes by opposing it or seeking to kill it with amendments.

Still, it may be that the strongest case for a treaty is one based on internal security rather than on the flawed argument that a treaty will serve to strengthen national security. We have lately had one case—Vietnam—in which a militarized foreign policy produced nothing but casualties in the field and a shattering divisiveness at home. And if recession deepens into depression in the next few years, an awareness of the burden of military spending is bound to develop. In recent years, we have spent only between six and nine per cent of our gross national product on the functions we inappropriately lump together as "defense." In relative terms, this is less than what most other powers, major and minor, spend. But if the G.N.P. declines, the ratio will be higher and the burdens progressively heavier, especially if we maintain—as surely we will if arms limitation and control prove to be beyond us—large numbers of troops and large stocks of matériel on overseas bases. And it is more than the balance of payments that will be directly and adversely affected. The military drain on the economy is far greater than the sum that is spent on personnel, arms, and logistic support. It is estimated that the cost of the MX missile, which is planned to frustrate Soviet targeters by keeping the big weapons in sporadic motion on flatcars shuttling up and down four miles of railroad track and probably running underground, will be thirty billion dollars or more over the several years it will take to get this hide-and-seek game ready for the strategists to play. But that is only a guess—no doubt it will cost more; everything seems to—and the cost is only a rough measure of the outlay of public funds. What is not part of the calculation is the technological energy that the military commandeers and thus denies to the productive civilian economy. The research-and-development people who have brought us generation after generation of sophisticated instruments of destruction have contributed nothing but a few spinoffs (wide-bodied airplanes, some improvements in navigational devices, some advances in miniaturization) to the economic growth that is—or so, at least, we think—essential to our security. If the pressure for protectionism is growing as foreign industries enter our markets, it is in large part because we have chosen to lead the world in the industries of war; in many other industries we have surrendered our lead in productivity to others—particularly to our defeated enemies the Germans and the Japa-

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nese—who look to us for defense and for commercial patronage.

As for now, it seems unlikely that the Senate will approve SALT II in anything like its present form. The Kremlin says—and the White House takes it at its word—that it will accept no amendments and will on no account resume negotiations. This may or may not be bluff. Two years ago, when the President sent the Secretary of State to Moscow to expedite the negotiating process, there were some breaches of protocol, and the Soviet leaders were sufficiently offended to call a lengthy delay. Their pride may be more deeply wounded if the Senate now declines to consent to the treaty that Carter has accepted and signed. On the other hand, they have counted on getting an agreement that will lessen the pressures of military spending on the Communist economy. Their problems of internal security are almost certainly more vexing than ours. We may suffer from inflation, foreign competition, and insufficient energy for growth, but our economy is basically strong and requires growth not so much to meet the needs of consumers as to provide employment and deal with the alienation that joblessness gives rise to. The Russians' need for consumer goods is so great that some observers discount the prospect of an accelerated weapons race on the ground that the Soviet arms industry has reached its capacity and cannot be further expanded.

But these are considerations not likely to have much effect on the treaty's opponents in the Senate. Most of them think—and not without reason—that we have no business trying to read Soviet "needs" or "intentions," which no kind of gadgetry will ever be able to verify. National security will be the measure, and the Carter people are hardly in a position to argue for any other. Today, they are hardly in a position to argue anything, and the treaty, regardless of its merits, may fall victim to the confusion that reigns in the White House and throughout an Administration that has to seek seclusion on a Maryland hilltop to decide whether or not to ration gasoline on the highways. —RICHARD ROVERE

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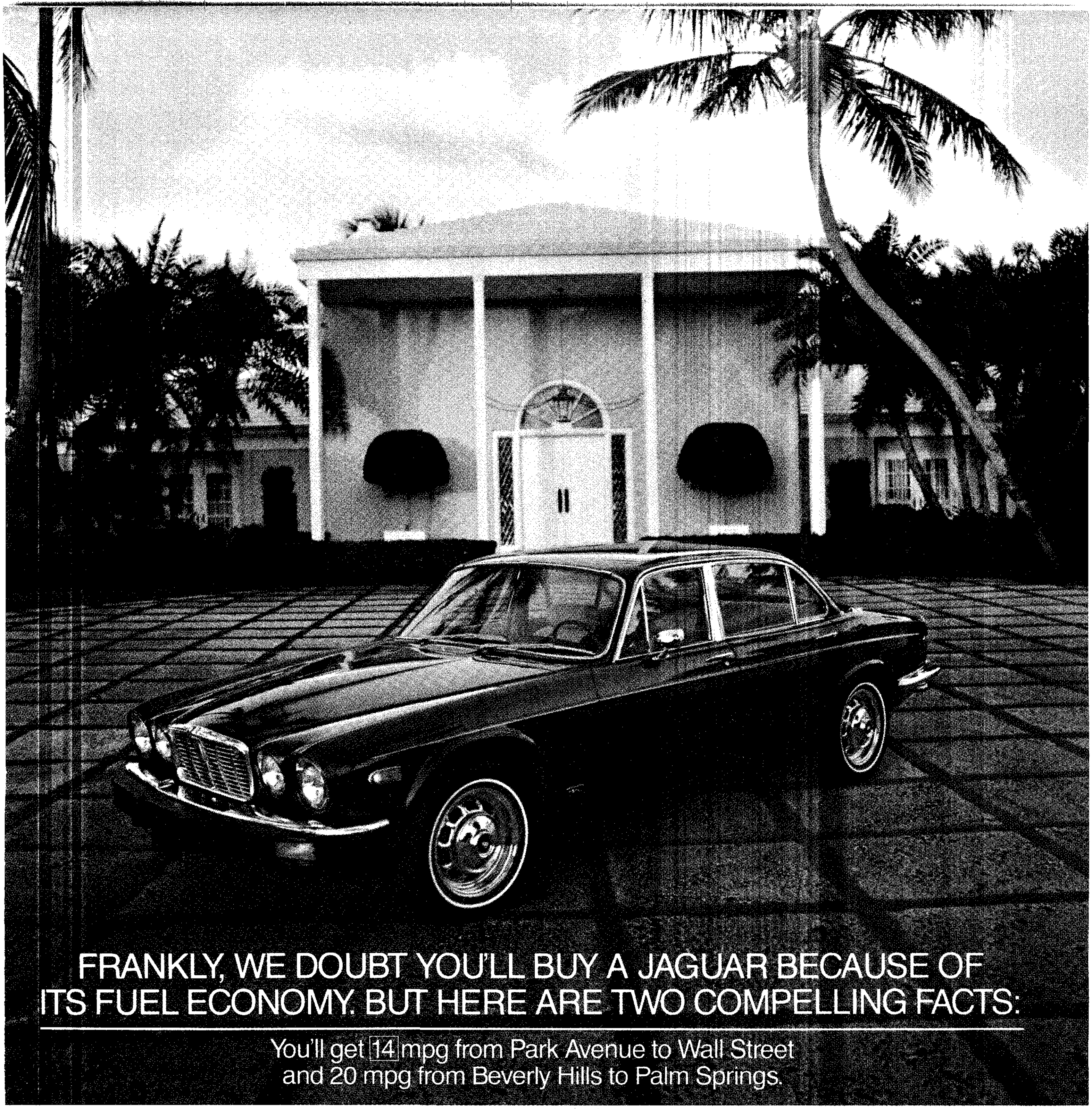

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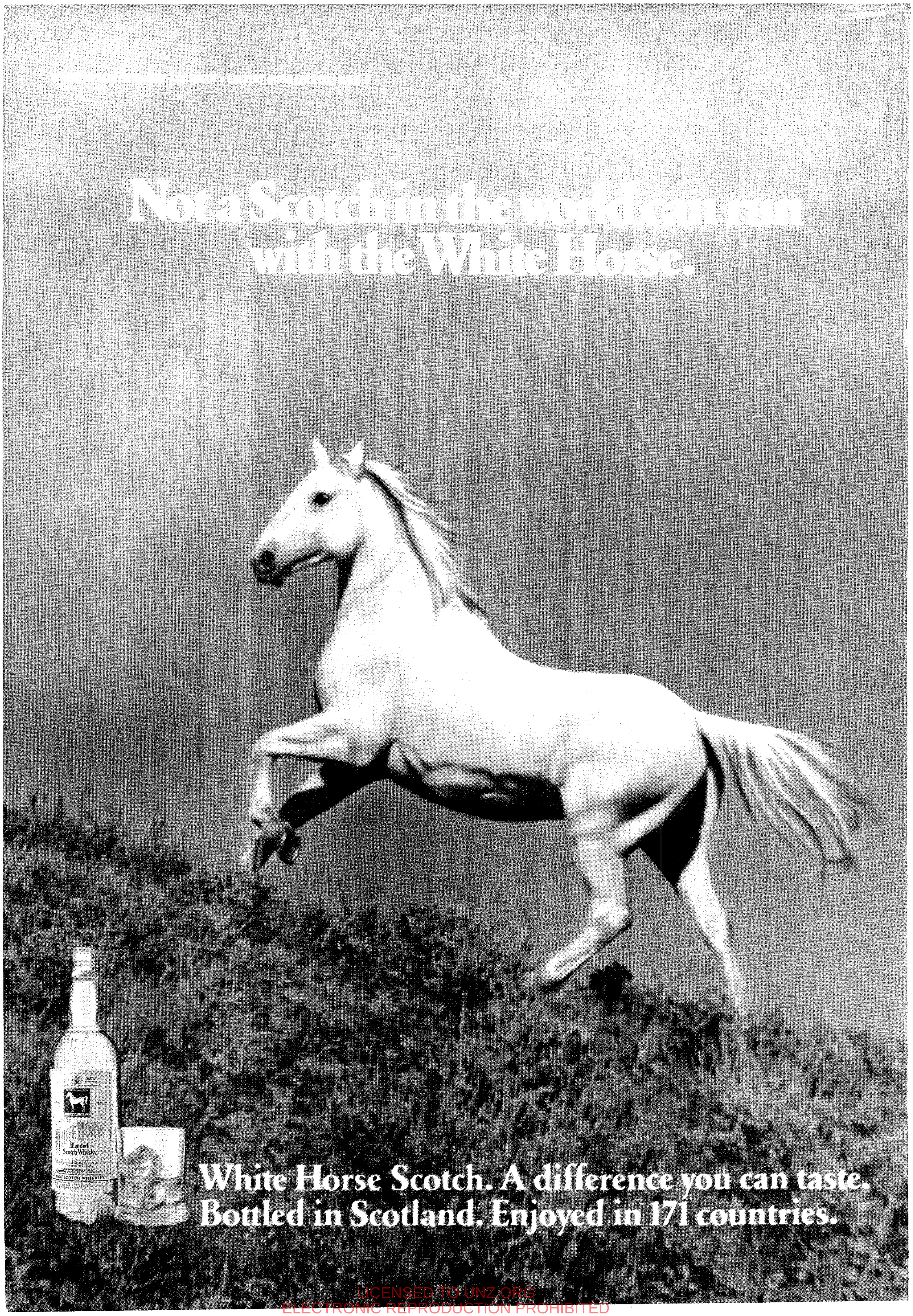
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The Desire to Know

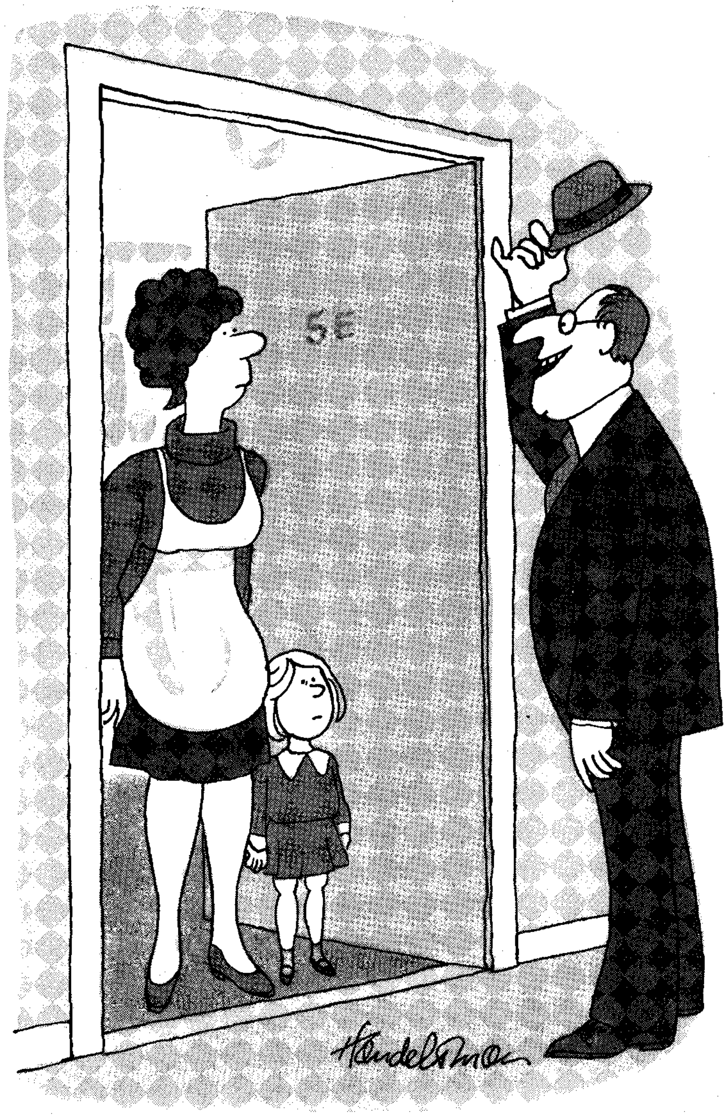
EIGHTEEN years ago, an extraordinary book on the history of insanity, "Madness and Civilization," appeared in France. Its author, Michel Foucault, showed how attitudes toward the insane changed drastically from the late Middle Ages to the French Revolution. In medieval society, the insane were considered a part of ordinary life; they mixed freely with other people and were seldom shut away. The closer we come to the modern era, the less bearable the daily presence of the mad is to others; the insane, supposedly for their own good, are more and more denied their freedom by being put into asylums. M. Foucault told this story brilliantly, and with a sort of austere compassion. With each of his subsequent books, his stature has grown, and his influence among European intellectuals is now immense, but his concerns are faithful to the vision of that first book. They involve the meaning of liberty in the modern world. M. Foucault is one of the few living writers who can, I think, write about this subject deeply, interestingly, and without the least trace of cant.

Michel Foucault was trained as a philosopher and as a medical psychologist, but all his books are histories. In addition to his study of madness, he has written about the development of prisons and of medical clinics; about Jeremy Bentham and the movements in the last century aimed at the moral improvement of the poor; about the history of ideas of human nature. M. Foucault believes that when society puts away its mad, removes the chronically ill from their homes, and devises forms of moral discipline for the poor so that they may become more "productive," it destroys the idea of liberty as toleration in ordinary life. His books testify to the fact that in the modern world, all too often, there is no clear line between concern for the welfare of others and coercive control of their lives.

In a recent book, he turns his attention to the history of sexuality. Here, again, his theme is freedom, but "The History of Sexuality, Volume I: An Introduction," translated from the French by Robert Hurley (Pantheon; $8.95), is unlike any of the tracts on sexual liberation with which we have become familiar. In fact, M. Foucault's target is the set of assumptions which rules these tracts and our culture more generally: that the lives of our parents and grandparents were more sexually repressed than our own; that this legacy of Victorian sexual repression is a cursed inheritance, since to deny one's body is to deny oneself; and that we must therefore free ourselves from the past. M. Foucault's thesis is not that the Victorians were more open than we imagine, nor is he a spokesman for the virtues of sexual inhibition. He believes that the word "repression" as it is commonly used is meaningless. There is a great difference between noticing sexual matters and being afraid to talk about them. M. Foucault argues that since the early seventeenth century people have been noticing sex more and more—dividing sexual activities into many more categories of the licit and the illicit than had been done in the Renaissance, for instance, and making far more detailed connections between sexual behavior and emotional health. From the seventeenth century to the present, there has been an ever-growing belief in the body as a replacement for the soul.

A conversation I once had with an elderly friend perhaps suggests why M. Foucault is uneasy about describing the Victorian middle of this journey in terms of sexual "repression." My friend recalled the cloth leggings that his grandmother put around the legs of her grand piano—an occasional practice in the eighteen-sixties. As a child, he asked her why the piano wore underwear, and she replied severely that a leg should never be bare. Thereafter, the sight of these clothed piano legs aroused slightly lascivious thoughts in him. We might be tempted to say that this is an almost charmingly extreme example of Victorian repressiveness, but what is more to the point is that such prudery actually draws attention to the vice it is supposed to repress. The very act that forbids speech or prohibits sight dramatizes what is hidden.

Because we are obsessed with the matter of sexual repression, M. Foucault believes, we have lost sight of more important questions about



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sexuality: What do we mean by sex, and why has it become so important to us? In answering those questions, M. Foucault hopes to show how a new kind of power relationship has arisen in modern society: "authorities" who understand our bodies have gained the right to make and enforce rules about morality. The more seriously we take our bodies, the more these psychiatric, legal, and medical authorities extend their power over us. This is the real issue of freedom raised, in his view, by the history of sexual attitudes.

Unfortunately, this translation of M. Foucault's prose seems more complicated than his original, and lucid, French text. But the argument is clear enough. M. Foucault is trying to pin down how the current compulsion to know everything about sex arose from two very different sources. One source was religious—a change in the meaning of confessing sin in the seventeenth century. The other was demographic—a change in the meaning of procreation as infant mortality declined and adults lived longer in the eighteenth century. "Western man has become a confessing animal," M. Foucault writes. "From the Christian penance to the present day, sex was a privileged theme of confession." The Church organized the sacrament of penance in the Lateran Council of 1215—much earlier than he wants to begin his story. But in the seventeenth century, and partly in response to the fervor of the Reformation, the terms of confession changed. People were counselled to be discreet in their description of sex acts, both in the confessional and outside it—a change from an earlier, less inhibited language of confession. Yet they were also asked to confess to everything—daydreams, a passing sensation, a passing glance—that might bear on their purity of soul. Moreover, they were to report everything without interpretation to the priest: let him be the judge of its meaning. This last change in confessing sin looms large in M. Foucault's history. It is not just paying attention to one's sexuality which matters but how one pays attention. In the seventeenth-century confessional, one began to pay attention to one's body in such a way that another person acquired power over one: the person who confessed furnished the raw data, the confessor the meaning. The power relationship embedded in this new style of confession foreshadowed changes in eighteenth-century education and nineteenth-century medicine: people were asked increasingly to submit to experts an intimate exposure of

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their desires and reflections as well as of their overt actions. The experts were asked to find in these things a sexual meaning, hidden from the people themselves. People thus became more self-involved and less in control of themselves.

Usually, when sex and power are paired, we are apt to think about such matters as the power of one sex over the other or the paths of intimate coercion and passivity on which people get lost. For M. Foucault, our modern desire for sexual knowledge—knowledge of something hidden, in need of interpretation, not evident to the person who experiences sex—makes us ripe for a structure of power in which only authorities, in medicine, psychiatry, the law, can do this work of interpretation. Understanding about us what we do not understand ourselves, they gain the right to show us how to behave. Domination of this sort—not simple repression—is what M. Foucault opposes to freedom. To be naked is to expose everything to sight; to be naked is also to be defenseless. At this point in his argument, I wanted M. Foucault to relate psychoanalysis to his theme, but he has done so only glancingly. I think an excellent case could be made for psychoanalysis as the culmination of the mode of confession that began in the seventeenth-century Church. Psychoanalytic self-dissection is perhaps not the revolution in sexual awareness we are prone to think it; rather, it fulfills in secular terms an older religious function. What M. Foucault does say about therapeutic confession is tied to his general perception of the power of the medical, legal, and political authorities who have come to be judges of what people say about themselves:

> The obligation to confess is now relayed through so many different points, is so deeply ingrained in us, that we no longer perceive it as the effect of a power that constrains us; on the contrary, it seems to us that truth, lodged in our most secret nature, "demands" only to surface.

Having connected a compulsive desire to understand sexuality and a new sort of professional authority, M. Foucault enters the last, and the most provocative—if also the most abstruse—part of this extraordinary book. We know that our ancestors two centuries ago stumbled upon medical and engineering knowledge that profoundly affected the relationship between living and dying. Eighteenth-century urban planners discovered, for instance, that feces and garbage had something to do with the spread of disease; Enlighten-

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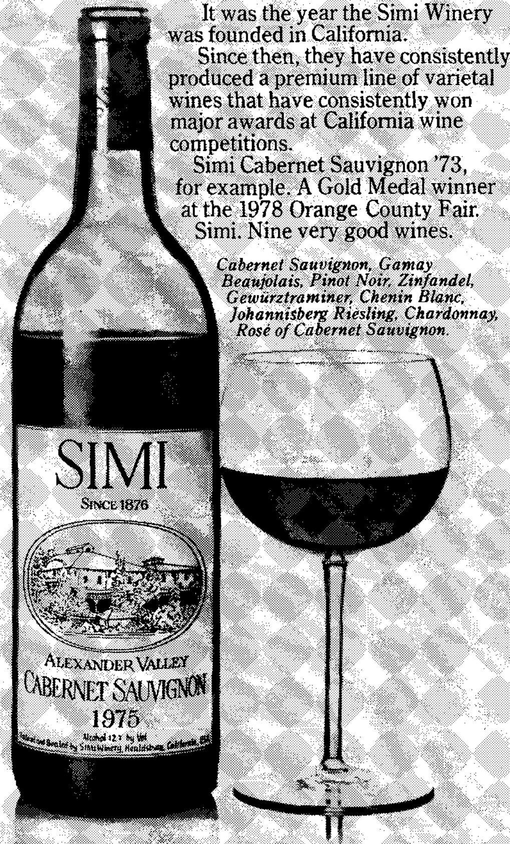

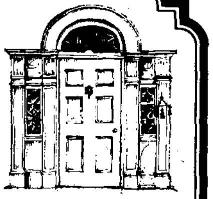

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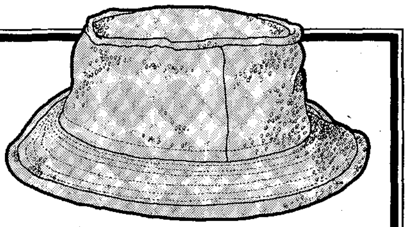

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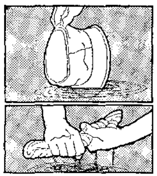

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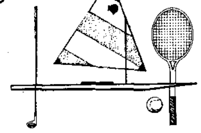

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ment doctors discovered that elementary sanitary precautions, such as frequent diaper changes, could lower the rate of infant mortality. Making use of these discoveries, a country could regulate its population, and political calculations could be based on this population control. How many babies were likely to survive to become soldiers and citizens if the state regulated childbearing? How many adults were likely to be able to work steadily in a city undistracted by plague if the government planned the streets and houses according to the new rules of health? In the eighteenth century, man's new ability to ward off death first entered political consciousness in terms of planning for the future, of strategic calculation, rather than in terms of preserving life because life is a self-evident good. It was through this calculative spirit, M. Foucault writes, that "biological existence was reflected in political existence." And so, he believes, "sex became a crucial target of a power organized around the management of life rather than the menace of death." Sex was for the first time an experience in need of orderly management. Indeed, eighteenth-century city planners, who were the forerunners of our own population experts, frequently used military metaphors to express their sense of society's new mission of regulating life: they spoke of making war upon the indiscriminate breeding of the unfit, of the need for self-control if a family was to survive the battle of life, etc. And, as good Enlightenment rationalists, these planners felt that if people could understand the urges that prompted them to procreate, they could use that knowledge to help discipline themselves. Again, the "authorities" appear. They are the superior powers who will put this self-discipline of the population to use for the common good.

M. Foucault is interested in these Enlightenment ideas not only because they are another source of the modern interest in sexuality—a more rational, less guilt-ridden source than that stemming from the confessional tradition—but because they explain the kind of sexual knowledge we are so anxious to gain. It is material and quantitative; it is about physiology and the mechanisms of copulation, not about the aesthetic dimensions of love. The Enlightenment wanted to demystify sex, to take all the superstition out of it, and, indeed, we pay tribute to that age when we speak of an "enlightened" parent wanting to convey clearly and in detail to a child what sex is about. This was and is an admirable aim. The trouble

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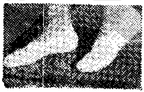

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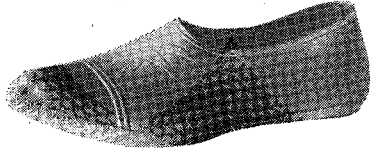

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is that what is so often conveyed to a child is only tangible information. Knowing how to make love is not the same as knowing how to love. M. Foucault expresses this distinction well in saying that in modern times the desire to know about sex has been cast in the form of a *scientia sexualis*, a science of sex, rather than an *ars erotica*, a sensual knowledge about it.

It is because of a two-centuries-old revolution aiming at the management of life that we have come to see sex in such material and quantitative terms. The nudes in *Penthouse* and *Blueboy* are a logical, if unwanted, result. The closeup photograph of a woman's nipple or a man's penis is supposed to be exciting just in itself, as a thing, an object; the bigger the nipple, the longer the penis, the more the observer is supposed to be aroused. This spirit of uncovering and measuring—a scientism that is anything but relaxed—is at the opposite pole from the subtlety and passion that appear in Indian sculpture and other examples of *ars erotica*. Sexuality as opposed to eroticism: M. Foucault's history attempts to explain why we have placed our knowledge of sex in the first category rather than the second, why we feel that this knowledge is so important, and what forms of power this knowledge serves.

The book's original title, "La Volonté de Savoir" (meaning "the will, or the desire, to know"), is a precise rendering of the theme of M. Foucault's history. The English title is less precise but does indicate the scope of a larger project he has in mind. This book is to be the first of six. Other volumes will deal with such subjects as changing definitions of sexual perversion, and the relationship between the medical idea of the body and the sexual idea of the flesh (*le corps* and *la chair*). In the first volume, there are suggestions of what may be an underlying theme of the larger work. M. Foucault is trying to make us historically conscious of our bodies. It is not evolutionary time that is his concern—a time measured in tens of thousands of years. He wants to make his readers aware of how drastically, in the relatively short space of a few centuries, man's perception of his body can change. Between the Renaissance idea that the soul dwells in the body as if a guest in a stranger's house and the modern idea that the body is the soul lies such a gulf that the two concepts of the body—or, for that matter, of man—have little common meaning. Against the psychoanalytic cliché that biology is destiny, M. Foucault makes

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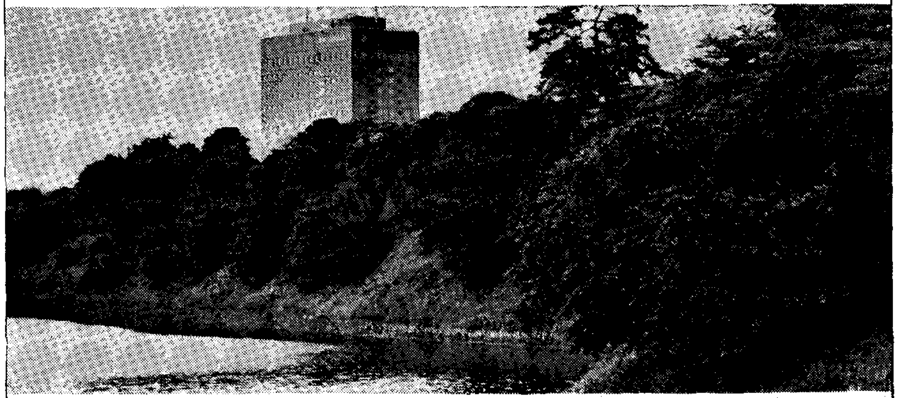

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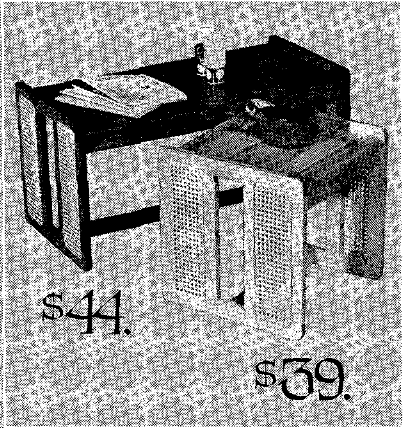

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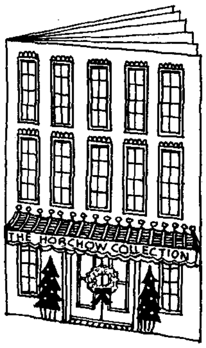

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a counterclaim: that biology is history—or, at least, that our liberty depends on our understanding *why* perceptions of the body change so quickly. For M. Foucault, the reason has to do with the speed at which the institutions of power change.

Of all the debate that this book and its successors are likely to spark, that over the connection between power and biological knowledge will prove the most intense. The physical reality of the body—its genetic structure, its mechanical functioning, its shape—M. Foucault looks upon as offering opportunities for knowledge. How we use these opportunities—how we give such matters as the genetic transmission of intelligence a meaning—depends, in his view, on the principles of power at a given moment. His work is aimed at destroying belief in a relatively fixed human nature—especially a fixed nature of desire. The truth of "The History of Sexuality," as opposed to its undoubted intellectual fire, depends on whether or not he can do this. If he can, "The History of Sexuality" will be a landmark of twentieth-century thought. —RICHARD SENNETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LAND WITHOUT SHADOW, by Michael Mewshaw (Doubleday; $8.95). An American film company is on location in a new and miserable North African desert nation called Maliteta. The art director, an unsuccessful painter and a boyhood friend of the director, unsettled by the disease and poverty of the place, by chance happens on a refugee camp where people are literally dying of lack of care. He finds his feelings shared by a young actress in the company, and, in the manner of guilt-ridden Americans in current fiction ("I mean the two of us being happy while all those people . . ."), they decide to do something about it. What they do, of course, is to make a mess of everything, bring all sorts of unsavory facts into the open, and provide Mr. Mewshaw with the materials for a strongly sardonic, sometimes affecting novel.

GENERAL

THE SPHINX AND THE COMMISSAR: THE RISE AND FALL OF SOVIET INFLUENCE IN THE MIDDLE EAST, by Mohamed Heikal (Harper & Row; $12.95). A fascinating book whose author, an Egyptian writer and journalist, was Nasser's Minister

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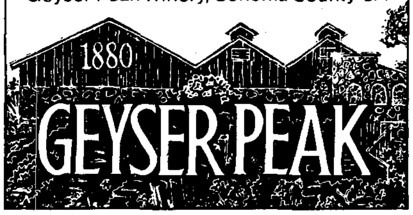

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of Information and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and left public service over his disagreement with Sadat's policy of negotiating with Israel. Heikal has some blind spots (which are apt to appear as silences or omissions) on such subjects as Nasser's mistakes and Israel's military successes, but his insider's account of the relations between a great power and a client state is excellent. His portraits of individuals are equally good: one sees, for example, why the Politburo had to get rid of Khrushchev—the man's bumptiousness was an embarrassment. Heikal's report on the Politburo's concept of the non-Soviet world is extremely depressing: the Russians apparently believe that every untoward event is the result of conspiracy.

Darrow: A Biography, by Kevin Tierney (Crowell; $16.95). A coolly critical and generally superior work. Darrow's was a nineteenth-century Horatio Alger story. He left the farm in Kinsman, Ohio, educated himself, mostly, and made his name by challenging and scourging the new capitalists of the day and championing their exploited workers. This, however, was not the whole story: Darrow was an idealist, but he was also an egotist. He was vain, he was on occasion opportunistic, he could be cynical, and he could be intellectually dishonest. (Other kinds of dishonesty that he was charged with were never proved.) Mr. Tierney, who is a lawyer and a professor of law, is at his best in his careful and fair-minded analyses of the great courtroom battles—the Debs, Haywood, and McNamara cases, the Scopes trial, the trial of Leopold and Loeb, and others—and of Darrow's tactics and forensic showmanship.

Bertolt Brecht: Diaries 1920-22, edited by Herta Ramthun, translated from the German by John Willett (St. Martin's; $8.95). From June of 1920 to February of 1922, Brecht, then in his early twenties, kept a journal of his hectic life and furious imaginings. Simultaneously involved with three women (Hedda, Bi, and Marianne), two of whom became pregnant by him, and prominent within a circle of young students and artists whose zest for alcoholic confusion was as keen as his own, Brecht nevertheless found time and inspiration for a welter of poetic, dramatic, and cinematic conceptions (some of which he carried to completion), and he set down a number

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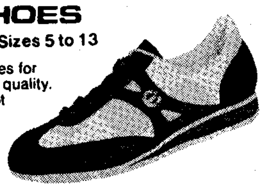

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of iron dicta, which guided him through life: "But then I keep coming back to the fact that the essence of art is simplicity, grandeur and sensitivity, and that of its form coolness." "At night, a mouthful of firewater in my stomach, I get overcome by a vast desire to do other work, to mould the simple darkness of life—tough and servile, cruel and realistic—with a *love* of life." "In any case one needs to beware of 'wit,' of candied fruit, tasteful decorations and smooth finish." "O God, please let my sight always cut through the crust, pierce it!" Yet he does not believe in God, and his unflinching wish to do without illusions, plus an exceptional energy and boisterous humor, distinguishes his vivid, ruthless, cheerful journal from that of many another artist as a young dog.

Concepts and Categories: Philosophical Essays, by Isaiah Berlin, edited by Henry Hardy, with an introduction by Bernard Williams (Viking; $12.95). These essays reflect a stage of Berlin's intellectual career when he was preoccupied by the somewhat rarefied problems of logical positivism, but they demonstrate that a topnotch brain wielding a first-class prose style can make such special material accessible, and even interesting, to the general reader. Several pieces—on the role of philosophy, say, or the value of knowledge—deal with the broader areas of thought into which Berlin later moved, and their keenness, clarity, and humaneness are refreshing.

Note: "Onward and Upward in the Garden," by Katharine S. White, edited and with an introduction by E. B. White, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($12.95). All the pieces in this collection first appeared in these pages.

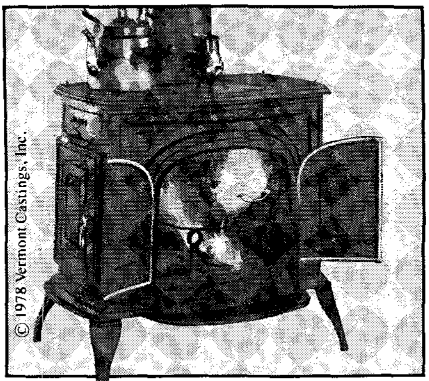
•

Correction of the Record

Mr. Leahy. Mr. President, on June 14, 1979, on page S7663 in the Congressional Record, I was quoted as saying, "He has appealed to my own lopsided sense of fiscal responsibility, and because of that I would join him in this amendment." Mr. President, the Record is in error, and I ask unanimous consent that the permanent Record be corrected to read, "He has appealed to my own conservative sense of fiscal responsibility, and because of that, I would join him in his amendment."

The Presiding Officer. Without objection, it is so ordered, and the Record will stand corrected.—*Congressional Record.*

Darn.



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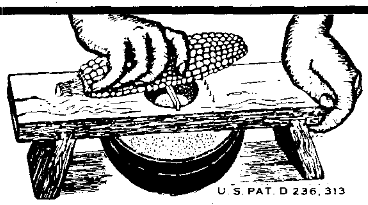

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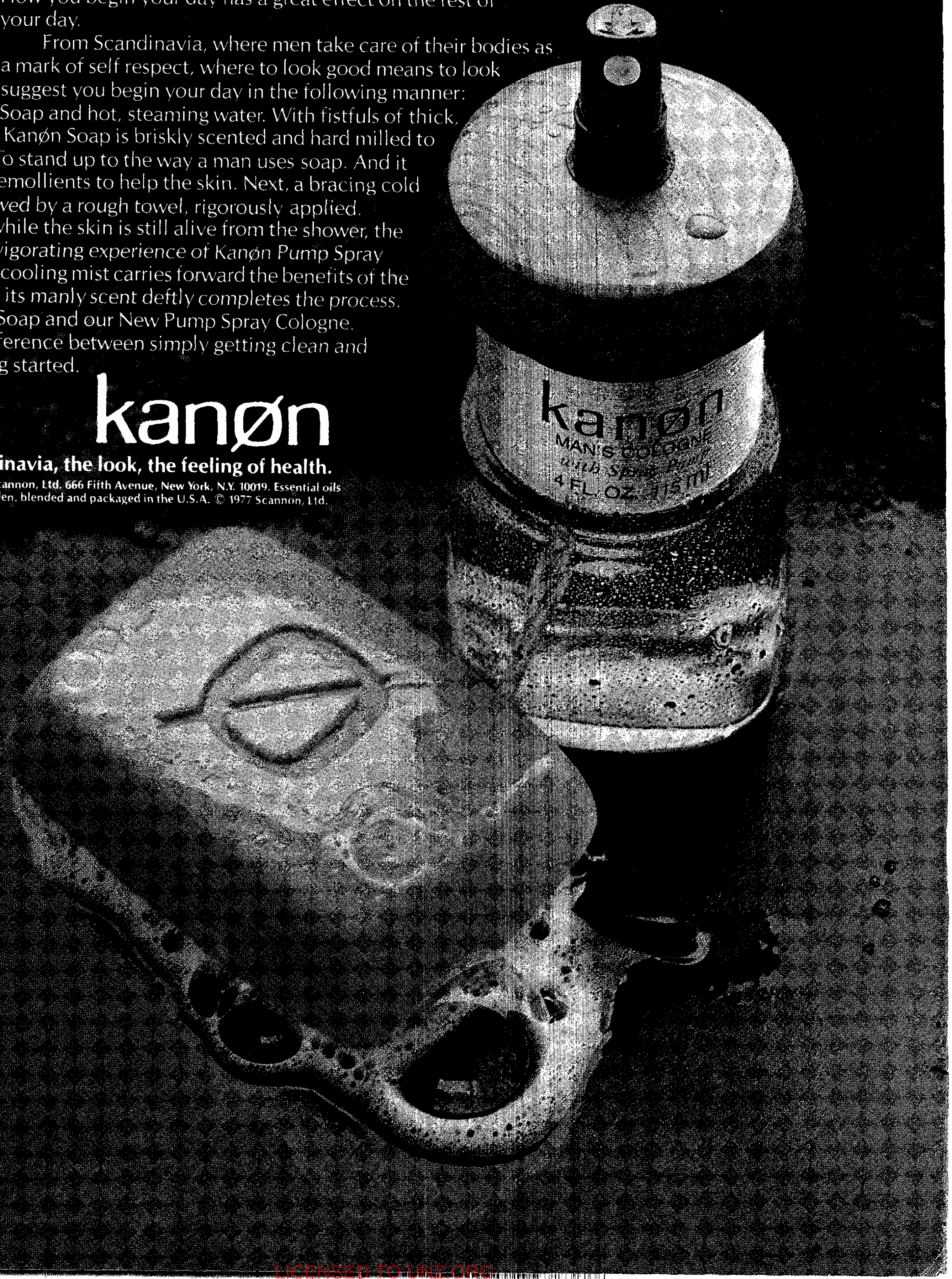

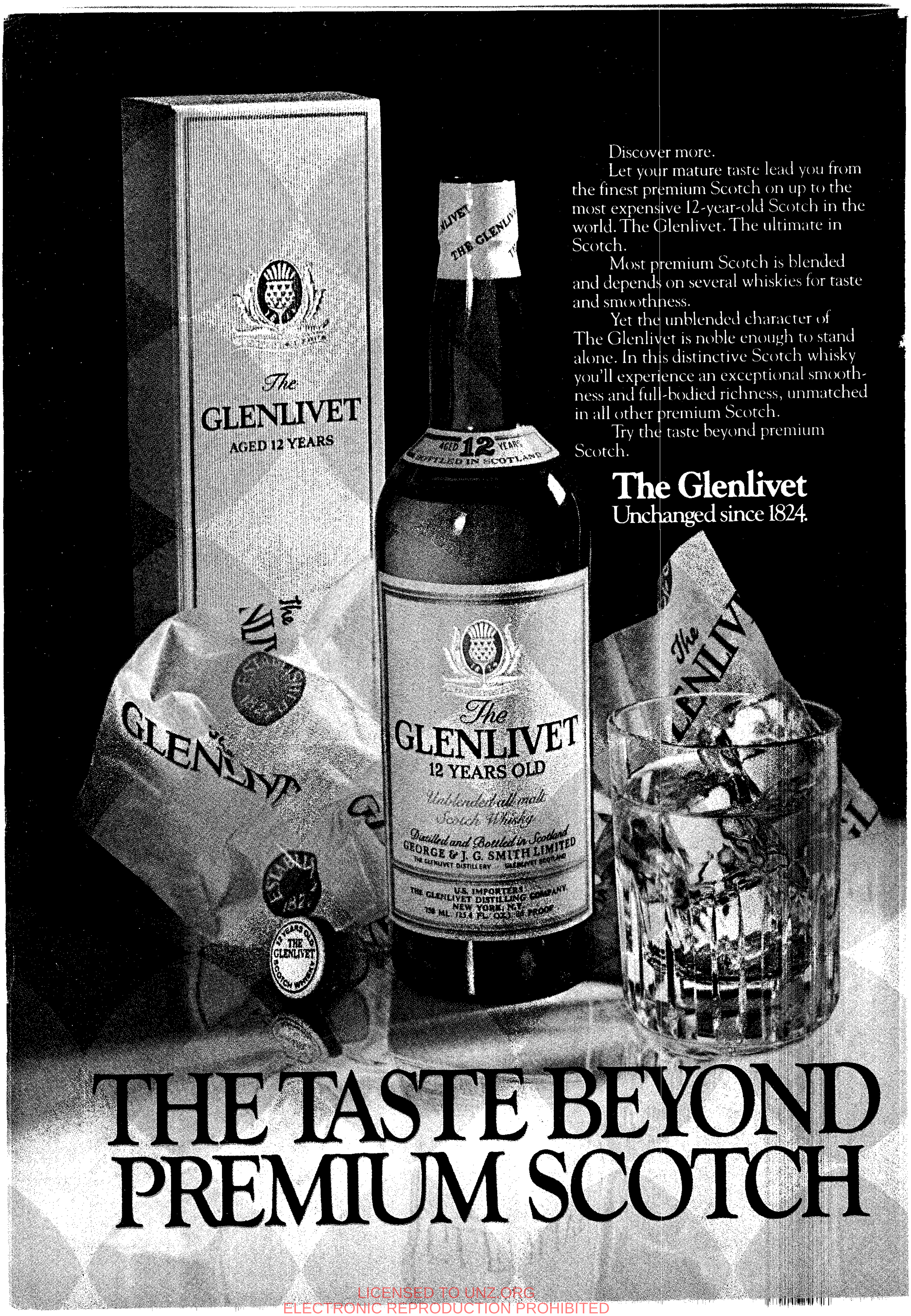
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